HAPPY HOURS AT HOME

WITH THE CHILDREN

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"Happy Hours at Home."

HAPPY HOURS

AT HOME,

WITH THE CHILDREN;

THE

BRIGHTEST AND BEST STORIES

EVER TOLD

TO AMUSE AND INSTRUCT THE LITTLE ONES,

BY

THE BEST WRITERS OF AMERICA AND EUROPE.

PROFUSELY ILLUSTRATED.

EDITED BY

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INTRODUCTION.



APPY are the parents who are happy in their children, and happy are the children who are happy in their parents. Many parents are not wise. They reserve all their charms for strangers, are dull at home, forbid their children to go into the nicely furnished rooms, make home as irksome as possible, forget that they were young, deny their children every amusement and pleasure. Many sons of the most pious parents turn out badly, because they are surfeited with severe religion, not the religion of Christ, who was himself reproved by the prototypes of such severe men.

Let innocent joy reign in every home.

> "How sweet 'tis to sit 'neath a fond father's smile,
> And the cares of a mother to soothe and beguile—
> Let others delight 'mid new pleasures to roam,
> But give me, oh! give me the pleasures of home."

Children are the incarnations of God's smiles. We should live in and for them. Home is not home without them. Parents, do not have moods with your family; cultivate by strict discipline, in the midst of worries and pressing business, a disengaging temper that will always enable you to join in your children's playfulness. Be boys and girls in the presence of your children.

The treasures contained in this volume show that the brightest minds of every age have devoted their best talents to entertain and to teach the little ones.

Fathers, however busy you are, find a few moments at least every day in which to romp with your boys. The father who is too dignified to carry his boy pick-back, or, like Luther, sing and dance with his children, or, like Chalmers, trundle the hoop, lacks not only one of the finest elements of greatness, but fails in one of his plainest duties to his children. One of the inalienable

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rights of your children is happiness at your hands. Remember that the children belong as much to you as to your wife, and it is only just to her that the little time you are in the house you should relieve her of those cares that are her daily portion.

You cannot afford to let your boy grow up without weaving yourself into the memory of his golden days. Norman McLeod exclaims: "O, sunshine of youth, let it shine on! Let love flow out fresh and full, unchecked by any rule but what love creates, and pour itself down without stint into the young heart. Make the days of boyhood happy, for other days of labor and sorrow must come, when the blessing of those dear eyes and clasping hands and sweet caresses will, next to the love of God, from whence they flow, save the man from losing faith in the human heart, help to deliver him from the curse of selfishness, and be an Eden in the evening when he is driven forth into the wilderness of life." "The richest heritage that parents can give is a happy childhood, with tender memories of father and mother. This shall brighten the coming days when the children have gone out from the sheltering home, will be a safeguard in times of temptation, and a conscious help amid the stern realities of life."

Don't turn your boys out to spend the night—you don't know where. It is better to instruct children at home and make them happy, than to charm strangers or amuse friends. From a dull home children will escape if they can.

You have no right to bring up your children without books. They are a necessity, not a luxury. Wherever you economize do not cut off the supply of household literature. The culture of the taste for reading keeps the children quietly at home. The best society in the world is that which lives in books. The publishers offer this book to thousands of parents, in the hope and belief that it will gladden the hearts of the little ones around them. They send forth just such stories as delight children. May they cause many smiles to dance blithely over their young faces, in "The Happy Hours at Home."

SEPTEMBER, 1889. MADISON C. PETERS.

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HAPPY HOURS AT HOME.



AT THE FIRESIDE.

At nightfall by the firelight's cheer
My little Margaret sits me near,
And begs me tell of things that were
When I was little just like her.

Ah, little lips you touch the spring
Of sweetest sad remembering,
And hearth and heart flash all aglow
With ruddy tints of long ago.

I at my father's fireside sit
Youngest of all who circle it,
And beg him tell me what did he
When he was little just like me.

JOHN D. LONG.

THE LION.

THE LION has, from the most ancient times, been called the "King of Beasts," and his slowness of carriage and dignity will entitle him to the name. Some lions are as long as ten feet, but are generally not over seven feet. The female has no mane, and a smaller head. Lions differ in size according to the country they inhabit. Unless they are exceedingly hungry, they do not hunt during the day; but, when twilight appears, he places himself near a pool of water, and when an animal comes to quench its thirst he springs out, and with one blow of its paw breaks its back. If he misses his aim, he goes back into the bushes to wait for a new victim. When the animal is hungry, or



irritated, he shakes his mane and flogs his sides with his tail, and, if a traveller encounters him at this time, he may know he is in great danger. When he is not hungry, he takes flight at the sight of a man or child, and even runs at the sound of human voices.

In the spring the lion seeks a mate, and they are themselves most devoted to each other. Until the female has young she follows her lord everywhere.

She is very fond of her young, and will protect them at the risk of her life. The male has a habit of devouring them, and the lioness takes great pains to conceal them. A new-born cub is about the size of a half-grown cat; at a year old, it is as large as a Newfoundland dog. They do not walk until they are two months old. They are yellow, striped with small brown bars, which do not disappear until they are fully grown. The mane commences to grow on the male when he is three years old.

Some years ago, in the menagerie in the Tower of London, there were two young lions, a male and female. They had been obtained in India when only a few days old, and a goat nursed them during the first months. They were so gentle that they ran about the courtyard, and were caressed without fear by visitors.

A lioness has been on exhibition in England which would allow her keeper to get on her back, and even drag her about by the tail, and place his head between her teeth.

A wealthy farmer was one day walking over his land, armed with a gun, whensuddenly a lion appeared before him. Feeling sure of killing him, he aimed, but the gun missed fire, and the man, being frightened, scampered off as hard as he could go until he came to a little pile of stones, which he jumped upon and turned round facing the lion, and threatened him with the but-end of his gun. The animal stopped, and went back a short distance, and after nearly an hour went slowly away.

———:o:———

THERE was an old woman who lived in a shoe,
She had so many children, she didn't know what to do;
She gave them some broth without any bread,
She whipped them all round, and sent them to bed.

———:o:———

SING a song of sixpence, a pocketful of rye;
Four and twenty blackbirds baked in a pie.
When the pie was opened the birds began to sing;
Was not that a dainty dish to set before the king?
The king was in his counting-house counting out his money;
The queen was in the parlor eating bread and honey;
The maid was in the garden hanging out the clothes:
Down came a blackbird and pecked off her nose.



THE PLAYFUL KITTEN.

THE KITTEN.

THE little girl you see in the picture is playing with her kitten, which is not always the innocent little animal it appears, but is sometimes treacherous, and will steal anything within its reach.

A pretty story is told of the gratitude of a cat to a kind friend who had helped it in distress. One day the cat ate some rat-poison, and its sufferings were so great that it would dip its paws in water to cool them, though cats are not fond of water. At last it went to the lady, and looking up in a pitiful way, seemed to ask for help. The lady bound it up in wet cloths, and gave it medicine and gruel, and took the best of care of it.

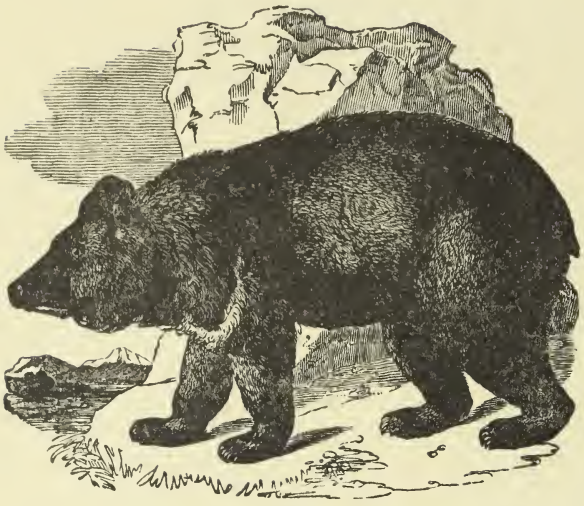
One night after the lady had gone upstairs she heard a mew at the window, and as she opened it the cat jumped in with a mouse in her mouth and laid it at the lady's feet. She did this every day for a long time, and when she afterwards caught mice for her kittens one was laid aside for the lady. If the kittens tried to eat this she gave them a little pat. After a while the lady would take the mouse and then give it to the kittens, the cat seeming much pleased to see them eat it.

Cats have a thick soft fur to keep them warm, so that they can run out of doors in cold weather. Their fur all grows one way, and is so thick that when it rains the water runs off, and does not wet their skin unless it rains hard. They like to be stroked, but do not like to be rubbed the wrong way.

They have long whiskers on each side of their mouth and nose; when they come to a hole they spread out their whiskers, and if they can get through without touching they know there is room for their bodies. Their ears are large and stand up straight, so they can hear the slightest nibble of a mouse or the sly tread of a rat. They use their fore-paws like hands. These paws have each five toes, but their hind feet have only four toes each. Some cats have more toes on each foot. Cats do not wag their tails when they are pleased, but wave them from side to side.

A lady in New York State has a large cat which has three kittens nearly half-grown. She was noticed feeding them on some perch and sun-fish every day. They watched her, and found she caught them herself in a pond which had been drawn quite low, and the cat would crouch down near the water, and when a fish would come within its reach would spring upon it and rarely miss it. When she came in with a meal she laid it before one of the young ones: the others must wait quietly while the first was eating, and when it had eaten its share she placed it in front of another and then the third. This she repeated day after day, and was never varied.

A YOUNG GIRL'S ADVENTURE WITH A BEAR.



WHEN mother was a young girl she taught school in Illinois. Very few people lived there at that time; the settlements were very far apart. The school-house was built of rough logs, and the chinks were filled with clay and straw. Instead of glass for windows they had oiled paper to admit the light.

One night mother stayed late at the school-house to help the girls trim it with evergreen, and it was almost dark when they started for home. She walked very fast, as she felt lonely. Her way lay through a thick wood, and the path was narrow. All at once she saw a big animal. What was it? A calf? No, it was a big black bear. Was she afraid? Of course she was. Wouldn't you be afraid if you met a big black bear in the woods? She had an umbrella in her hand, and held the point close to the bear's nose, and opened and shut it as fast as she could. She called him all the pet names she could think of, and he walked away and growled. He was a brave bear, was he not, to be afraid of an umbrella! Mother hurried on, and just as she came to the edge of the woods out he came again; then she opened the umbrella at him again, and shouted as loud as she could, and away he went. Mother was so tired and frightened she almost fainted when she reached home.

"I don't believe it was a bear; it must have been neighbor Clapp's big heifer," grandma said.

But just as she said it they heard a loud squeal. They ran to the door and there was a bear carrying off a pig; he had jumped in the pen and got it. Aunt Stella seized the dinner-horn and blew a loud blast. That was the way they used to call the settlement together when anything was the matter. There was a great rush for grandfather's house, and when the men heard about the bear they said, "We must kill him as quick as possible." So they had a great hunt for him; they hunted all that night and the next day, and found him at last upon the stump of a hollow tree, and killed him.

THE PORCUPINE.



THE common porcupine is found in Africa, Tartary, Persia, India, and some parts of Europe and Canada. It digs holes in the ground, and only comes out at night to get food, which consists of vegetables and roots. The quills are very strong, and when in danger he raises them and runs backward against his enemy. The American Indians use the quills of the Canada porcupine for ornamenting moccasins and different parts of their dress. When the porcupine walks his quills, which are large and hollow, and about fourteen inches long, make a rustling sound. Our readers may remember having seen one in the travelling menagerie attached to the circus.

———:o:———

THERE was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead,
And when she was good
She was very, very good,
But when she was bad she was horrid.

She went up stairs
To say her prayers
With no one nigh to hinder,
Where she stood on her head
On the little trundle bed
And was falling out the winder.

Her mother heard the noise,
She thought it was the boys
Playing in the empty attic,
So she went up-stairs
And caught her unawares,
And spanked her most emphatic.

THE DYING DEER.

ONCE upon a time a deer that lived far from an inhabited country used to go in the winter to some lowlands, where she found grass, and could find shelter among the evergreen trees during storms. When spring came she went to a mountain, where there was a fine stream of water. She had been living this way for a good many years until she commenced to be weak from age, but did not know what was the matter, and thought that, if she could only have some water from the stream in the mountains, she would be well again. So in the early days of spring she started, and, after walking a little way, had to stop to rest. At last she reached the top, and drank from the stream where she had quenched her thirst so many summers; but it did not taste as it used to, nor refresh her so much. She lay down to rest on some grass, and never rose again.

———:o:———

THE PUMA.



THE puma inhabits the whole of America, and is greatly feared by the natives. It is about four feet and a half in length, and has the general appearance of a lioness. Its color is gray. The animal is very sly and quick in all its movements, and can ascend a tree twenty feet at one bound. It is easily tamed, and fond of being petted, and is not considered dangerous when at liberty. It makes fearful ravages among herds of cattle, and always kills its victim before it commences to eat.

———:o:———

WHY is a liar like a person deeply in debt?—He has great *li*-abilities.

How does a boy look if you hurt him?—It makes him yell, Oh! (yellow).



PRETTY DOGGIE.

AN ADVENTURE WITH PANTHERS.



THE occupants of a few log-cabins in the western part of Florida had been annoyed by the disappearance of their sheep and goats, of which the wealth of the early settlers consisted; and they often heard the cry of the panther, which sounded almost human.

About this time two hunters came into the settlement, and, learning the state of affairs, determined to rid the clearing of the wild animals. The night before they arrived a heifer had been killed quite near a cabin, and dragged about two miles into a swamp. These hunters started without delay, and found the trail, which brought them to the edge of a large swamp covered with trees, cane and grape-vines. It was very dark, but they plunged in for half a mile, where, on an elevated spot, they found the half-eaten body of the heifer; and about twenty-five feet from them they saw, instead of one, an old she-panther and two cubs nearly grown, while over them, on a large gum-tree, crouched the "old he one of all," lashing his sides with his tail, and spitting like an angry cat, which was imitated by the three below. The hunters found themselves rather uncomfortably situated. They could neither retreat nor advance; so they stood for a second, their guns cocked and aimed, Dan drawing a bead on the dam, while Jim did the same on the sire. It was madness to fire. They were not long uncertain, for the old fellow suddenly bounded on Jim with a roar. He fired as he sprang away, and, dropping his rifle, drew his long heavy knife. It was well he did so, for the beast, mortally wounded, alighted on the very spot he had left. He turned and sprang upon him, but Jim avoided the blow of its paw, and grappled with him. He rolled on the turf, and wound his right arm tight around his neck; while he dealt rapid blows with his knife. The contest was soon decided, the knife passing through the heart of the brute. In the meantime Dan had put a ball through the head of the dam, and was battling with the two cubs. His clothes were nearly torn from him, and the blood was streaming from numberless scratches.

The savage beasts bore upon their bloody hides deadly cuts. Their system of attack was to spring suddenly on him, striking him with their paws; and strong and active as he was, it was impossible to defend himself, and had no assistance been at hand they would have gained the victory. Jim saw all this at a glance, and rushed to his rescue. "Dan," he shouted, "take the one on your left." They threw themselves upon them. Jim struck at him, but his wrist struck his paw, and the knife flew far from his hand. He seized the loose skin of the neck with both hands, and holding on, kept him at arm's length, while his paws were beating his breast and tearing his flesh. He suddenly thought of a small pistol in his belt, and drawing it out, cocked it with his thumb, and the next moment the panther's brains were spattering his face.

He turned to look for Dan, and found him trying to free himself from the dead body of the panther, whose teeth were fastened to the remnant of his coat which hung around his neck. He cut the cloth, and they both sank on the ground.

After they had rested a while they washed the blood from their bodies, and taking the scalps of the four panthers started for home, where their success was soon known, and in the evening a feast was held in their honor. This exploit added greatly to their reputation as daring hunters, and also left the settlers in peace from their daring foe.





THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

THE HORSE.

WHO does not love a horse? They are most intelligent animals, and can be taught almost anything. They are affectionate and like very much to be petted, and will eat sugar and apples out of a child's hand without biting it.

When they work or travel over a hard road, they have iron shoes nailed to their hoofs, so that they will not be hurt by striking the stones. The hoofs have no feeling on the outside, and it does not hurt the horse to have these shoes nailed on. They grow like our nails and must be pared once in a while.

A little story is told of a poor stray kitten which found its way into a stable and made its home there. It soon made friends with a lame chicken and the three were never quite happy unless they were together. The kitten and the chicken would stand close together on the broad back of the horse, while he would stand quite still so as not to disturb them.

"Billy" was a fine horse. The blacksmith who put on his shoes lived a long distance from Billy's home, and he had never been over the road but on the day he was shod.

A few weeks after the blacksmith saw Billy coming towards the shop. Thinking he had run away the blacksmith turned him around and threw stones at him to make him go home.

The horse trotted off; but the blacksmith had only fairly got to work again when he heard a noise and there stood Billy.

This time, before driving him away, the blacksmith looked at his feet and found that Billy had lost a shoe. He put on a new one and waited to see what he would do.

The horse looked at the blacksmith as if asking whether he was done, then pawed to see if the shoe was all right, and giving a neigh, started for home on a brisk trot. His master knew nothing about it until the next day.

A gentleman when he wanted to catch his horse in the field was in the habit of giving it some oats in a measure, and would then throw the bridle over his head. After he had deceived him several times by calling him when there was no corn in the measure the horse began to suspect him, and on coming up one day as usual he looked into the measure and finding it empty turned round, reared up on his hind legs and killed his master on the spot.

The life of horses generally lasts about thirty years, but they have been known to live to the age of forty-seven.

THE HIPPOPOTAMUS.

THE hippopotamus is an enormous animal. Its mouth reaches nearly from eye to eye and, with its large and pointed teeth, has a frightful appearance. The eyes are of medium size, but prominent Its body is enormous, and its legs so short and fat, that its body reaches nearly to the ground.

These animals are quick and active in the water, and pass a good part of the day in it. When swimming, their bodies are entirely under water, and only the upper part of their heads above it, so that they can breathe and hear the slightest noise.

The hippopotamus feeds on young stalks of reeds, little boughs, small shrubs and water-plants. Its disposition is mild, and is only vicious when



attacked. There are different ways of hunting it: it is sometimes surprised at night on leaving the water, or by day in the rivers, with harpoons or guns. It tries to defend itself, and sometimes overturns the boat containing its enemies. Sometimes it gets desperate and tries to tear the boat to pieces. It can cut through the middle of the body of a full-grown man with one bite. The ivory from the tusks is valuable; its skin, which is thick, is used in various instruments, and the flesh is delicate. Owing to the perfection to which fire-arms are brought, hunting these animals is much easier than formerly, and the probabilities are that they will become extinct.

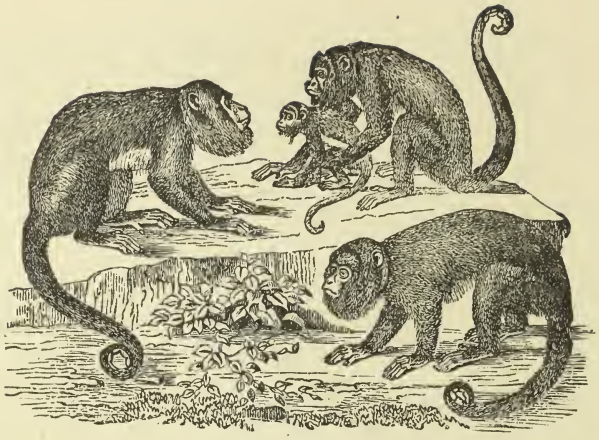
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WHEN is a boy like a bird?—When he has a *raven*-ous appetite.



THE PETS.

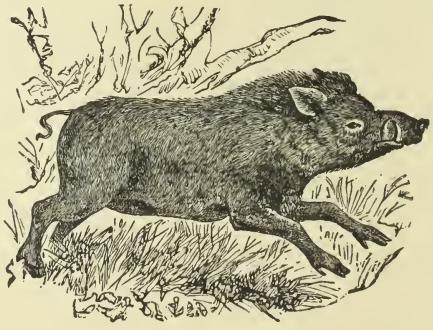
CLEVER MONKEYS.



FOUR monkeys sat under a tree in an Indian forest. One monkey was seen to busy himself in smearing one of the others with red clay earth. When he had succeeded in entirely covering their companion, the three disappeared into the neighboring wood, leaving the other a mass of clay, but for two small holes through which peered a pair of cunning eyes. Then the bedaubed monkey was seen to climb to the hollow of a tree where was a beehive. The bees buzzed about the intruder, but all they could do was to leave their stings in his clay coat. At last they swarmed away in despair, and the clever monkey helped himself to the honeycomb. And then the other monkeys came out of their hiding-place, and proceeded to pick off the clay covering from their brother. This done, they set to work at the honey-comb, and finished it.

———:o:———

THE WILD BOAR.



THIS is the original from which all the different kinds of the tame hog have sprung. His color is dark grey, nearly black; his snout is longer than that of the tame hog; his ears short and pointed. He is found in different parts of Europe, Asia and Africa. The skin is remarkably thick and strong and difficult for any weapon to pierce through. The animals, being considered unclean, are very little hunted. Boar-hunting used to be a favorite pastime for the nobility of France. The best bristles used in brushes come from Russia, where the boar is still hunted.

———:o:———

WHY is an umbrella like salt-herring?—It serves to keep one dry.



MARY AND HER PETS.

HOW TO CATCH MONKEYS.

AN old, hard cocoanut is taken, and a hole is made in the shell. Furnished with this and a pocketful of boiled rice, the sportsman sallies into the forest and stops beneath a tree tenanted by monkeys. Within full sight of these inquisitive spectators he first eats a little rice, and then puts a quantity into the cocoanut, so as to attract as much attention as possible. The nut is then laid upon the ground, and the hunter retires to a convenient ambush. No sooner is the man out of sight than the monkeys race helter-



THE BABOON.

skelter for the cocoanut. The first arrival peeps into it, and seeing the rice inside, squeezes his hand through the hole and clutches a handful. Now, so much more powerful is greed over every other feeling connected with monkey nature that nothing will induce the creature to relinquish his hold. With his hand thus clasped he can't possibly get it out; but the thought that if he lets go one of his brethren will obtain the feast, is overpowering. The sportsman soon appears upon the scene; and he is easily captured.

———:o:———

WHAT is it you must keep after giving it to another?—Your word.

THE CAT AND THE FOX.



ONCE upon a time a cat came across a fox lying in a wood, and, speaking friendly to him, said: "How do you do, Master Fox? How do you find your living in these dear times?"

The fox eyed him from head to foot, and hesitated whether to answer or not. At last he said: "Oh, you hungry mouse-hunter! How dare you ask me how I fare? How much do you know?"

"I know this much," replied the cat, "when the dogs pursue me, to climb up a tree and save myself."

"Oh, is that all?" returned the fox. "I know a hundred things, and have besides a sackful of cunning. Come with me, and I will show you how to escape the hounds."

Soon a hunter came riding along with four dogs. The cat ran up a tree, and was hidden among the leaves, and then called to the fox, "Open your sack, Master Fox!" But the hounds had already caught him. "Now, Master Fox," cried the cat; "how much good has your superior knowledge done you? Could you have crept up the tree, you would still be free like me."

———:o:———

PETER, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had a wife and couldn't keep her—
He put her in a pumpkin-shell,
And there he kept her very well.

Peter, Peter, pumpkin-eater,
Had another and didn't love her;
Peter learn'd to read and spell,
And then he loved her very well.

ALL of a row,
Bend the bow,
Shot at a pigeon,
And killed a crow.

The cock doth crow,
To let you know,
If you be well,
'Tis time to rest.

THE ZEBRA.



IN very early times we find mention made of an animal which the Romans called the hippotigris, as possessing at once the shape and agility of the horse and the ferocity and the beauty of skin and color which distinguish the tiger. Bassianas Caracalla is said to have killed in one day an elephant, a rhinoceros, a tiger, and a hippotigris. The animal was thus even then considered better fitted to furnish a savage sport in the combat than to be rendered useful by domestication. The same character still belongs to the zebra, which is doubtless the animal designated by the name hippotigris. It possesses some of the characteristics of the horse—smaller in size, it strongly resembles it in the shape of its body, its head, its limbs, and its hoofs. It moves in the same paces, with a similar activity and swiftness. But it discovers none of that docility which has rendered the services of the horse so invaluable to man. On the contrary, it is proverbially untameable; it is ever the most wild even among those ferocious animals which are ranged in the menagerie, and it preserves in its countenance the resolute determination never to submit. So completely, indeed, is this its character, that the few instances in which it has shown anything like submission, are looked upon as the most extraordinary triumphs of art over nature. Even in these cases the good nature which the animal displays is partial, and not to be trusted. In the year 1803, General Dundas brought a female zebra from the Cape of Good Hope, which was deposited in the Tower of London, and there showed less than the usual impatience of subordination. The person who had accompanied her home and attended her there would sometimes spring on her back, and proceed thus for about two hundred yards, when she would become restive, and oblige him to dismount. She was very irritable, and would kick at her keeper; one day she seized him with her teeth, threw him down, and showed an intention to destroy him, which he disappointed by rapidly getting loose. She generally

kicked in all directions with her feet, and had a propensity to seize with her teeth whatever offended her. Strangers she would not allow to approach her unless the keeper held her fast by the head, and even then she was very prone to kick. Another which was kept at Kew showed the same savage disposition, allowing no one to approach except his keeper. He was sometimes able to mount the back of the animal. It one day eat a quantity of tobacco, and the paper that contained it; and was said even to eat flesh. The most docile zebra on record was burnt at the Lyceum, near Exeter Change. This animal allowed its keeper to use great familiarities with it—to put children on its back without discovering any resentment. On one occasion a person rode it from the Lyceum to Pimlico. It had been bred in Portugal, and was the offspring of parents half reclaimed. At the Cape of Good Hope many attempts have been made to train the zebra, but they have been all to a great degree unsuccessful. A merchant, who had succeeded so far as to be able to get them harnessed to his chariot, almost lost his life from the ungovernable fury with which they rushed back to their stalls.

There are instances of mules having been obtained from the ass and zebra, but these in Europe do not exceed three, and they either died soon, or were unserviceable. One which was bred in the menagerie at Paris, from a female zebra and Spanish ass, had a good deal of the form of its sire; but it had the ungovernable and vicious temper of the zebra, and attacked with its teeth every one who approached it.

There are two other animals of the horse kind, for the knowledge of which we are indebted chiefly to the reports of travellers. These are the Dziggtai and the Quagga, the former a native of Central Asia, the other ranging in herds through the solitary deserts of Southern Africa. The former is a wild animal, and is shot by the natives for the purposes of food; the latter is of a disposition susceptible of domestication, and has been seen in London drawing a fashionable curricle. They have both been too little under the observation of men to allow of an interesting biography beyond the notices which have been given of them in the notes to Goldsmith.

———:o:———

A MAN of words and not of deeds,
Is like a garden full of weeds;
For when the weeds begin to grow,
Then doth the garden overflow.

YEOW mussent sing a' Sunday,
Becaze it is a sin;
But yeow may sing a' Monday,
Till Sunday cums agin.



NERO.

NERO, THE NEWFOUNDLAND DOG.

NERO is a great, shaggy dog. All night he is left to keep watch in a large store. He sleeps during the day, so that one would think he was lazy, but at night he is always awake, and at the least noise bounds from one end of the store to the other.

One night the store next to that where Nero was was broken open and robbed. Nero heard the burglars, and gnawed at the front doors and tore great strips of wood from them. In the morning he was punished, but when the owner found what the reason was he petted him and called him a noble dog.

He goes every day to the butcher's for dinner. When it is time for him to go, one of the clerks puts a dime between his teeth, and he brings back a piece of meat.

One day when there was no small change, the clerk wrote on a piece of paper: "Please give Nero his meat, and charge." Away he went with the paper. The next day the clerks were all busy and Nero wanted his dinner, so he picked up a piece of paper and went to the butcher, who gave him his meat.

Another time, he was tired of waiting his turn, so he snatched a nice porter-house steak, and leaving his ten cents, ran off.

His owner thinks there is not another dog like him in the world, and they are often on the street together.

———:o:———

Old King Cole,
Was a merry old soul,
And a merry old soul was he;
And he called for his pipe,
And he called for his bowl,
And he called for his fiddlers three.
And every fiddler, he had a very fine fiddle,
And a very fine fiddle had he;
"Tweedle dee, tweedle dee," said the fiddlers;
"Oh, there's none so rare
As can compare
With King Cole and his fiddlers three."

SOMETHING ABOUT FROGS AND TOADS.



FROGS are very curious creatures. I need hardly tell you how they can live equally well on land and water; nor how, when they are little, they are not frogs at all, but tadpoles, with tails and without feet, swimming about like fishes, and never venturing out of the pond. Every little boy or girl knows about this already, so I will leave out all descriptions of frogs, which I am sure you would skip as being too dry, and tell you some funny stories about them.

I would never think of taming a frog for a pet. But a gentleman once took a fancy to a big bull-frog that he found sitting every day on the same log when he was fishing in a lake. He gave him a daily breakfast of sunfish for weeks, until the frog became quite tame, and would jump into the boat to be fed, and at last permitted himself to be handled. The gentleman called his frog Ralph, and he knew his name very well. This gentleman had a little boy, who made a great pet of Mr. Frog; and one night he dreamed that, as he was walking round the basin of the fountain, the frog stopped and talked to him, and told of all the beautiful things he had in his palace under the water.

Another gentleman tells a story of a frog that he had at home in the kitchen of his house, and for three years came out every day, particularly at meal-time, to be fed. When winter came, instead of crawling down into the mud and going to sleep until spring, as all frogs do, he came regularly every evening and made directly for the hearth in front of a good kitchen fire, where he would remain and enjoy himself in the warmth until the family retired. An intimacy sprang up between him and the family cat. The frog would nestle under the warm fur of the cat, while the latter was very careful about disturbing his comfort and convenience.

Toads are found in every part of the temperate and torrid zones. Their repulsive appearance and nocturnal habits have rendered them objects of horror and superstition, although it is now well known that they are perfectly harmless, and very useful creatures to the gardener and farmer.

Old tales and legends abound in stories of their poisonous qualities. A jewel was formerly supposed to be in their head, and many have fallen victims to this belief.

There are about seventy different species of toads, and the appearance and

habits of some are very interesting. The snout is more blunt than that of the frog, and their limbs much shorter; they have no teeth, and their tongue is a most useful and delicate organ, being fastened in the front portion of the lower jaw; its free extremity is coiled in the back part of the mouth. When Mr. Toad perceives an insect or slug (which forms his principal diet), it approaches stealthily, and darts its tongue forth with such rapidity as to be almost invisible. The insect is caught by a glutinous substance on its tip, and carried to the back of the mouth, where it is quickly swallowed, and the toad is sitting as calmly as if nothing had happened to disturb his equanimity.

The skin is usually warty, and is cast off periodically; the reason that it is never found, like that of snakes, is because it is invariably swallowed by its owner.

Unlike its near relation, the frog, it is a poor jumper, which may be accounted for by the shortness of its legs; neither are its feet webbed like those of a frog, which in early life it greatly resembles, going through the state of a tadpole, never leaving the water until fully matured, and then not returning to it, except at the seasons of propagation.

In winter the toad goes into a crevice of rock or a hollow tree. Many stories are told of their great age, and how they are found in a living state in solid wood or marble, where they must have been imprisoned for years without food; but it is very likely that some small opening existed through which enough minute insects were carried to supply them with food during their semi-torpid condition. Recent experiment has shown that they will die in from one to two years, if kept in tight jars.

They are much more agreeable creatures than is generally supposed to be the case, being comical-looking, and require the minimum of care to keep them in health. All they need is a cool, damp spot with stones and moss, to form a hiding-place, and the curious manner of taking their meals is a source of constant amusement to the owner.

——:o:——

TAFFY was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief,
Taffy came to my house and stole a piece of beef;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy wasn't home,
Taffy came to my house and stole a marrow-bone;
I went to Taffy's house, Taffy was in bed,
I took the marrow-bone, and beat about his head.



THE BOY AND THE HEIFERS.

THE HYÆNA.



THE hyæna is both striped and spotted, and is found in Africa as well as Asia, and there are great numbers of them in Abyssinia. They live in caves and rocky places, and come out at night to seek for food. It will feed on dead animals, or any living thing that it dares to seize. It will not attack a man unless he attacks it; but in South Africa the hyæna will creep into the huts of the natives and carry off their sleeping babies, or terribly bite and tear them to pieces. The hyæna is useful in clearing towns and the country of the dead bodies of the larger beasts, which might otherwise make the air unfit to breathe. They do not live in herds, but will gather together to follow soldiers on their march, in order to feed on the dead bodies of those killed in battle.

—:o:—

THE ANT-EATER.



THIS animal is an inhabitant of South America. It has no teeth, but it has a pointed muzzle and narrow mouth, a long slender tongue that stretches, but which is moistened by a thick, sticky spit. It also has strong feet armed by sharp, cutting claws, with which it tears down the buildings of the white ants. It then protrudes its long tongue in the sand, and brings out large numbers of ants that are glued to it. The ant-eater is covered with long, shaggy hair to protect it from the attacks of insects.



ADVENTURES OF ROBINSON CRUSOE.

I WAS the youngest of three brothers, and had every advantage, as I was destined for the law, but, against the wishes of my parents, determined to go to sea.

Being in Hull one day, I met a school-fellow who was going to London with his father, who was master of a vessel, and who promised me a free passage.

Without taking farewell of my parents I set sail, and had scarcely left the Humber when a violent storm arose, and I resolved that if I ever set foot on land I would return to my parents; but, when the danger was passed, I soon forgot my good resolutions.

Soon there arose a brisk gale, and to save our lives we were forced to cut away our foremast andmain mast. Our master, seeing some light vessels, fired a gun as a signal of distress, which was answered by their sending boats to our relief.

Instead of going home, I travelled to London, and soon found a vessel going to the coast of Guinea. Having some money, the commander agreed to take me without any expense, and I was allowed to carry anything with me. Acquainting my friends in Yorkshire, £40 were sent me, and I brought back from my trip almost £300.

But the captain died, and I sailed with his mate. We were chased by pirates, who gained on us, and we had a desperate fight, and were forced to surrender, and were taken prisoners. I was kept by the captain as his own slave.

I resolved to make my escape, and one day, being sent out with my master's kinsmen and a young boy to catch fish, I threw the man overboard, and giving the boy Xury the helm we pursued our voyage, and by three o'clock the next



"THE NEXT MORNING I SAW THE SHIP LYING ON SHORE."—Page 381

day were one hundred and fifty miles beyond the Emperor of Morocco's dominions.

We sailed five days, and anchored at the mouth of a small river, and taking two jars went on shore for water, which we found in plenty, and then continued our voyage in a southerly direction, hoping to meet some European ship, and, after eleven days' sail, Xury cried out suddenly, "Master! Master! a ship with a sail!" I soon discovered she was a Portuguese ship, and tried hard to come up with them, and fired a gun as a signal of distress, upon which they lay to, and in three hours we came up with them, and they took me on board with all my effects, which I offered to give in return for our deliverance, but the master of the ship refused, and insisted on paying full value for my boat, and sixty pieces for my boy Xury, which, as he was willing himself, I consented to do.

We had a pleasant voyage to the Brazils, and after twenty-two days arrived in All-Saints Bay, and, being recommended to an honest planter, lived with him until I learned the manner of planting and making sugar; and I resolved to get the money I had left in England remitted to me, and purchase a plantation. I was in some measure settled before the captain left, and desiring his assistance in getting my money, he consented, and in addition to that, which he did, sent a servant, with all necessary tools for my plantation.

Having lived four years in Brazil, I became acquainted with the most eminent planters. I was one morning visited by three of them, who proposed to me a voyage to Guinea, in order to stock their plantations with Negroes, and if I would go to manage the trading part, I should have an equal share of the Negroes, without providing any stock. I accepted the offer, on condition of their looking after my plantation.

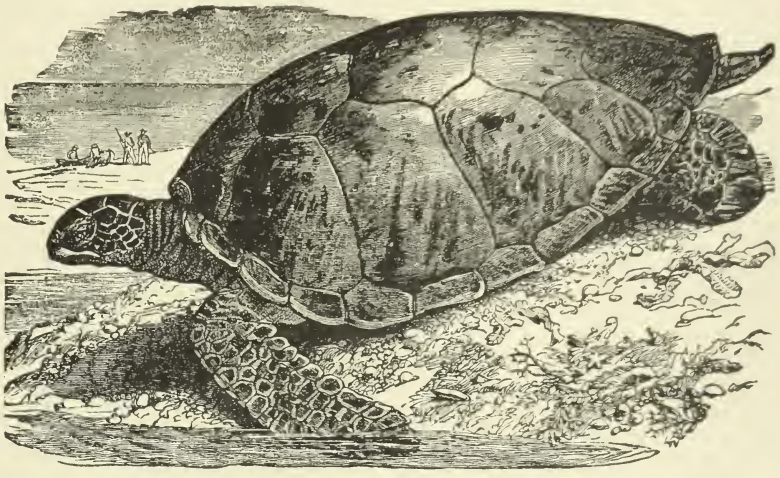
The ship being fitted out, we sailed northward in order to gain Africa, and then we met with a terrible tempest, which continued twelve days, when the weather cleared up, we found ourselves on the coast of Guinea. Altering our course, we sailed north-west, and were overtaken by another storm, which drove us westward, and we were afraid of falling into the hands of savages, or terrible wild beasts.

In our distress, our ship struck a sand-bank, and we expected to perish. While we were looking at each other, expecting death, the mate swung the boat over the side, and eleven of us getting in, we were driven about a league and a half, when a raging wave came rolling towards us and upset the boat. I was driven on the shore half dead, while all my companions were buried in the deep.

When I recovered, I looked around to see what kind of a place I was in, but could see no houses or people. I walked about to see if I could find fresh water, which I did, and getting up into a thick tree fell asleep.

On waking up the next morning I found the storm had ceased, and saw the ship lying on shore. By the aid of a piece of rope hanging from her side I climbed on board, and, collecting everything I could conveniently carry, and building a raft of boards and timbers, set out for the shore, and was driven a short distance from where I first landed. Seeing a large hill I ascended, and found I was on an island, and no land to be seen.

With some sails and poles, which I cut for the purpose, I made a little tent, and lying on the ground slept until morning.



My next thoughts were how I should secure myself against wild beasts and savages. At one time I thought of digging a cave; at another, of erecting a tent. At length I resolved to do both. Looking around I found on one side of a rock a hollow place like the entrance to a cave. Just before this I drove down strong stakes, about six inches from each other; then took pieces of cable, which I had cut on board, and laid them in a circle between the piles up to their tops, which were more than five feet from the earth, and afterwards drove another row of stakes within, making a castle secure against men and beasts.

Being established as king of the island, I went out every day to see what I could kill that was fit to eat, and found goats, pigeons and turtles.

One day, finding a bag which had held corn for the fowls, I shook all the husks and dirt on one side of the rock, and about a month after something came up looking green and flourishing, and in a short time twelve ears of corn made their appearance. I also perceived about this little field of corn some rice stalks wonderfully flourishing. It was the latter end of June when the ears of corn ripened, which I laid up very carefully, together with twenty or thirty stalks of rice; yet four years expired before I allowed myself

to eat any corn-bread, and longer before I had any rice. One time I was in my cave when a dreadful earthquake happened, and I expected the whole island would be swallowed up, and I cried: "Lord, have mercy on me!" but, when the earthquake was over, the pathetic prayer left me, so little grace I had then.

Having been about ten months on the island, and never seeing any human being, I considered myself as "monarch of all I surveyed," and concluded to make a tour around my kingdom to make new discoveries. On the 15th of July I began my journey on my raft, and found many pleasant meadows covered with grass. On the rising parts, where the water did not reach, I found tobacco, several plants of aloes, and several plants of sugar-cane, but imperfect for want of cultivation. When I had made these discoveries I came back and passed the night in my castle. The next day I went farther, and found woods and trees, different fruits, melons and grapes, rich and ripe. Night coming on, I climbed a tree and slept very comfortably. When the morning came, I continued my journey, and found the country flourishing, green and delightful. Descending the side of a beautiful valley, I found abundance of cocoa, orange, lemon and citron trees. The juice of the limes, mixed with water, I found refreshing and wholesome.

After spending three days on this journey I returned home, carrying a supply of grapes, limes and lemons against the rainy season, which continued longer or shorter as the winds happpened to blow.

At this time I contrived to make many articles I needed. The first was a basket, which, though not cleverly made, answered my purpose on all occasions.

At the beginning of the dry season I resumed my journeys, taking my dog, gun, hatchet and some biscuit.

After travelling ten or fifteen leagues, I found that side of the island much pleasanter than mine; the fields covered with flowers and grass, besides some fine woods.

There were parrots in plenty, and after great difficulty I knocked one down, and kept him some years before I could get him to call me by name.

When I came to the seashore, I was amazed at the splendor: the strand was covered with shells of the most beautiful fish, and abounded with turtles and fowls of many kinds.

Having spent a month on this journey, I returned to my cave and rested a week, and employed my time in making a cage for Poll.

I was now beginning my third year, and had every reason to be thankful

for my prosperity. Still I meditated a deliverance from this place, and my thoughts ran continually on some way of escape, and I began to think it not impossible to build a canoe from the trunk of a tree; so at work I went. I cut down a cedar tree, and was a whole month in shaping it like the bottom of a boat, and was three weeks with a mallet and chisel clearing it, till it was large enough to transport me and all my effects. In the height of this work, my fourth year expired. For five years after nothing extraordinary occurred.

Finding it impossible to get my canoe to the shore, being of such large size, I made a second, much smaller, and it was two years before it was finished.

The sixth year of my captivity I set out to take a tour around the island,



and was driven about two leagues into the sea, and endeavored to keep as far north as possible. In the course of the afternoon I found myself within a mile of the shore, where I soon landed; and, making a resolution to lay all thoughts of escape aside, I brought my boat safely into a little cove, and lay down to rest.

On awaking from my sleep I saw that I was not far from the place where I had travelled on foot; so I began my journey towards my castle, and, reaching it, was pretty well cured of my rambling inclinations, and lived nearly a year in a contented manner, wanting nothing except conversation.

I had now two plantations on the island: the first, my little fortification, with many improvements; the second was that where my grapes flourished.

You can imagine that, after being here so long, nothing could be more amazing than to see a human creature. One day, on going to my boat, I saw the print of a man's naked foot on the shore. I looked everywhere, but could see no living person. This struck me with horror. I returned to my habitation frightened at every bush and tree. That night my eyes never closed. Next morning I ventured out of my castle, and milked my goats and flocks. I thought of destroying my enclosures, turning my cattle into the woods, and digging up my corn-fields.

Wandering one day to the west of the island, and going to the shore, I saw the ground covered with skulls, hands, feet, and bones of human bodies, and perceived a circle, in the midst of which had been a fire. Anxiety of mind for my preservation put a stop to all my plans for future inventions, either for accommodation or convenience.

It was now the month of December. On going out early one morning before it was light, I saw a flaming light about two miles from me, on my side of the island. I returned immediately to my castle, and prepared to defend myself. Two hours after I went to the top of the hill with my glass, and saw no less than nine savages sitting around a small fire, and eating, as I supposed, human flesh, with their two canoes hauled on shore, waiting for the flood to carry them off again. Before they went they danced for above an hour. When they had gone I went down, and saw that three canoes had been there.

One day, during a violent storm, I was seriously alarmed by the firing of a gun, which I conjectured was from the ocean, and must be from a ship in distress. I brought all the dry wood at hand, set it on fire, and soon heard another gun. All night long I kept up my fire, and when daylight appeared I perceived something a long way off, and, seeing it did not stir, concluded it must be a ship, and taking my glass saw a wreck cast on the hidden rocks. The calmness of the sea tempted me to go out in my boat to this wreck to get such necessaries as I might find, and to save some living creature, if any were on board. I made all necessary preparations, and set out, and in two hours came to the wreck, which was a Spanish vessel, and the first sight were two men drowned, locked in each other's arms. I filled my boat with articles which would be useful to me, and was soon on land.

One day I was much surprised by seeing no less than five canoes on my side of the island, and the savages landed and out of my sight. Ascending the hill I saw about thirty savages feasting upon what meat they had cooked, and dancing and capering around the fire. While I was watching I saw them

drag two wretches from the boat, knock one of them down and commence to cut him open. The other was left to himself until they were ready for him. The poor creature, seeing himself at liberty, started and ran along the sands towards my castle. He was pursued by three of the savages. I, determined to save the poor fellow's life, rushed out, knocked down the foremost one, and, seeing the other about to shoot at me, I immediately fired, and shot him



FRIDAY.

dead. I beckoned to the poor fellow who had been pursued, who finally came close to me, kneeled down, kissing the ground, and taking my foot set it upon his head. This I understood afterwards was a token of swearing that he would be my slave forever. As I understood him in many things, I began to speak to him and taught him to talk to me. I named him Friday, because it was on that day I saved his life. I taught him to cook, to plant corn, and many other things, so that he was very useful to me.

One morning I sent him to the seashore to see if he could find a turtle or tortoise, which we usually had once a week. He had not been gone long before he came running back, crying that there were three canoes on the shore. I took my glass and went on top of the hill, and saw one and twenty savages, and three prisoners, whom they were preparing to feast on. I came down the hill and told Friday I was going to kill them all. I gave him a pistol to put in his girdle, and three guns upon his shoulder, and taking the same number myself we marched out. We entered a thick wood, and were soon quite near them, and saw a white man bound hand and foot. Telling Friday to do exactly as he saw me do, and raising my musket, I took aim at the savages, killing one and wounding two; but Friday, aiming better than I, killed two and wounded three. We fired again, but only two fell, though many were wounded; the rest ran yelling like mad creatures. Then we gave a great shout, and fired at them, but only killed two, and mortally wounded a third. I untied the prisoner and gave him a dram and piece of bread, and arming him, we had a fierce encounter with the savages, who worked hard to get out of our reach. Resolving to pursue them, I jumped into one of the boats, and found another poor creature bound and almost lifeless. We gave him drink, and when Friday heard him speak it would have moved any one to see him; he was like one distracted, and at last said it was his father. While we were thus engaged the savages were almost out of sight, and, a violent storm coming up, I could not suppose otherwise but that they were all drowned.

One day, on going up on the mountain, I saw an English ship, and not long afterwards a boat approached the shore, and at last it ran upon the beach, about half a mile distant. I could see that they were all Englishmen, three of whom were bound and were using gestures of entreaty. I perceived that they were set at liberty to go where they pleased, while the seamen wandered about to see the place. The captives were seated under a great tree. I approached them and called out in Spanish, "What are ye, gentlemen?" They started up in confusion, and turned to fly from me. But when I said that I was an Englishman, and would help them, one of them said: "Our story is long, but I was master of that ship; my men have mutinied, and have left my mate, this passenger and myself here to perish." When he had given me all the satisfaction I required, I made these conditions. That while they stayed on the island they should be subject to my orders, and that if we could recover the ship, they should give myself and my man Friday a free passage to England.

I then gave them fire-arms, advising them to fire on the men as they lay

asleep. We killed one and wounded three others, who cried for help, which we granted, on condition that they would help us in recovering the ship. I then told them that I was going to leave the island, and if they would stay there, their lives would be spared. They agreed to stay.



I and my man Friday set sail, carrying with me my money, my parrot, umbrella and goat-skin cap. I had been on the island twenty-eight years, two months and nineteen days.

I found my first captain's widow alive, but in mean circumstances. Soon after I went down to Yorkshire, where all my family were dead, except two sisters and two of my brother's children. They all thought that I was dead. My circumstances would have been indifferent, had not my partners conducted my plantation in the most profitable manner; so that I found myself in possession of £5,000, besides an income of £1,000 a year.

Not liking to reside at the Brazils, I sold my plantation and settled in England, and marrying a young lady of good family I lost all desire to roam. I had two sons and one daughter, and purchasing a farm, I led the life of a country gentleman, and was as happy as the greatest monarch in the world. But in the midst of my happiness, I was suddenly plunged into the greatest sorrow by the loss of my dear wife. I sold my farm, and at the solicitation of my nephew, started on a voyage with some merchants of his acquaintance, to the East Indies and China. "And, uncle," said he, "if you will go, I'll promise to land you on your own island, to see the state of your kingdom."

Just before he came in, my thoughts had been fixed to get a patent for its possession, and fill it with inhabitants. I was not long in coming to a decision, and made preparations for the voyage.

The vessel being ready, I and Friday went on board, and had besides servants whom I proposed to leave there, if they were willing—two carpenters, a smith, and a fellow who was a jack-of-all-trades; also a tailor. My cargo consisted of clothing, household articles, and muskets, cannon, pistols, swords, etc. We put to sea, and were driven by contrary winds to the north, and were obliged to put in at Galway, Ireland, where we lay for twenty-two days.

I had difficulty in finding my little island, as I had no landmark. At length I came on the side of my island, and, no sooner did I see it, than I called

Friday, who clapped his hands and danced for joy. When we came into the creek, Friday saw his father, and would have jumped into the sea had they not let the boat go. No sooner was he on shore than he flew, like an arrow, to embrace his father.

I found everything very much changed. There had been several fierce encounters with the savages, some of whom had been taken prisoners, and had become naturalized; some of the females had married the sailors we had left, so that, in the nine years of my absence, my little colony had considerably increased. After distributing the clothing, tools, nails, etc., we went on board ship, and, giving them a salute of five guns, set sail for Brazil.



The third day there happened a calm, and we were driven towards the land. Some hours after we perceived the sea covered with something black, and, on looking through the glass, saw about one hundred and twenty canoes, filled with savages, paddling hastily towards us. They fired about fifty arrows among us; and, unfortunately for poor Friday, no less than seven arrows pierced his body, killing one of the best servants and most faithful companions in all my solitude and affliction.

So enraged was I at the death of poor Friday that I ordered the guns to be loaded with small shot, which killed numbers of them and set the rest swimming; the others scoured away as fast as possible. Being now under sail, we took our last farewell of poor Friday. We buried him with all possible decency and solemnity, putting him in a coffin, and committing him to the deep, causing eleven guns to be fired over him.

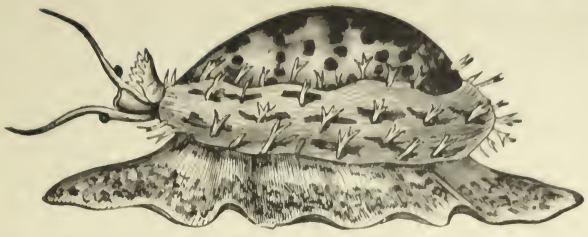
After many adventures which prolonged our journey to a year, five months and three days, I reached my native land in safety, cured of my rambling inclinations, and only desirous to end my days in peace.

———:o:———

SHOE the wild horse,
 And shoe the gray mare;
If the horse wont be shod,
 Let him go bare.

LADY-BUG, lady-bug,
 Fly away home,
Your house is on fire,
 Your children at home.

ABOUT SHELLS.



PORCELAIN SHELL, WITH ANIMAL.

IN the sea are many varieties of shells, from the tiny growth to that of the fountain shell, which weighs as much as five pounds. Although all these are found in the ocean around the West Indies, it would take a whole book to tell of what can be said about the different sorts of shells, and the animals that build them and use them for their houses. Some of them, like the turtle, carry their shells around with them, only the turtle cannot get rid of his shell; it is carefully fastened to him, and the turtle appears to be the connecting-link between the crocodile and the fishes. The coral is one of the lowest family of animal life, and there are many who say it is a plant. You know these have been dying and leaving their shells piled upon each other until they reach as high almost as the surface, beneath which they are hid, and many vessels have been wrecked on their treacherous reefs. The fishing is carried on by sailors, and is very tiresome. The coral is cleaned from the small shells and sea-weed and carried to sea-ports, where they are sold to workers in jewelry. Here is a very pretty cut of the red coral, which is quite scarce.



MITRE.



CORAL.



You will also see in this picture the vessel from which the divers jump to hunt for pearl-oysters, shells and coral.



GATHERING SHELLS.

THE SEA-SIDE.



ONE day, when I was little, I remember our nurse was constantly whispering something mysterious to our governess, and, as you may guess, my sister Mary and Frank and I were very anxious to know what it was all about. At last I heard nurse say, "I'm 'most done now, and I don't think we need tell the children to-night." That was enough for me, so I bothered and teased until I was told that next day we were all going to the sea-side. I dreamt about buckets and spades, and all sorts of things, and you may depend I was up in time in the morning. Now in those days we were living in New Jersey, and there, you know, everything is not quite the same as here. The house my father had taken was at Long Branch, on the Jersey coast—a lovely, glorious place.

When we arrived the sea was peaceful and smooth. As we drove along the cliff from the depot, we could see fishing boats and larger vessels lying quietly on the calm water, and we could hear the murmur of the tiny waves on the beach. And, joy of joys! we could see the bathing machines, and we knew we should in a day or two be having splendid dips in the sea. I wonder if you little people love the sea as I did when I was a child, and indeed as I always have all my life. To be near the sea, on the sea, or in the sea, has always been one of my greatest pleasures. And now I am going to tell you a bathing adventure which happened to me during this very visit to Long Branch.

You must know that there was at that time one quite important member of our family that I have not yet mentioned to you: this member of the family was a dog—a true skye terrier—called Elfie, for he was like an elf in his clever, odd ways, we thought. He was beloved by us all, but was the particular property of Mary, who was very, very fond of him, and for a long time kept to the delusion that Elfie was a prince in disguise; and that he would one day get rid of the enchantment which had turned him into a dog, and, becoming a handsome young prince, he would straightway offer her his hand and heart. Elfie acknowledged Mary as his mistress, but he extended his loving friendship to all the rest of the family, and particularly patronized me. Elfie was very handsome in his way, and I always thought he knew it. He was dark

bluish gray in color, with very silky hair, which hung over his beautiful eyes, and a coal-black nose.

Elfie went to Long Branch with us, and always accompanied us when we went to bathe; he *hated* the water, and therefore never thought of coming



after us into the sea, but he went with us into the machine, and would sit at the open door with a wise expression, watching us bathe.

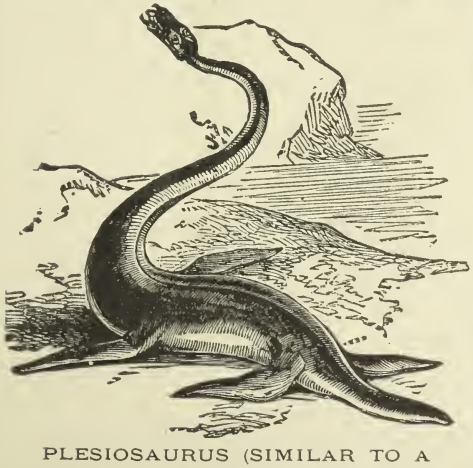
But to come to my adventure: One morning I was got ready for my bath the last of the three; our usual old bathing woman, Nanny, had given Mary and Frankie their dips (for mamma was most particular that we should have our heads wet first), and was now engaged in giving them sundry odd jumps

up and down and "merry-go-rounders," as we called them. Nurse told me to wait for Nanny; and had turned into the other compartment of the machine, for it was a double one, to say something to the nursery maid, who was arranging our clothes, when the idea occurred to me that I would join the party in the merry-go-around without my usual dip. Accordingly I descended the steps slowly and cautiously. Nanny and the others did not notice me; the only person who was aware of my intention was Elfie, and he certainly did not approve. Down I went, going to the last rung of the little ladder—then—I made a false step, and fell into the water, head first. I was stunned! Nanny heard the splash, but did not see me; nurse ran to the bathing-machine door, and did not see me. Elfie barked furiously, and was the first to see my little white cap, which was lifted on a wave a few feet off. The brave doggie did not hesitate, but sprang into the water, swam the short distance, and seized it. He kept my head above water until the old bathing woman waded to me, and I was soon carried back to the machine.

My little face was badly scratched from my fall, but otherwise I soon recovered. And I never tried to have a bath again without my usual dip from Nanny.

——:o:——

A QUEER FISH.

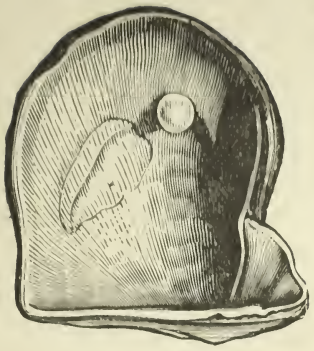


PLESIOSAURUS (SIMILAR TO A LIZARD).

IN another part of the book you will read about the flood, and Noah taking into the ark every kind of animal then living; but there were some kinds of animals that lived before Noah was born, or ever man was created. These are called antediluvian animals—that means before the flood. The picture represents a form of sea monster, a genuine sea serpent, and it is claimed some such reptile still exists, because any number of people are willing to swear they have seen it, and it is believed that there really is one, but very rare. You will notice the picture represents an animal having a body similar to a seal, and a head and neck like a snake. The word plesiosaurus means "nearly a lizard"—saurus being "like a lizard."



THE LITTLE FISHERS.



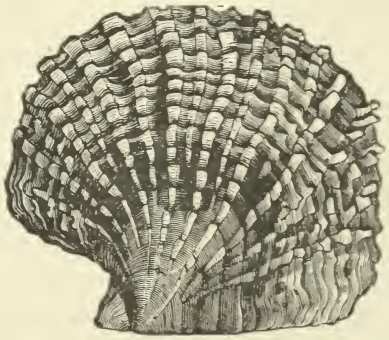
PEARL OYSTER.

YOU all know what a pearl is. When perfect it is one of the most precious of jewels; and the Saviour, in one of his parables, compared a person who had turned away from his evil deeds and wicked life, and who had found the "peace which passeth understanding," to one who had found "the pearl of great price," because the pearl is so pure.

The pearl grows inside of an oyster which is found throughout the Pacific ocean. How many of you can tell me what countries have their shores washed by this ocean?

Men, called pearl-divers, dive down in water that is clear and bring up these oysters. Every oyster does not contain a pearl; and, even when they do, they are not always perfect, any more than all boys and girls are good. These divers can only stay under the water from fifty to eighty seconds. There have been some who have stayed down as long as six minutes. The dangers of this work are not only those of suffocation, but sharks and other horrible monsters of the ocean often attack these people, who have to protect themselves with spikes of iron-wood. Many times this is not sufficient. Just think when you see a pearl next time that perhaps the man who brought it up from the bottom of the ocean may have been afterward eaten by a shark. The water is much heavier than the air, and the result is, that all the blood is forced into the head, and very often the blood comes out of the mouth, eyes and ears. They don't live very long.

In Polynesia the women make better divers than the men. In Australia they dredge for pearls like we do for oysters *here*. Pearls are also found along the coast of California and Central America.



OUTSIDE OF THE SHELL OF PEARL OYSTER.

———:o:———

ONE morning little Dora was busy at the ironing-table smoothing the towels and stockings. "Isn't it hard work for the little arms?" I asked. A look of sunshine came into her face as she glanced towards her mother, who was rocking the baby. "It isn't hard work when I do it for mamma," she said, softly.

THE LITTLE SAILORS.



PAUL and Mary lived on the bank of a river not far from the sea. Ships sailed past their home every day, and the children stopped their play to watch the vessels as they sailed up and down the river. They sometimes called the ships birds with white wings, and one day, when it was blowing hard, they made a sail with Mary's handkerchief; and putting his hoop and stick on the ground Paul took hold of the two corners at one side, and Mary took hold of the two corners of the other side, then they held the handkerchief against the wind. Mary was almost blown over, and Paul laughed to see their sails filled by the wind.

When they went home they told their mother what they had been doing. She told them that sailors used a large sheet for a sail, and fastened it to a long pole called a mast, and stretched it with spars and ropes. Large ships have several sails fastened to masts, and by these are blown over the sea from one country to another.

One day Paul and Mary were taken to the sea-side, where the river that ran past their house ended, and when they saw a vessel bounding along with its sails set they where delighted.

When they went home their mother showed them how the sailors can roll the sails up when they wish to slacken their speed, or to stop their vessel.

Paul profited by what he had learned, and made a little boat, and showed Mary how to sew a sail on a mast. They took it down to the pond in the garden, and the wind filled the sails, and blew the little vessel across the pond.

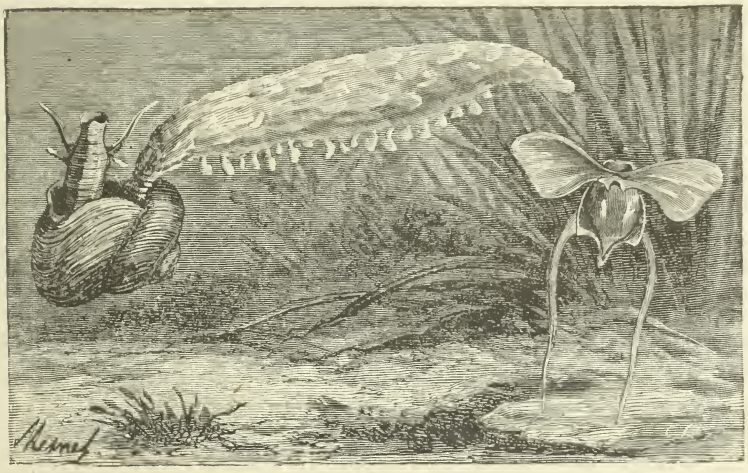
In the summer Paul and Mary were invited to the sea-shore to pass a number of weeks. They played all day on the beach. Paul brought his little boat with him, and when the sea was calm Paul and Mary waded into the water to sail the boat. Paul tied a string to it, so that he could pull it along. When they were tired of playing they went fishing for shrimps. Mary carried a basket on her back to put the shrimps in as they caught them, and

they carried them home and ate them for their supper. On other days they walked on the smooth, shining sands, and looked for shells and pretty colored stones, and carried them home and placed them in the garden among the flower beds.

As Paul grew older he still had the same fondness for ships, and determined to be a sailor; so he gained a reluctant consent from his mother, and went on a voyage to the West Indies, where we will leave him for the present, and at some time in the future, when he is captain of a vessel, may take up our sory and tell of his adventures on the sea.

———:o:———

JELLY-FISH.



DID you ever see a fish that had no bones or shell, but was just a transparent mass of jelly, and yet could sting you severely? A few years ago I was sailing in Chesapeake Bay, and the water was full of little animals floating around that were just like those in this picture, only, of course, they had no shells. There was a perfect mass of them, and prevented some of those on board the schooner taking a salt-water swim, as they wished. They are called sea-nettles, or medusæ; and are about the very lowest form of animal life known. If handled they fall apart in your hand, being apparently all water. Some melt when they are touched, and disappear while you are looking at them.

———:o:———

WHEN does water resemble a horse?—When it is in a race.

WHY is swearing like a ragged coat?—It is a bad habit.

WHY is an Israelite in a fever like a diamond?—He is a *Jew ill.*

WHY is a peach-stone like a regiment?—It has a kernel.



THE DOG AND THE CRAB.

CRABS.

CRABS are generally supposed to live in the ocean, but there is one species that lives on the land. It is found on the Island of Jamaica, in the West Indies. It burrows in the sand, sometimes two or three miles from the sea. It has two long claws. In attacking an enemy it binds it with one claw, which is then thrown off, and then continues the fight with the free claw. They stay in the ground during the day, and hunt for their food at night. They visit the ocean once a year to lay their eggs. They travel by night, when they are caught in great numbers. There is another kind of crab found in the Japanese waters measuring ten feet between the tips of its nippers, which are five feet long. The crab found on the coast of the United States is edible, and by many considered a luxury.



LAND CRAB.

———:o:———

THE SEA-HORSE.



HIPPOCAMPUS OR SEA-HORSE.

THIS fish is found in the Atlantic Ocean, around the coast of Spain, the south of France, in the Mediterranean, and in the Indian Ocean. They are very small, and have been found often curled up in oyster-shells. The head is much like that of a horse, and the rings around the body and tail resemble those of some caterpillar. The habits of this fish are singular and interesting. They swim with a waving motion, and frequently wind their tails around the weeds and rushes. They have fins to sustain them in the water, and even in the air. They live on worms, fishes, eggs, and substances found in the bottom of the sea.



PLAYING ON THE BEACH.

THE DIVING-BELL.



WHAT is the first thing you think of when you look at this picture? Some poor ship that was lost in a storm? Were you ever at sea when the big waves that seemed to be as high as a house were going faster than the ship and breaking over the stern? This ship was evidently a man-of-war, and most of it has been hauled up. On one side of the bell you will see a cannon going up, and on the other a barrel. There must be, of course, a ship overhead. I wonder what sort of a boat it is, whether a sailing vessel or a steamship? If you look at the picture again you will see two men sitting in the bell, which has no bottom. The air in the bell keeps the water out. One of the men holds a rubber-hose which is fastened to the helmet of the diver or man who is lifting up the things, and fastening them to the rope let down from the ship above. This tube carries fresh air to the diver. The other man in the bell has a hose in his hand which is attached to the barrel, and it contains compressed air, which passes into the bell as fast as the men breathe the air in the bell, because the air breathed out is heavier and occupies less room than pure air. The men would die if they didn't have fresh air. As soon as they have exhausted their supply of it they pull the rope, and they are hauled up.

Elsewhere in the book you will read about how they dive for pearls; but a pearl-diver couldn't stay down long enough, or dive deep enough to bring up wreckage. The bell-diver wears weights attached to his feet, the same as the boys put a lead-dipsy to their lines when they go fishing; but the diver can't go below a certain depth, or he would be crushed to death by the weight of the water. The fish have a series of air-bladders, and in this way they can make themselves heavier or lighter by sucking in air or forcing it out of their bodies; but a man's lungs contain just so much air, and he can't make them hold any more.



SPINNING THE YARN.

A SEA YARN.

"I disremember," said old Bill Martin, taking his pipe slowly out of his mouth, in answer to my request that he would spin me a yarn, "whether I ever told you about little Jack Fo'cas'le."

"No! no!" I cried; "heave ahead!"

"Well," said Bill, "it was in fifty-six that my mate, Joe Harris, and I were in Sydney. We had been ashore a fortnight, and our money was out, and we were casting about for a ship. Adown among the docks we strolled, keeping a sharp lookout, for we had no mind to go to sea in a rotten hulk. At last we saw a craft to our mind, as fine a clipper as ever I set eyes on; clean and taut was everything about her. The 'Flying Scud' was the name on her bows. As we were standing on the pier looking at her, the mate spied us and came down the gang-plank.

"'Looking for a berth, my lads?' he said. Well, the end of it was that we agreed to ship with him, and in three hours we had dropped out into the stream, and were only waiting for the passengers to come aboard before we put her head to the open sea.

"Very soon we saw them coming in the quarter-boat with the captain. They were soon alongside, the tackle was made fast and the boat run up to her place in a hurry. Then the captain stepped aboard, walked aft and saluted the quarter-deck, and giving the order to the mate, 'All hands make sail,' disappeared down the ladder to his cabin.

"Joe and I stood by the boat to help the passengers out. It was short work, for there were only three, a man and his wife and their little boy. They were dark-haired and talked some foreign lingo. The woman was pale and feeble, and when the man spoke suddenly had a shrinking way, as if she had been harshly treated.

"'I am afraid she will never see dry land again,' said Joe to me that evening, as we lay out on the bowsprit to furl the jib, as it had come on to blow; 'she's very thin and pale, to my thinking, and that husband of hers is a bad lot. But the lad's a fine one. Did you see him put his arms around my neck when I took him out of the boat?'

"Day after day went by as days do at sea, one much like another. The lady passenger grew whiter each day, and so no one was surprised when one morning word was passed that she was dead. We buried her at sea the next evening, and three days after were at the Cape.

"Here, as we should have to lie off for some hours, the passenger went



ashore in the boat with the mate. The day crept slowly on, and at last it was dusk. A good wind was blowing and the skipper was all impatience to be off, but the mate's boat had not yet come back. We fired a gun to hurry it, and at last it came, but the passenger was not there. He had not come, the mate said, though he had waited for him till the last minute. The captain shook his head, 'I half feared it this morning,' he said. We men all knew what he meant: The boy's father had run away and left him in the hands of strangers.

"How it came about I do not know, but in a little while the lad spent all his time with us forward. Every one liked him, and the men would whittle out toys for him, or sing him songs at any time. We dubbed him Jack Fo'cas'le, for we could never get the swing of his real name.

"At last the long cruise was at an end. The hands aloft were furling the mainsail for the last time, for the tug was alongside that was to take us up the bay. The captain was looking over the side when Joe and I went up to him.

"'Well, my men,' said he, for he was a pleasant-spoken man, 'what is it?'

"'It's about the little lad, sir,' said I; 'what's to come o' him?'

"'I'm sure I don't know,' said the captain. 'I've been worrying over it ever since we left the Cape.'

"'We're both a bit oldish men, sir,' said I, 'and having no families, and not caring to spend money as young men do, Joe and I thought we might cast about to pay for the lad's schooling and board till he come of age to help hisself, if so be it was agreeable to you.'

"Well, the end of it was that he thought well of it, and that was the way Joe and I came to have the youngster between us."

"And what became of him?"

"Why! bless you! he's growed up, and mate of the 'Hector.' It's he that pays for me; for, one way and another, I never laid up, and when I was thrown on my beam-ends I don't know what I should ha' done without him."

"And Joe?"

"Poor old Joe, he died two years after we took Jack; the fever carried him off on the African coast. He was a good shipmate, a good shipmate." And the old man lighted his pipe, for it had gone out.



THE HAMMER-HEADED SHARK.



THIS fish is distinguished by the singular shape of its head, having the appearance of the head of a hammer. The eyes are gray and projecting, and when the animal is irritated the colors of the iris are like a flame. The most common species is long and slender in the body, which is gray, and the head black. It is usually about eleven or twelve feet long, and weighs occasionally nearly five hundred pounds. It is bold and greedy for blood, and is often found around ships, even near the coast. It has not the strength of a shark; but is more furious, and can strike with as much force. The sailor always remembers its visits, and loves to tell of hairbreadth escapes.

———:o:———

COME, let's to bed,
Says Sleepy-head;
 Stop a while, says Slow:
Put on the pot,
Says Greedy-gut;
 Let's sup before we go.

LITTLE Nancy Etticote,
In a white petticoat,
With a red nose;
The longer she stands,
The shorter she grows.
—A candle.

———:o:———

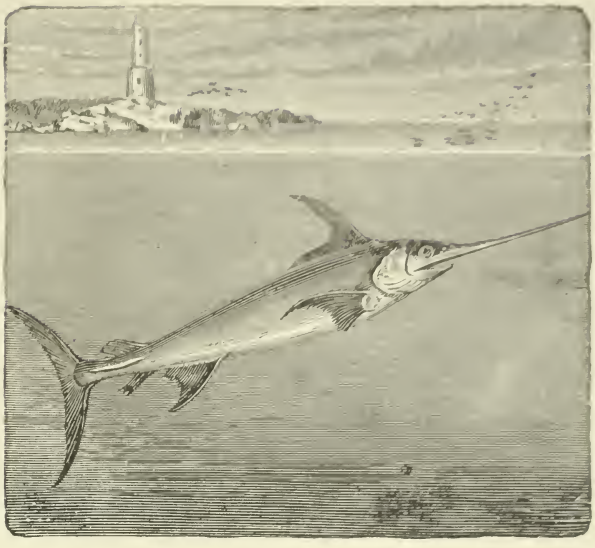
WHAT is the difference between a pillow-covering and a quack?—One is a pillow-sham, and the other is a sham pill-er.

WHAT is the difference between an ambassador and a bear hunter?—One bears despatches, the other dispatches bears.

WHAT contradiction is true of an unpleasant companion?—The more you think of him, the *less* you think of him.

WHAT is the difference between a boy and his shadow?—The boy can see his shadow, the shadow can't see him.

COMBAT BETWEEN A SHARK AND A SAW-FISH.



ALONG some parts of the African coast, sharks are so plenty that they are often washed on the beach. They are caught with a large hook and a strong rope. The hook is attached to a chain two feet long, so that the shark could not bite the line in two if they swallowed the bait. There are several varieties, one having a blue-skin, and they have seven rows of ugly teeth. Another species is a gray color, and is shorter and thicker than the blue-skin; the head is broader and the mouth wider, and it is more savage. This is the most common. It will attack a man in shallow water, so that it is dangerous to bathe in the sea.

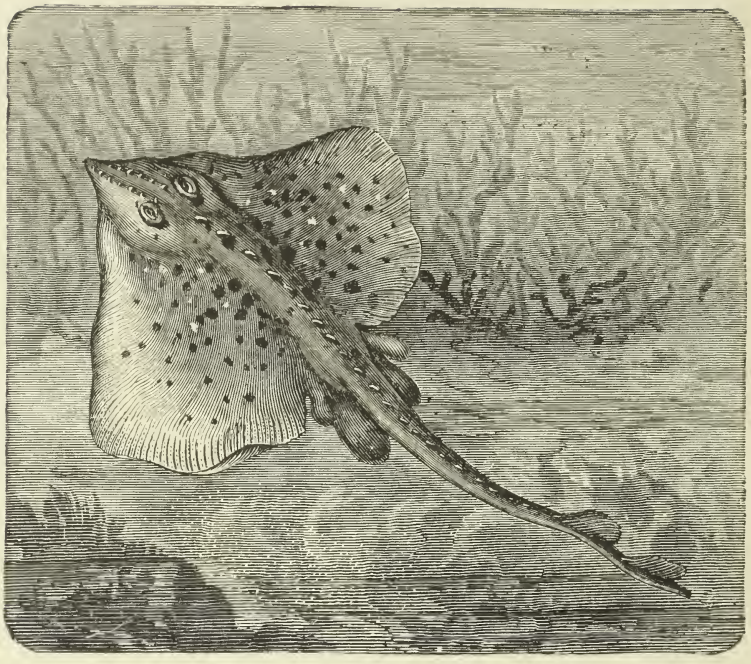
A sailor was in a little boat and saw a great splashing in the water, and going nearer saw an enormous saw-fish attack a large shark; both were fighting desperately. Fearing they would attack his boat, he went off a little distance. Each tooth of the saw was two inches long, and there were about forty on each side, the saw was about five feet in length. At the last the saw-fish gave the shark a terrible blow, so that his teeth went right through the flesh. He gave several of these blows, and the shark soon lay upon his back dead, with its body fearfully torn. The saw-fish swam away, leaving the water stained with the blood of the shark.

—:o:—

We've just come home from the seashore,
Been there since the first of July—
And we've had lots of fun I can tell you,
My dear Kitty, baby and I.

We've found the most beautiful pebbles,
We've rolled in the jolliest sand,
And I am as brown as a chestnut,
And the baby is dreadfully tanned.

THE WHITE RAY.



THIS fish belongs to the same order as the electric eel, and like it can give an electric shock. One four feet long placed in a trough while a tub was being made for it killed four mules which just touched the water where they were accustomed to drinking. Indians drive horses into marshy places where these fish are in order to get them. There they can catch the fish, which usually attacks the belly of the horse. The horses fall as though shot, and are frequently killed at the instant of discharging its battery. With harpoons they throw cords around the fish, and by a sudden jerk haul them out of the water. If the cords get wet they are apt to feel the power of the fish.

———:o:———

WHY is the skeleton of a sermon a very unnatural object?—Because it has several heads.

WHY do policemen ride on the cars for nothing?—Because you can't get a nickel out of a copper.

———:o:———

A 6 BY 9 RHYME.

A QUEER little boy who had been to school
And was up to all sorts of tricks,
Discovered that 9 when upside down
Would pass for the figure 6.

So when asked his age by a good old dame
The comical youngster said,
I'm 9 when I stand on my feet like this,
But 6 when I stand on my head.

THE TURBOT.



THIS fish is beautiful in appearance. It belongs to the same family as the flounder, and is almost flat. This one is called the turbot. Its flesh is considered the most finely-flavored of any caught in the ocean. To show to what an extent it is eaten it is said that Holland fishermen sell $400,000 worth to the London market alone every year. Now, here's a chance for you to use your arithmetic. Say these fish sell for a shilling, *i. e.*, twenty-five cents a piece, that would make 1,600,000 fish of this kind sent to London. How many people do you suppose were employed catching them? Beside, it is said, the quantity sent by the Dutch, the people of London consume four times as many more; that makes 6,400,000. How many turbot would that be apiece, saying London has a population of 3,000,000?

———:o:———

A LITTLE STRANGER.

I GUESS you'd think it dreadful
If you were all alone,
And nobody about you
You'd ever, ever known.
Without mamma a baby
Is not the thing at all,
And a papa should always
Be somewhere within call.

Two grandpas and two grandmas,
And aunties by the dozens,
With a sprinkling, too, of uncles,
And a perfect load of cousins,
With a nurse are quite convenient;
And a lot of little frocks,
With capes and boots and bonnets,
And a good supply of socks.

These things should be provided
For every baby born;
To miss them is quite dreadful,
And makes one quite forlorn.
I've told you what the facts are;
Henceforth I hope you'll see
That there are no helpless babies
Left all alone like me.

A TALE OF THE GREENLAND SEAS.

ONE winter evening, as a shelter from a sudden storm, I found myself snugly ensconced by the fireside of the only cottage—and a very humble one it was—within miles of the place where I lived—on the southern coast of England.

"Ay, sir," said my host, an old weather-beaten, but pleasant-faced sailor, with but one arm—"Ay," he said, "it is dark, and it wont be light again to-night. Bring more logs, Norman, and heap them on the fire, and presently you can light the lamp. What, sir! you say it is more pleasant to sit by the light of those crackling logs? Very well, so be it. Ah! those logs, sir, many a story they tell me. Every bit of wood you see blazing there is part of some poor wrecked ship, for 'tis a wild coast this, sir, a wild coast."

"But you've been on wilder?" I said to him.

"Ah! yes, many is the one, sir. You see, I've lost an arm. Well, sir, but for the lad Norman there—as I call him, though he's neither kith nor kin to old Kenny—I'd have lost my life itself."

Norman was a Norwegian boy: his round face, his fair hair, and blue eyes told me that. He called old Kenny father, and the two lived in this little cot all alone, supporting themselves on the fish they caught, and on the produce of their little garden.

"It is seven years ago, sir, and Norman would be about eight then, since I sailed away from Lerwick Bay in the good barque "Polly-Anne"—called after the captain's wife, sir, for the captain was partly owner, you see. I was third mate, or spectioneer, and though I say it myself, sir, there were few could strike a whale or lance one more swiftly than old Kenny, before he lost his arm.

"It was spring when we left our anchorage, and crowded all sail for the far North—spring, and though the seas were rough and cold, the wind was fair. All went well with us, and we made the Straits in less than four weeks' time.

"We found the 'country,' as they call it, wonderfully clear of ice; so north, and north, and north we went, after the whales. Ay, and good fortune we had among them, too, for before summer was ended, and the autumn frosts had begun, we were full to the hatches, and there couldn't have been found a happier ship's crew in all the world than we were then. It was laughing and joking, and telling stories, and singing, all day long. We had rare sport on the ice-bound shores, too, among the bears and the walruses.

"We were just preparing to bear up for merry England once more, when one night the frost fell—the black frost, sir—and we found ourselves suddenly



locked in the cold embrace of King Winter.

"It was a sad surprise for us, but as the season was still young, we did not lose hope, for in a single hour a thaw might come and set us free. I did not think of that, though, when one bright moon-lit night, rifle in hand, I let myself quietly over the side, unknown to any one, and made my way to the shore across the field of bay ice that surrounded our barque.

"What made me go so stealthily? Well, I'll tell you, sir. The captain had given orders that no one should leave the vessel; but only that day I had spied a huge bear on the ice, and I thought I might manage to bag him by the light of the moon.

"After hours of toil, I found and followed the bear. The chase led me far inland, but I finally was victorious. Hastily securing the skin, I began to retrace my steps. To my horror, I found the snow was getting soft, and that clouds had covered the moon. The thaw had come. Hoping against hope, I hurried on and on, but the moon set, and it was bright daylight ere I once more stood on the beach.

"The ship had left! I could see her hull dipping down over the distant horizon. Never shall I forget my feelings at that moment. How I spent the next few hours I know not. I was mad; I was frantic. I rushed to the nearest eminence; I climbed it; I waved my coat, and shouted myself hoarse. All, all in vain. But tears came to my relief at last. Tears came, and then, sir, I knelt and prayed. I did not feel so lonely after doing that.

"I was now able to take a calmer view of my situation. But the prospect

before me was a very terrible one indeed, and when the topmost sails of my barque finally disappeared, a coldness as of death stole over my heart.

"Then, with one more pleading look for heaven's protection, I began my journey southwards.

"I was on the British-American side of Weedo bay, and six hundred miles at least lay between me and the nearest civilized habitation.

"Sir, there are times even yet that I dream I am once again toiling along all alone over those dreary fields of ice and snow, and I start from my sleep bathed in sweat, and trembling.

"The first two or three days, I think, were the worst; the road was rough, my boots were cut, and my feet bleeding. I had snow to eat, but very little food; only now and then a bird fell to my good gun.

"By night I sought shelter, as bears do, under the clefts of the rocks, where I buried myself in snow for warmth, rolled in the great skin that I carried. I saw no more bears, but often the voices of wolves howling at night alarmed me, so that I almost dreaded sleep. The moon was my greatest comfort; what oppressed me most was, I believe, the awful silence that by day reigned everywhere about me. It was a silence that, like Egyptian darkness, could be felt.

"It seemed as though my journey would never end; but one day, to my intense joy, I came suddenly upon a log hut, close by the sea. There was smoke curling up from the roof of it: I saw that; I saw no more, then; I had fainted.

"When I recovered, a little boy of eight or so was holding my head, and gently rubbing my face with snow.

"'You have brought me,' he said, in Norwegian, 'a message from poor father? He has been gone so very long, and I am all by myself.'

"'Dear child,' I said, 'have you lost your father?'

"'He has been gone away these two months,' was the reply, 'and I fear he will never, never come back any more. But come along with me to our cot; there is a good fire there, and food.'

"Sir, that log hut, rude though it was, looked like a palace to me. The boy brought me food, cooked by his own little hands, then pointed to a bed of skins in a corner.

"'You are tired,' he said; 'rest and sleep.'

"I awoke refreshed and well, after many hours of sweetest slumber; then bit by bit I wormed the poor lad's story from him. His father had been a walrus hunter from the north of Norway. Their boat had been wrecked, and

all save they two were drowned. With his own hands the lad's father had built this hut, and there they had lived, by hunting and fishing.

"All the dreary winter I stayed with the boy in his hut. But his father never returned.

"Winter wore away at last, and the spring sunshine was gladdening the hills, when one day Norman—ay, it was that dear lad, sir—ran shouting towards me. 'A ship! a ship!' he cried. I could hardly reply for joy. But, seated there on the hillside, we watched her while the anchor was let go and the sails clewed, and finally a boat was lowered, and began to make for the shore. Then we returned to the cottage, Norman bounding before me in glee.

"He had barely reached the door, when—oh! sir, I shudder now to think of it—a gigantic bear, who had been inside, dashed the door open and attacked my boy. Axe in hand, I rushed to the rescue, when the monster dropped the lad intact and flew at me. He felled me with one blow."

"Don't say more, father dear!" cried Norman, approaching, and laying his arm fondly on the old sailor's shoulder.

"There is little more to say, sir; but those in the boat saw the child rush for a rifle and shoot that monster bear dead, though he seized and broke my arm in his dying agonies.

"But," added the old man, "there is a Providence in all things, sir. The 'Polly-Anne' that sailed away and left me, was never more heard of. She must have foundered at sea. Light the lamp now, Norman, lad."

———:o:———

A was an apple-pie;
B baked it;
C cut it;
D dealt it;
E eat it;
F fought for it;
G got it;
H had it;
I eyed it;
J joined it;
K kept it;
L longed for it;
M mourned for it;
N nodded at it;
O opened it;
P peeped into it;
Q quartered it;
R ran for it;
S stole it;
T took it;
V viewed it;
W wanted it;
X, Y, Z, and ampersand,
All wish'd for a piece in hand.



THE VIKINGS.

"THE KINGS OF THE SEA."

THIS is what the Vikings called themselves. More than a thousand years ago the shores of Scotland, England, Ireland and France were ravaged by a race of sea-rovers, who came from Scandinavia, Norway, Sweden and Denmark. Later on they settled permanently in each of these countries, and even peopled Iceland. They were fearless sailors.

There lived in Denmark about this time a petty chief whose courage and prowess were of such a character that his fame spread all over Denmark. His name was Rollo. But he excited the jealousy and envy of the king of that country, and who, after vainly trying to subdue Rollo, used treachery to accomplish his ends. He led Rollo to think he was safe from further attacks by pretending to make peace with him, and then suddenly attacked him when off his guard, murdered his brother and bravest officers, and compelled Rollo to fly for safety to Scandinavia. Here many of his subjects, induced by love, and partly because of the Danish ruler's oppression, followed him. Rollo, instead of trying to recover his rightful possessions, determined to follow the example of his neighbors. So he collected a body of men, composed of Norwegians, Swedes, Scandinavians, Danes and adventurers of every nation, who, being used to roving, took delight in nothing but war and plunder.

He first turned his attention to England; but, as that country was governed by King Alfred the Great, who had overcome previous invaders and induced them to settle permanently in that country, Rollo decided he hadn't much of a chance there, and, accordingly, made an inroad into France, where he made ravages in every direction along the coast and inland. Finally, the king offered Rollo the province he had already ravaged, to induce him to cease his depredations. There was only one condition that didn't please our pirate king, and that was that he was to do homage to King Charles, which he long refused to do, but finally, to secure the advantages he enjoyed, humbled his pride and married the daughter of the king named Gisla, and secured further gifts of territory. But when some of the French nobles wanted Rollo to throw himself at the king's feet, he refused, but finally ordered one of his captains to do so; but this officer was so angry that, in pretending to raise the king's foot to kiss, he tumbled him head over heels before all his court.

But the king and his people were so powerless they dared say nothing, and found it best to overlook the insult.

Rollo was now well advanced in years, and gave himself up to settling his newly-acquired territory, which was then and afterward called Normandy.

ABOUT OYSTERS.



OYSTERS grow wherever there is a sea-coast. The cut represents oysters of different ages attached to a block of wood.

An amusing story is told of the man who first ate an oyster. He was walking by the sea-shore, when he saw an old and ugly oyster-shell, coated with sea-weed. He kicked it with his foot, and the animal opened its mouth with indignation. Seeing the cream-colored layers within the shells, he lifted the upper shell and inserted his fingers, when the shell closed down on his fingers, causing him considerable pain. After releasing his fingers, our gentleman put them in his mouth. "Delightful!" he exclaimed. "What is this?" and again sucked his fingers. Then he found he had made a great discovery, and made quite a feast.

Oysters are considered a great relish, and always in demand. They can always be eaten without fear of indigestion. It is recorded of the Emperor Napoleon that he always ate them when they could be procured before any of his great battles. It is proved to a certainty that there is no feast worthy of a master where oysters do not come to the front.

On our coast the oysters breed in large beds, to which quantities of young oysters are conveyed and left untouched for two or three years. The oysters are taken up by the dredge, a kind of small net fastened around an iron frame. The part called the beard is really the breathing apparatus.

———:o:———

WHY do not the trees open their trunks in the Spring, when they change their dress?—Because they *leave* their Summer clothing out.



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"

"WHERE are we to go, mother?" said the little waves to the great, deep sea.

"Go on, my darlings, on to the great yellow sands: you will find work to do."

"I want to play," said one little wave, "and jump up and down, and see who can jump highest."

"No; come on, come on," said an earnest wave; "mother must be right. I want to work."

"Oh, I dare not go," said another; "look at those great black rocks close to the sands—I dare not go there; they will tear me to pieces, and spoil my beauty."

"On, on, on," said the bigger wave; "take my hand, sister, and let us go on together—how glorious to do some work!"

"Shall we ever go back to mother!" cried two or three.

"Oh, yes! oh, yes! when the work is done we shall go back to mother's arms."

So one and all pressed on. The earnest one led the others; and even the little wave who had wanted to play pressed on, and thought that work might be fun after all. The timid ones did not like to be left behind, and all became earnest as they got nearer the sands.

After all, it was fun, pressing on one upon another—jumping, laughing, running on to the broad shining sands.



"JUMPING, LAUGHING, RUNNING IN THE SHINING SANDS."

First they came to a great sand-castle, and splash! splash! they went over it, first the earnest wave, then the one who had been afraid—down came the castle!

"Oh, what fun!" they cried, and on they ran fast and far.

"Mother told me to bring these sea-weeds. I will find a pretty place for them," said one; and up she ran a long, long way, and laid them high up among the pebbles. The pebbles said:

"We are glad you are come; we wanted washing sadly."

"Mother sent these shells; I don't know where to put them," said a little fretful wave.

"Lay them one by one on the sand, and do not break them," said the eldest wave. And the little one went about its work, and learned to be quite quiet and gentle, for fear of breaking its shells.

"Where—where is my work?" said the big, earnest wave; "this is mere play; the little ones can do this and laugh over it. Mother said there was work for *me*," and he lifted up his proud head and came splash down upon some large rocks.

Down, down into a pool it went, and he heard the fishes and sea-anemones say, "Hold fast; the sea is coming. Thank you, great sea; she always sends a big one when the storm is coming. Thank you, kind wave, we are ready now."

And now they are all going back over the long wet sands, lazily and carelessly; for they are tired.

"All my shells are safe," said one sleepy wave.

"My sea-weeds are left behind," murmured another.

"I washed the pebbles," said another.

"And I—I only broke on a rock and splashed into a pool," said the one who had been so earnest to work; and he turned sadly to his mother, as she folded him in her strong, firm arms. "I have done no good, mother—no work at all."

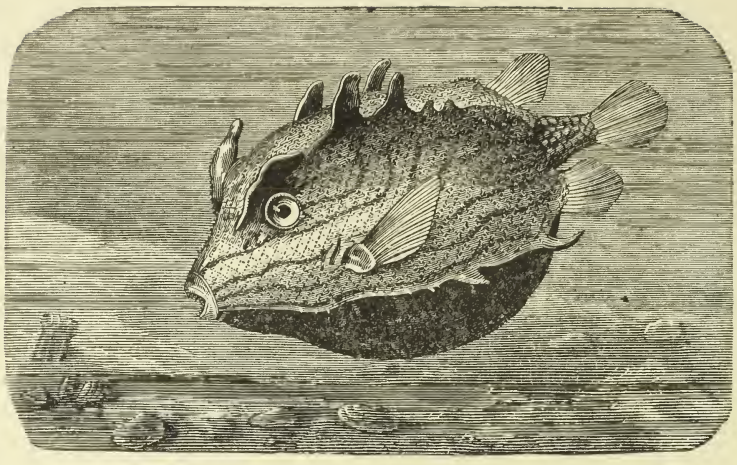
"Hush!" she said. "Hark!" and first they heard, clear as a bell, the voice of a little child, walking on the shore—

"Oh, mother! the sea has been here; look how tidy it all is! Isn't it a good sea to make it all so tidy!"

And then the sea said: "Hark!" again; and far away they heard the moan of the coming storm.

"Come in safe, my darlings. You have done *your* work, let the storm do its work now."

THE TRUNK FISH.



THIS queer-looking animal is a fish. It is called the trunk fish, because its back is completely covered with bony plates of a regular shape, forming a complete coat of mail. It is protected so completely that it can only move its tail, mouth and a small part of its gills which pass through the armor. It is quite a small fish and is found only in warm waters of the Southern tropical seas.

Fishes are considered as having less intelligence than animals that live in the air. You must understand that all forms of life that are not vegetable, that is, plant, life, are called animal. This includes insects, birds, beasts, fishes, snakes, etc. Well, as we were saying, fish are not thought to be as knowing as other creatures; but their movements are guided by an instinct that falls little short of reason; their ways are very interesting and sometimes very curious. You know fish have no lungs, but breathe through their gills which are fastened to their heads; they have a heart which simply pumps the blood into the gills.

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THE WHALE.

THE whale is not a fish, although it is fish-like. There are two species of the large whales—the whalebone-whale and the sperm-whale. The former have no teeth, and the latter only teeth in the lower jaw.

The whalebone-whale is found only in the northern seas. It feeds on very small animals. The mouth is so large that its lower jaw makes an arch high enough for a man to pass under on horseback. The whalebone is attached to the roof and is in the form of a grate, which makes an immense sieve, which catches the food. The sperm-whale contains more blubber and no whalebone. The most of the fat lies in the head. which is one-third of the

body, which is so enormous the largest beast seems as small as a mouse by its side.

They are graceful, and skim over the water rapidly and leap into the air. They are remarkable for their swiftness, and their sole power is in the tail, which lies horizontally on the water and is used up and down, instead of from side to side. It is also used to defend itself.

The speed of the whale is ten miles an hour, but under excitement it will go fifteen. The whale rarely brings forth more than one young at a time, which the mother nurses with the greatest tenderness, even after it is thirty feet long. The affection shown for the young is greatly admired. At its birth the "calf" is twelve feet long and weighs a ton.

The capture of the whale is always very exciting. The whale seeing the danger, dives below the surface and swims for a long distance, the time often reaching an hour and twenty minutes. The time under water is so regular and exact that it can be depended on to a minute.

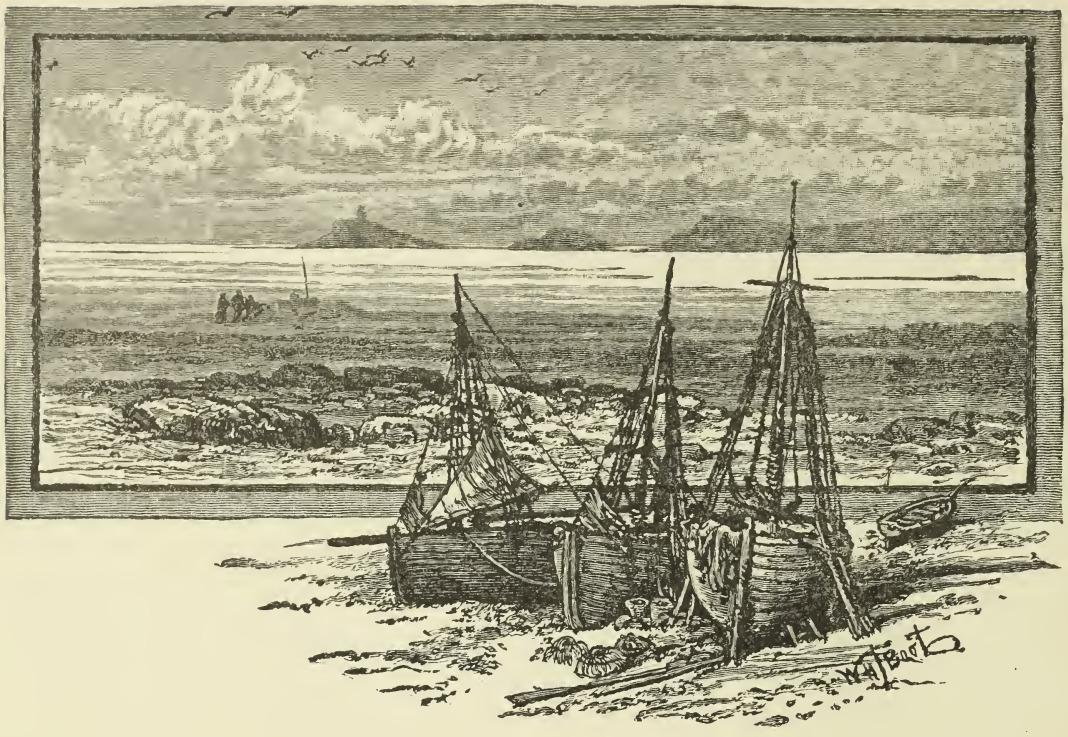
An interesting account is given, the whale plunging beneath the surface on seeing his pursuers; at length he arose ahead of the boats, not more than a quarter of a mile from them. The excitement among the crew was tremendous, and they flew over the water at a swift rate.

The whale seemed frightened, and as he puffed up his spout and raised his enormous head, he increased his speed and went along for two or three minutes as fast as the boats, when he grew quiet and the boats were soon in his wake. The uproar became intense, and amid the splashing of the oars the harpooners darted their weapons, but the whale descended like a shot, leaving a white and green whirlpool to mark the spot where he had floated.

The irritated captain ordered his boat lowered, intending to join in the chase, but as he left the ship a loud shout arose, for the whale, not having all his spoutings out, had risen to the surface and was coming rapidly towards the ship, throwing his head completely out of the water, when the captain hurled his harpoon with excellent aim and it was plunged deep in his side.

After an hour's exertion, six boats got their harpoons fast in him, but not one could get near enough to give him a fatal blow. At last, growing weak from his deep wounds and less capable of avoiding his foes, one of them had an opportunity to pierce him to the life.

The huge body was towed to the ship, a hole cut into the blubber of the head, into which a hook was inserted, the head cut open and the spermaceti dipped out; the remainder of the head and blubber was stowed away in casks in the ship's hold and the oil afterwards extracted by exposure to heat.



I WAS a pastor in West Switzerland, and having lost my fortune, resolved to seek in other climates the means of support. I sailed with my wife and four sons for England, where I accepted an appointment of missionary to Otaheite. After purchasing a few cattle and seeds of various sorts, we took passage and sailed till in sight of New Guinea. Here we were attacked by a tempest, which continued seven days. The shivered masts had been cast into the sea, several leaks appeared, and the ship began to fill.

The vessel soon struck against a rock; a tremendous cracking succeeded; the sea rushed in; and we saw that the vessel had grounded, and could not long hold together. The ship's company crowded into the boats, and moved off, and were driven out of sight. At the same time I saw in the distance several nooks of land, and thought that, when the sea should become calm, we might reach land in safety.

After making several plans we built a raft, which we loaded with everything necessary that we could carry, besides the geese, ducks, fowls and pigeons, and set out for the shore. As we neared land we saw some trees, which

proved to be bread-fruti trees. We entered a small bay, and all jumped eagerly on land.

Looking about, and finding a place to set up a tent, we drove one of our poles into a fissure of a rock; this rested on another pole, which was driven into the ground and formed the ridge of our tent; we next fastened some sail-cloth on, and our tent was complete. Then we prepared a soup, of which we all ate heartily, and a little later made our preparations for the night. Darkness came on all at once, which made me suspect that we were near the tropics. A sweet sleep closed the eyes of my beloved family, and our first night on the desert island was passed very comfortably.



FRUIT OF THE BREAD-FRUIT TREE.

The next day we decided to examine the soil on the other side of the river before settling on a place of abode. In about an hour I, with my son Fritz, had completed our preparations, and commenced our journey. After going about two leagues we entered a wood, where we stopped and ate our lunch. We had the good luck to find a single cocoanut, which was a little oily and rancid; but, this was not a time to be nice, so we made a hearty meal and continued our route. In conversation on subjects interesting to both we found ourselves nearer our family than we were aware, and, following the river, soon joined them. My wife had prepared a goose, besides a dish of fish, which the little ones had caught, and was hardly like a dinner one would expect to see on a desert island. By the time we had finished our meal the sun was setting, and we hastily lay down in our tent and enjoyed a refreshing sleep.

The next morning I and my son Fritz embarked in our boat to make a journey to the vessel to bring off whatever we could. Not long afterwards we fastened our boat to one of the timbers of the vessel. We found all the animals we had left on the main deck, and gave them a fresh supply of food and water. Our cargo was so large that our boat was filled to the very edge, and we took the precaution to put on our swimming jackets for fear of misfortune. Night suddenly surprised us, and we resigned ourselves to sleep in

our boat, and slept as soundly as we should in a bed. Early next morning I went on board the vessel; Fritz prepared a nice breakfast of biscuit and ham, of which we ate heartily.

My next anxiety was for the animals, and how to get them on shore. Fritz suggested that we tie a swimming jacket round the body of each animal, and throw them all into the water. We first tried our experiment on a lamb. He sank at first, but soon reappeared, and in a few seconds had learned the art of swimming. The sow gave us the most trouble. We were obliged to put on her a muzzle to keep her from biting, then tied a piece of cork under her body. The sheep and goats were more accommodating, and we soon had them equipped. After some little trouble we had all our animals in the water, and getting ourselves in the boat were soon on shore. My wife could find no words to express her surprise and joy at seeing so many useful animals. After each relating the experiences since we had been separated we retired to rest.

After breakfast the next morning we considered the question of a new abode across the river, where there some fine trees which would afford us shade, and we made preparations to set out. We packed everything we were to leave in the tent, and at length took up our line of march—my wife leading the way, with her eldest son; the cow and the ass behind them; the goats and sheep followed; and I and the other boys followed and brought up the rear. On the other side of the river the grass, which grew in great profusion, proved such a temptation to the animals that they strayed away from us to feed; so that without the dogs, we should not have been able to bring them back. My wife busied herself in making the fire and preparing our dinner. We dined heartily on slices of ham, and bread and cheese.

Our next thought was how to suspend our hammocks from a tree; and, going a short distance we found some long bamboo canes, which we cut into lengths, and with some rope, which we brought from the ship, made a ladder with forty rungs. Jack, being the lightest, climbed the tree and fastened the ladder, and we soon had our hammocks hung, and passed a comfortable night.

Fearing we might be attacked by wild animals, we next day decided to build a house among the branches of the trees. Accordingly, we fastened a pulley to a branch, and drew up timbers and boards which had been washed on shore; and, when we had made the floor, we fastened a piece of sail-cloth above it, and had a cool, airy shelter, from which we had an extensive view of the ocean.

The next day, being the Sabbath, we had appropriate services, and made



the day one of rest. We dined on a flamingo, which Fritz had killed and my wife made into a delicious stew. Then we ascended into our apartment, and slept so soundly that daylight came before our eyes were opened.

We passed several days in exploring the island, and then, as the vessel was still on the rocks, I and Fritz took our boat, and rowed out to it, and had no difficulty in getting on board. Our first care was to select materials for a raft, as our boat was not roomy enough to carry a large burden. We built a handsome raft, which took up the day, and when night came were too weary to row back to land, and lay down in the captain's cabin and slept until broad daylight.

The vessel had been laden with everything likely to be useful in an infant colony. We found a saw-mill in a separated state, but so well fitted that it was easy to put it together. The captain's chest was filled with gold and silver watches, shirt-buttons, necklaces, rings, and snuff-boxes of all sorts. But the discovery that delighted me most was a chest containing some dozens of young plants of every species of European fruits—pear, plum, almond, peach, apple, apricot, chestnut trees and vine shoots.

We had to consider which of these treasures we should take, as it was impossible to take everything in one trip. We first stripped the cabin of its doors and windows; then we took the carpenters' and gunners' chests. At last, with much hard labor, we finished our loading and pushed out for the current. The wind being favorable we quickly reached the shore, where we found my wife and children anxiously looking for our arrival. When we had unloaded our raft, and eaten a hearty meal of a tortoise which the boys had caught in our absence, we drew the mattresses we had brought into our chamber and slept soundly.

We went to the vessel every day for a whole week, and at the end of that time had put together a small pinnace, which we had found taken to pieces; and she was an elegant little vessel, perfect in every part. She had a small deck, and her masts and sails were no less exact and perfect than those of a little brig. We had pitched and tarred all her seams, and had mounted her with two small cannon of about a pound weight, and had fastened them to the deck with chains.

We had considerable difficulty in launching her, but finally succeeded; and our pinnace was in a condition to set sail, and we put off in great glee, and flew like a bird over the water. My wife and little ones were greatly surprised; and, when they had come on deck, they discharged the cannon, and gave the pinnace the name of their mother—the "Elizabeth." The pinnace

was anchored on the shore, and fastened with a rope by her head to a stake.

The day following I saw that the sea was violently agitated, and the waves swelled with the wind, and was rejoiced to find myself in safety in my home. We had been gone so much that we had neglected many things, among the rest the fruit trees. When we had planted these we started on an exploring expedition. As we advanced on our way I was frequently obliged to use a hatchet to make a passage through the tall grass. Ernest found a kind of hollow stalk; he cut one of them, and drops of fresh water issued from it. I divided the plants lengthwise, and they gave out water enough to supply us all. We named these "fountain" plants.

We reached a wood, the trees of which resembled the wild fig-tree. They were from forty to sixty feet high; the bark was scaly, like the pine-apple, and bare of branches, except at the very top. The leaves of these trees are thick and tough, like leather, and their upper and under surfaces are different in color. What surprised us most was a kind of gum which issued in a liquid state from the trunk of the tree, and was immediately hardened by the air. Fritz tried to soften it with his breath, but without success. He now discovered that, by pulling it, it was elastic, and cried: "Father, this is the very thing we used to rub out marks with!" Having examined it, I saw that it was the true caoutchouc tree, which yields the India rubber.

We reached our home without any further adventure. We passed some days in planting trees for shade, and to protect our tent across the river.

The first fine day I, with my three eldest sons, paid another visit to the wreck, and secured the chests of clothes, powder and shot, such pieces of cannon as we could remove; in fact, we entirely emptied the ship, though this took several days of hard work. We then prepared a cask of gunpowder, which we left for the purpose; we made a small opening in the side, and inserted a piece of matchwood, which we lighted at the last moment and sailed away as quickly as possible. About nightfall a rolling like thunder, accompanied by fire and smoke, announced the destruction of the ship, which disappeared forever. In the morning the shore was covered with timbers, empty casks, fragments of masts, etc.

Our time was fully occupied in making preparations for winter and the rainy season. We began to think of making boots without seams from our elastic gum. We made some clay moulds, which we covered with layers of gum, and they were soft and pliable.

The weather, unfortunately, changed sooner than we had expected, and we

were not sufficiently prepared for it. It was no longer possible to remain in our quarters in the trees, the rain fell in such torrents; and we removed to the bottom under some tarred roofing I had erected for the poultry and cattle. Here we were crowded together, and hardly able to move. In addition, we were stifled with smoke whenever we made a fire, and drenched with rain whenever we opened the doors. We lived on milk and cheese, and never made a fire but to bake our cakes. We then used the occasion to boil a quantity of potatoes, and salt meat enough to last a number of days.

When darkness obliged us to light up, we fixed a large taper in a gourd, which enabled my wife to pursue her occupation with the needle, while I wrote a journal of our shipwreck and residence on the island.

I can hardly describe our joy when, after many tedious and gloomy weeks of rain, the sky began to brighten, and we came from our dreary hovels with joyful shouts. The vegetation was rapidly advancing; the seed we had sown was sprouting; the song of the birds was heard; and we were at once struck with wonder and gratitude towards the Creator of so many beauties.

Our summer occupation commenced by thoroughly cleaning our house in the trees, which we had named "Falcon's Nest," which was full of dead leaves blown in by the wind. Our next visit was to Tent House, where we found very serious damages: the tempest and rain had beaten down the tent, carried away a part of the sail-cloth, and made great havoc among the provisions; and the contents of two barrels of gunpowder were wholly useless.

Fritz and Jack were very eager to make an excavation in the rock, and I resolved to make the attempt. We made so little progress the first day that I was almost discouraged; but my hope was somewhat revived as I saw that the stone was much softer as we penetrated deeper, and, after a few days' hard labor, we found we had dug in seven feet. Jack had a long iron bar, sharpened to the end, which he drove in with a hammer, to loosen a piece at a time. Suddenly his bar seemed to have come to a hollow place, and working it about I made a sufficient aperture for one of my sons to pass. We found the air so foul that we became giddy, and the boys hastened to gather some dry moss, which they set on fire and threw into the opening, but it was immediately extinguished. We then lighted some rockets and other fireworks which we had brought from the ship for our amusement. These lighted the cavern, showing its enormous size.

After having played off our fireworks I tried lighted straw, and, as it was entirely consumed, we could reasonably hope nothing was to be feared from the air. We then lighted tapers, and, forming a procession, marched into the

cavern, and a most magnificent sight met our eyes. The sides sparkled like diamonds, and had the effect of a grand illumination. Crystals of every shape hung from the top of the vault, and we might have imagined ourselves in the palace of some fairy. The bottom was level, and covered with fine white sand. I tried an experiment, and found we were in a grotto of rock-salt.

We laid out the interior into two divisions. The side we designed to lodge in was divided into three apartments; the first was the bedroom for my wife and myself, the second a dining-room, and the last a bedroom for the boys. The other side contained the kitchen, stables and work-room, besides the cellar and storeroom. We made a long stay at the Tent House during these employments, and found plenty to eat along shore in the shape of sea-lobsters, turtles, and their eggs, which they deposited on the sand, oysters and many small fish.

We had still two months before the rainy season, and employed it in making our grotto comfortable. We had formed a convenient part of our dwelling into a small chapel, in which divine service was performed every Sunday. I had raised a sort of pulpit, from which I pronounced discourses for the instruction of my affectionate group of auditors. Jack and Francis had a natural inclination for music. I made a flageolet apiece for them of reeds, on which they accompanied their mother, who had a sweet voice, and produced a pleasing little concert.

We were separated from society, perhaps condemned to pass the remainder of our lives in this desert island; and yet we possessed the means of happiness, and had all the necessaries and many comforts desired by human beings. We passed our days in industry and innocent pleasure.

Nearly two years had passed without seeing any trace of civilized or savage man.

I was one morning looking through my telescope when I saw a vessel a short distance off at anchor, and a boat containing several officers putting for the shore. I went towards them armed with my gun, speaking first in German, and then in English. One of the officers, who spoke German, answered. The vessel had been driven from its track by a violent tempest, and was badly injured by the weather; so that the captain and his company were anxious to get into some port where they might refit. After an hour's conversation we separated, in the hope of meeting the following day. But, during the night the tempest revived, and the vessel was driven out to sea, and we feared they had gone to the bottom.

In the morning we were startled by the report of a gun, which was repeated

several times. We entered our boat and were soon in open sea, but found no trace of the vessel and returned to land.

Wishing to make some further explorations of the island, we set out one morning in our boat, and in our search on the island found some bread-fruit trees; the fruit was about the size of an ordinary melon, of an oval shape, and seemed good and nourishing. The evening was approaching, and we made haste to reach our boat, which we had tied firmly to a palm-tree; but when we reached the place no boat was to be seen. We were much alarmed, fearing savages had landed and carried it off, and could not doubt it when we saw the print of naked feet on the sand. We made all haste to Tent House, and hastily entered, calling: "Elizabeth! Francis! where are you?" No one answered. My sons flew in all directions in search of their mother and brother, but returned in fear and distress, crying: "The savages have been here, and carried away our mother and Francis. We have seen the marks of their feet on the sands, and the print of dear Francis' boots."

We started instantly to see if the pinnace was left, and it was still there. We knew that for a long voyage we must think of food, water, arms and many other things; so we put on board barrels of salt-fish, jars of fresh water, potatoes, two bottles of rum, and what we had left of our bread-fruit. A gentle wind swelled our sails, and the current carried us into the open sea. Daybreak showed us we had passed far from our island, which now only appeared a dark speck. As day advanced we saw land plainly in another direction, and sailed towards it. I did not land without great excitement. All wished to be of the party of discovery; but Ernest agreed to remain with me, and watch for any arrivals by sea.

All was still around us, when Ernest suddenly called out: "Father, a canoe!" "Alas! it is not ours," I said, as I saw a canoe filled with islanders. When it passed where we were we hailed it; but the savages went on with great rapidity, and we put chase after them, but lost sight of them around a promontory.

There were neither trees nor rocks on that desert shore to which we could fasten the pinnace; and as it was necessary for some one to guard it, I decided to leave Ernest alone to protect it. After having traversed for some time a sandy plain without meeting a living creature, we arrived at a thick wood, which was alive with beautiful birds of brilliant plumage. We passed through these verdant groves, and reached a dry plain extending to the shore. We again discovered footsteps, and saw a large canoe pass rapidly, filled with, islanders, and thought it was the one we had built and of which we had been

robbed. Fritz wished to swim after them, but I would not permit him. We were endeavoring to retrace our road when we saw at some distance a man, clothed in a long black robe, coming towards us, whom we saw was a missionary, who spoke to me in English.

"You are the persons I am seeking," he said; "and I thank Heaven I have met you."

"Reverend man," said Fritz, "you have seen my mother and brother; where are they?"

"They are living, and well taken care of," said the missionary. "Come, and I will lead you to them."

I was so overcome with joy that I should have fainted; but the good missionary made me inhale some salts he had about him. I had a thousand questions to ask; but the missionary said little, and referred me to my wife and children for information. On the subject of his own mission he was less reserved. He said he had already gained some power over the savages, and they willingly listened to his preaching and the singing of some hymns.

We proceeded towards the shore, and perceived my two sons on the deck of the pinnace, which was covered with the islanders, to whom they were distributing the ornaments we had brought with us. The mirrors were received with the greatest delight; but they evidently thought there was some magic in them, and threw them all into the sea. The colored glass beads had then the preference, but those who had none wished to deprive the rest by force. There was great quarrelling, but the voice of the missionary calmed them as if by magic.

We had now to think of joining our dear ones, and decided to proceed by water. The pinnace was loosened, the sail set, and we went on board. Some of the savages went with us in their own canoe. We soon reached the shore, and found an excellent missionary waiting for us. After a half hour's walk he told us we were near our family. At last I saw a light smoke among the trees. We entered a kind of grotto, and found my dear wife seated on a bed of moss and leaves. She was quite overcome. When she recovered she presented to me a lady, Madam Hirtel, about twenty-nine years of age, and her two daughters, who were attending on my wife.

After we had partaken of a light supper of bread-fruit, Madam Hirtel related her history.

"I was," she said, "married when very young to a merchant, who wished to increase his income, and having an advantageous position offered him in a distant land accepted it. The vessel we sailed in was wrecked in a violent

tempest, and after being tossed about by the waves I, with my two children, were washed on shore, where we lived for some time on the eggs of the turtles and fish. As the shore was very hot and sandy I decided to abandon it and seek an abode in the woods. We followed a stream until we reached a grove, and saw before us the entrance to a grotto, and were going to enter it when we heard a cry like a child, and on going in found an infant tied up in leaves and moss. When I was considering whether I should remain or leave the cave, I heard strange cries, and ventured to look out. The sounds approached nearer, and I saw a crowd of men armed with lances, clubs and stones. They appeared to be following some trace for which they were looking on the ground. Following them was a woman uttering loud cries and tearing her breast. I concluded she must be the mother of the child. I called her and gave the child to her, and can never express her delight. We became one family, and soon became acquainted with the missionary, Mr. Willis."

My wife, at my entreaty, gave me a description of her capture. She said: "I was sitting where I would be the first to see you on your return, when Francis came running, saying there was a boat full of men, perhaps savages. My blood froze with terror, and I fainted. When I recovered I found myself lying at the bottom of a canoe, and out in the open sea. Our voyage lasted three days. At last we landed, and we saw a great crowd of savages; one of them, who was very tall, came to meet us. He was the king of the island. We were taken to a hut, where we were received by Mr. Willis, and from that time had no more fears. He offered to lead us to a lady who would take care of us. The lady received us like old friends, and made me lie down on a bear-skin, and gave me milk from a cocoanut; and had it not been for thoughts of the anxiety you would feel I should have been quite content."

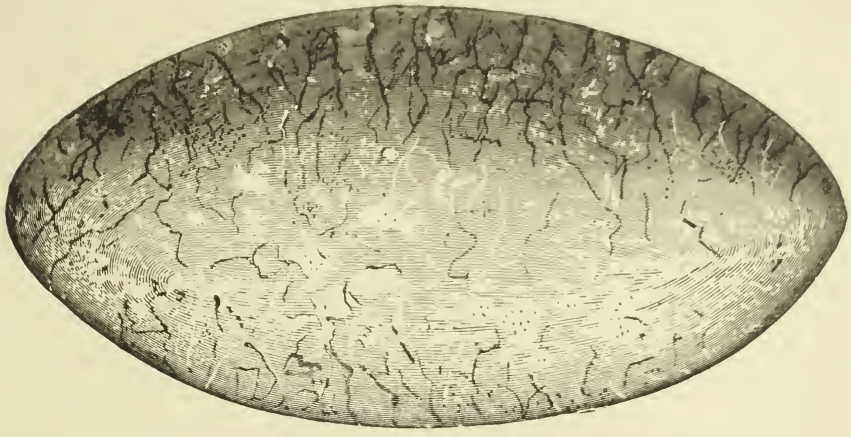
We persuaded our new friends to come and live with us on our island; and we, fourteen of us, embarked on our pinnace. Mr. Willis accompanied us, being desirous of seeing the island. After seven or eight hours we reached the Tent House, where we found all as we had left it, in good condition. Our friends found our establishment far beyond their expectations, and we made them all comfortable. Mr. Willis returned to his charge after passing a few days with us, promising to visit us, and eventually to join us.

The following year we had a visit from a Russian vessel, commanded by a countryman and distant relative of mine. Delighted with our establishment, he did not advise us to leave it. Leaving us a good supply of provisions, powder, seeds, and some excellent tools, they left us.

Several families of the natives, pupils of Mr. Willis, obtained leave to join us and settle at "Falcon's Nest," and at the farm. Thus two years passed away, and we were as happy and contented as we could desire. If any one is anxious for further particulars respecting our colony, let him set off for the Happy Island, where he will be warmly welcomed.

—:o:—

EGGS.



GREAT AUK'S EGG.

AMONG the largest and most beautiful eggs in the world are those of the great auk of the Polar regions. These eggs are about five inches long and three in breadth, and very curiously marked. Upon a silvery tinted ground are characters resembling those upon Oriental wares. Outlined in green, purple, blue and brown are these quaint traceries, with occasional interrupting patches in which various shades are blended. Sometimes one finds black lines irregularly crossing each other. Should an egg of yellowish tint come to the hunter's hand, it may be called a "red-letter day" in his calendar, since such are esteemed of "royal lineage" in auk-land regions—as rare as gold itself. Upon this faint amber-tinted ground the wonderful hieroglyphics stand out in strangely beautiful relief. Forty years ago only about thirty auks and forty eggs were recorded belonging to public and private collections. At one time fifty dollars were paid for two auks and two eggs; a little later half that sum for one egg; and not very long since we read that five hundred dollars were given for one egg. These eggs are found only on dizzy heights among the cliffs and crags of the Arctic seas, and are only obtained with great peril.



A FRESH-LAID EGG.



LITTLE FRITZ, the only child of a peasant in Germany, wandered away from his home one day, with nothing on but his in-door clothing, and his head covered only with his long, bright curls.

It was sometime before he was missed. Mamma thought he was with auntie, and auntie was quite sure that he was with mamma. But when mamma and auntie met, they found to their great dismay that the dear little boy was missing.

All over the house they searched, among neighboring houses and through the whole street; but in vain. Then the neighbors came, and all the night that followed they searched everywhere for the missing child. The mother, as she walked the house nearly frantic with grief, pictured to herself her baby-boy lying upon the ground crying bitterly for mamma. Ah me! They were heart-breaking visions that came to the minds of both parents through those long, dark hours! It was a night never to be forgotten; a night remembered afterwards with shuddering and tears.

In the morning they brought tidings to the parents that a man living a few miles out of the city had found the little boy, the afternoon before, asleep in a field, with his arms full of flowers; and, fearing that some harm might befall him, he had taken him to his own home, warmed and fed him, and laid him tenderly to sleep in his own bed.

When the mother saw the man coming, she bounded from the house, her loving arms outstretched, and clasped to her breast the little wanderer.

When money was offered to the kind man, he shook his head. "No," said he, "I have children, and if they are ever lost or in trouble, I shall want some one to be kind to them. No money!" And he walked away, bearing the blessing of the happy parents.

———:o:———



A WONDERFUL SPARROW.

THREE years ago I had a sparrow given me as a present, which became so tame that he amused all who saw him. I brought him to my place of business. It was amusing to see him alone in the shop, perched in the window; and when a customer came in he would announce it by a "chirp," and fly on the counter, as if to see what was being sold. He would eat from strangers' hands, and if he was not noticed, sometimes he would surprise them by alighting on their shoulders. He knew my voice when I returned from business, would fly into the shop to meet me, and ride into the parlor on my shoulder; and when the evenings were cold he would get snug inside my vest, or crouch down close to the warm tea-pot during tea, unless he was helping himself to milk or sugar, when he would hop from one to the other. At night he perched on the mantel-shelf, and if any one disturbed him after he had gone to sleep, he would show fight, but not stir an inch from his favorite place. At the break of day he would fly up on my head, and continue chirping until I awoke.

———:o:———

[A play with the face. The child exclaims:]

RING the bell! . . . *giving a lock of its hair a pull.*
Knock at the door! . . *tapping its forehead.*
Draw the latch! . . . *pulling up its nose.*
And walk in! . . . *opening its mouth and putting in its finger.*

PRIDE GOES BEFORE A FALL.



A SWALLOW flew near some high mountains, and finding a pit made by some miners made her nest in it.

One day an eagle saw the little swallow coming out of her nest, and said, "See how high I live above you with my little ones. You dare not fly above the ground."

The swallow made no answer, but went back to her nest in the pit.

The day was very hot, and a violent storm came on; the thunder rolled, trees were broken and hurled to the ground, and everything looked desolate.

The swallow heard nothing of the storm, and when she came out to look for food she saw the nest of the eagle on the ground, and the little ones scattered all about. One was dead, another had broken its wing, and the mother was mourning, and said to the swallow: "If I had been satisfied like you, and not have been anxious to get above all the other birds, we should have escaped all danger."

———:o:———

WHAT kind of a pie can fly and cry?—Magpie.

WHY is a railroad car like a bedbug?—It runs on sleepers.

A SEA-FOWLING ADVENTURE.



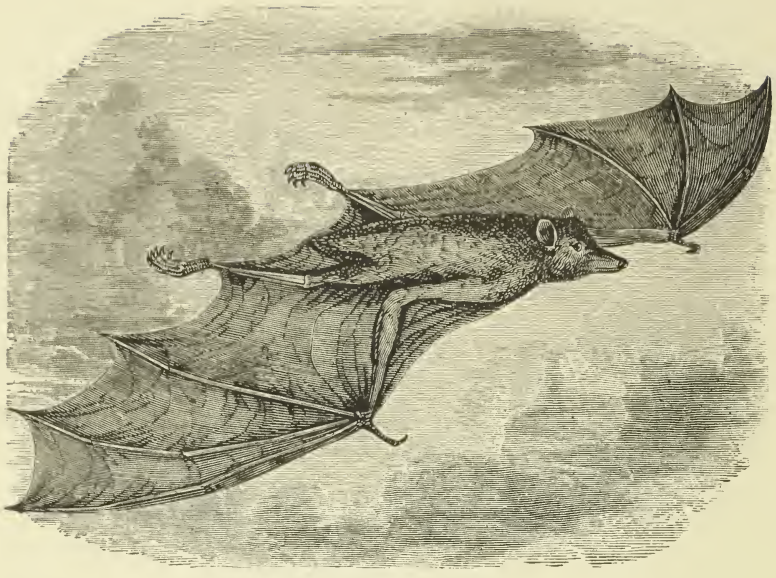
ON a pleasant afternoon in summer, Frank Talcott jumped into his little boat, and pulling her out of the narrow creek where she was moored, crept along the shore until he reached the entrance of one of the deep sea-caves so common on the coast of Ireland. In these gloomy caverns millions of sea-fowl resort during the breeding season, and Frank started out with the intention of killing a large number. Gliding into the chasm, and stepping from his boat, he fastened the painter fast to a rock, and lighting a torch penetrated into the recesses, where he found a great quantity of birds and eggs, and became so engaged that he paid no attention to the time until the sound of rushing water behind him made him aware that the tide was rapidly rising. His first thought was to return to his boat, but he was horrified to see that the rock to which he had fastened it was completely covered by water, and Frank saw her slowly fill and disappear beneath the waves. He could not go forward, and there was no way of going back, and his heart died within him as he thought of the fate which awaited him. He was not a man who feared death, for he had faced it a thousand times

on sea and land, but to meet it in this way was more than he could bear. He shrieked aloud; the torch fell from his hand into the dark waters. The wind began to rise, and drove the waves into the cavern. The gale increased every moment, while the dashing of the waves and the shrill scream of the sea-birds made a noise too terrible to endure. But the love of life was strong, his firmness returned, and he remembered that at the farther end of the cave the rock rose like a flight of stairs, sloping from the floor to the roof, he had often climbed these, and knew he could get out of the reach of the highest tide. But he thought of a deep fissure which ran through the rock, forming a chasm ten feet wide between him and the stairs, but he knew that his only chance was to cross it. He was young and active, and had often leaped across this abyss, a feat which none of his companions dared to attempt. Collecting a handful of pebbles, he went cautiously over the slippery rocks, throwing at every step a pebble before him to ascertain the security of his footing. At length he heard the stone fall with a hollow sound, and he knew he was standing on the brink of the chasm. Stepping back and straining every nerve, he threw himself forward. The agony of years was crowded into a single moment, in the next his feet struck against the firm rock on the opposite side, and he was saved, and as he climbed up the rugged slope, he hardly thought of the dangers he still had to encounter. All through the night he sat on a narrow ledge of rock, with the waves dashing the spray over him. With the ebbing of the tide the sea went down, but Frank was unable to cross the chasm, as his limbs had become stiff, and he felt weak from loss of food. He was giving way to some gloomy thoughts when a loud shout rang through the cavern, and never had a voice sounded as pleasantly to his ears. He replied with a cry of joy, and in a few moments several persons appeared with torches and, throwing a plank across the fissure, Frank Talcott was once more among his friends, who congratulated him on his escape. They had given him up as drowned, until on reaching the cavern they discovered his boat fastened to the rock and full of water. They searched farther, and there sult you already know.

———:o:———

SOLOMON Grundy,
Born on a Monday,
Christened on Tuesday,
Married on Wednesday,
Took ill on Thursday,
Worse on Friday,
Died on Saturday,
Buried on Sunday:
This is the end of
Solomon Grundy.

THE VAMPIRE BAT.



THE VAMPIRE BAT.

THE "Vampire" is the name given to a species of bat found in South America, which "sucks the blood of persons and beasts when asleep." It was at one time the popular idea that these bats would enter the sleeping apartments of human beings, in the warm climate of Brazil, and, making an incision with their sharp teeth in the great toe of the sleeping victim, suck his blood until full to repletion, meanwhile fanning the sleeper with their wings to induce continued slumber. The idea has proved to be fallacious, at least as far as the soothing fanning is concerned and the particular fancy for the great toe only. They are not particular as to where they make the incision, if they only get the blood.

In some parts of South America vampires are very numerous, and domestic animals suffer greatly from their nocturnal attacks. "They seem to take advantage of an existing wound, but they can also make one." In some parts of Brazil the rearing of calves is impossible on account of these bats, and there are districts, chiefly those where limestone rocks abound with numerous caves, in which cattle cannot profitably be kept.

The vampire, according to an old superstition in various portions of Europe, particularly in Hungary, was supposed to be a dead person, returned in body and soul from the other world, and wandering about the earth doing every kind of mischief to the living.

———:o:———

THE LEARNED ESQUIMAU.

THERE is a certain Esquimau
Who much of knowledge knows,
One day he found with grief and pain,
He'd frozen off his toes.

What did this knowing Esquimau
Who had the learned brain?
He bound them to his feet of course,
And froze them on again.

STORY OF A BAT.

A BAT was once captured in a peculiar way. It had entered a grocer's shop and gone in among the sugar-loaves which were piled on the upper shelf. Beyond poking it with a broom, no attempt was made to dislodge it; at last the writer drew it out. It tried to bite, but its tiny teeth could do no damage. It was placed in an empty mouse cage where it soon became familiar enough to eat and drink under observation. It would never eat flies, and preferred small bits of raw beef to any other food, but would not touch this unless it was freshly cut and quite moist. It spent the day at the top or side of its cage, and would occasionally descend in order to feed and drink.

The animal was kept for some time, but it did not seem to thrive, and was found dead in its cage.

———:o:———

PAPA'S PRESENT.

O, PAPA, dear papa,
You're such a good man,
I'll try to be like you
As hard as I can.

I want so to tell you,
On this your birthday,
I'm so happy I've got you,
And this more I will say:

In spring-time and summer,
Cold weather and snow,
You're the very best papa
I ever did know.

I am sure there is something
For which I shall pray:
'Tis that you, my dear papa,
Have many a birthday.

Now here is your present,
A box full, you see,
Of the very best candy;
'Tis for you—and for me.

———:o:———

THE FATE OF VANITY.

THERE was a young rooster whom once I knew,
Who stood on a fence and loudly crew,
"Cock-a-doodle! a-doodle-doo!"
But the more he crowed the vainer he grew.
And the louder he crowed the higher he flew—
"Cock-a-doodle! a doodly-doo!"
Till at last he crowed himself heels over head,
And that's the end, for the rooster is dead.

———:o:———

THE BEE.

AMONG the daisies all astir
Observe the belted rover,
The merry little mariner
That sails the seas of clover.

Whene'er a shower falls pellmell
Upon the seas of clover,
He flies into some flower-bell
And waits until it's over.



THE PET GEESE.

THE MILLER'S GEESE.

A MILLER had a flock of geese, and lost them all except an old goose that swam round the mill pond alone.

The miller's wife put some ducks' eggs under a hen, and when they were hatched the ducklings ran to the water. When the old goose saw how frightened the hen was she took the ducklings in charge and swam about with them, and when they were tired she led them to the shore and gave them back to the care of the hen. The next day she came down again with the ducklings and found the goose waiting for them. When the ducklings had gone into the water the hen flew on the back of the goose and they sailed round the pond.

An old gentleman was fond of pets, and had an old gander called Sammy that had been left by the others. This gander would follow him like a dog, and would be very angry if any one laid a hand upon him.

At last he found a friend of his own kind: an old blind gray goose was turned out by the flock, and Sammy took pity on her and gave her all she wanted to eat. He took her neck in his bill and led her to the water to swim. When she hatched a brood of goslings Sammy took care of them all, and they lived together many years.

An old blind woman who lived in the country used to come to church every Sunday morning: she was always alone, and came in the last and went away the first of any. The pastor, who was a new one, was puzzled to know how she went about so well, so one day he went to visit her, and found she lived in a small cottage a mile away, and on the way was a stream with a narrow bridge over it with a railing only on one side. He knocked at the door, and on asking for the blind woman was told that she was out in the field.

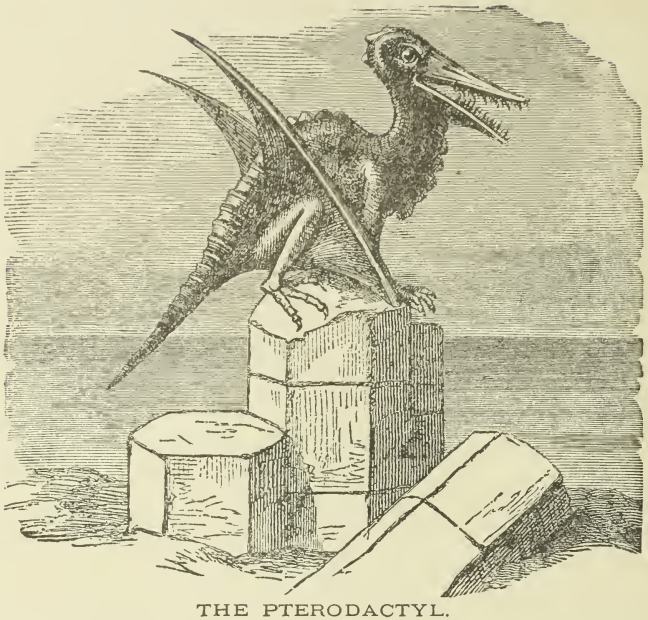
He asked, "Why do you let the poor old woman come alone to church? She will fall off the bridge some time." The woman laughed, and said, "Sure, she doesn't go alone—the goose takes her."

"What do you mean?" said the pastor. "Sure," said the woman, "she saved the life of a little gosling, and now it always comes every Sunday and takes her to church. It leads her along by taking her skirt in its mouth. When they come to the bridge it puts her next the rail, and keeps between her and the water. It stays about the church-door until service is over and brings her home."

This pleased the pastor so much that he preached a sermon on kindness to animals.

A STRANGE BIRD.

YOU all know what a bat is? If you don't, you will find a picture of one on page 103. The animal, or bird, whichever you have a mind to call it, shown in this picture, doesn't look much like a bat, I am sure; and yet that is the bird the bat must call its grandmother. It lived before the flood, like the animal from which the lizard sprung. This pretty bird was really a reptile; but it had a web-foot, the same as all lizards, but its little toe was spread out into a wing of flesh. It had no feathers. You will notice its head is like a duck. Just suppose a flock of these queer things were flying overhead. They were about the size of an alligator.



THE PTERODACTYL.

———:o:———

I HAVE a gray goose—she is of a large size—
Any man who buys her has need to be wise.
She has many feet on her, but walks upon none,
She goes far for her living, and seldom comes home.—A ship.

———:o:———

WHY is the Fourth of July like oysters?—Because we can't enjoy them without crackers.

WHY is a dog biting his own tail like a good financier?—Because he makes both ends meet.

WHICH travels slower, heat or cold?—Cold, for you can catch it.

WHEN is coffee like the soil?—When it is ground.

WHY is a policeman like a rainbow?—Because he rarely appears until the storm is over.

WHAT is that which is invisible, yet never out of sight?—The letter S.

THE CONDOR.



THE condor is the largest of all birds. It is four feet long from its beak to the tip of its tail, and nine feet to four yards between its outstretched wings. Its head and neck are perfectly bald. The color of the feathers is usually black, except a frill of white ones around the neck. The female bird is smaller than the male. This bird is found only in the Andes mountains, of South America. It feeds on carrion, but sometimes attacks sheep, goats and deer. They sleep during the day, and hunt for their food in the early morning and evening. They sleep very deeply, and are thus easily captured, the hunters climbing the trees where they roost, and have them noosed before they awaken. They have been known to live forty days without food, and can fly higher than any other bird, higher even than the eagle. Their favorite dwelling-place is in the regions of perpetual snow. Humboldt saw one 23,000 feet above the earth, and Darwin says he has watched one high in the air for half an hour, and it didn't move its wings once in all that while, but sailed right along.

———:o:———

WHY is a hive like a spectator at a show?—Because it is a bee-holder.

WHY is a pig the most extraordinary animal in creation?—Because you first kill him, and then cure him.

WHY is a proud woman like a music-box?—Because she is full of airs.

WHY is a woman mending her stockings deformed?—Because her hands are where her feet belong.

WHAT is it that occurs twice in a moment, once in a minute, and not once in a thousand years?—The letter M.

ABOUT CHINESE DUCKS.

THE people of China are very fond of ducks. They collect a great number of eggs, and put them in boxes of warm sand, and cover them up snug on the kitchen hearth. The little children of the house watch day after day for the young ducklings to come popping through the shells. By and by there will be such a cackling, and out will pop the little birds; and, soon jumping out of the box, they will be making a great noise for something to eat. A little Chinese boy will be ready to feed them. He has a bagful of boiled rice, and they run after him and "quack, quack" for their dinner. When they get a little bigger they are carried to a large boat—built on purpose—where a flock of three or four hundred ducks all live. Each flock has its own old bird that guides them about, just as though she were the mother of the lot.

Many of these duck-boats float about on one river, and of course there are more ducks than you or I could count; but when the different masters blow their whistles, every duck rushes back to its own boat, and somehow they never make a mistake.

———:o:———

THE POOR LITTLE HEN.

EIGHT little fluffy chicks, one little hen,
Two little strangers, children ten.

Eight little puffy balls under her wings,
Two little callow heads, troublesome things.

Eight pretty babies she knew all about,
Two funny puzzles she might do without.

Off for a ramble in sunshiny weather,
All the eleven go strolling together.

Eight little downy chicks, one little hen,
Two little web-feet—a brood of ten.

Close to the edge of the pond they go,
Where on the sedges the bright waves flow.

Into the waters the small ducks start,
Oh, what a fright in the little hen's heart!

Eight little chicks see mamma turn pale,
Two little strangers are off for a sail.

Never mind, babies, we'll go home,
Maybe the queer little ducks will come.

Never I thought to have had such luck,
Out of my nest to have hatched a duck.

What is a poor little hen to do
Who finds to her terror that she's hatched two!

Eight little chickens, one little hen,
Two little ducklings—babies ten.

OSTRICH FEATHERS.

HAVE you ever wondered where the long white feathers that little folks wear in their hats come from? Or perhaps you have been to the Zoölogical Garden, and seen the big, uncouth bird from whose tail and wings they are pulled. What stumpy wings they are, and what a clumsy, uncouth creature it is altogether! yet it can run so fast over its native plains that the Arabs call it "the camel of the desert," perhaps because of its long neck and legs, and because it lies down in the same way by just bending the knee, then leaning forward on the chest, then sitting down as it were on its tail. These queer birds can eat almost anything—wood, metal, plaster, stones and rubbish; but they prefer grass, insects and reptiles. They are sociable, for they may be often seen in flocks in the desert; but the hunter comes and scatters them, then away they fly at the rate of about thirty miles an hour, too fast for even the Arabs to catch; so they follow the bird for days, until they are too tired to run any longer, then make a dash at them and strike them down with clubs, unheeding their loud cries, almost like the roar of the lion. They are valuable prey, for each bird yields half a pound of white and three pounds of black feathers.

———:o:———

FIDDLE-DE-DEE.

FIDDLE-DE-DEE,
The cat was at tea,
The rabbit
Was taking
Snuff,

The dog and the pig
Were dancing a jig,
And the donkey
Put on a lace
Ruff.

———:o:———

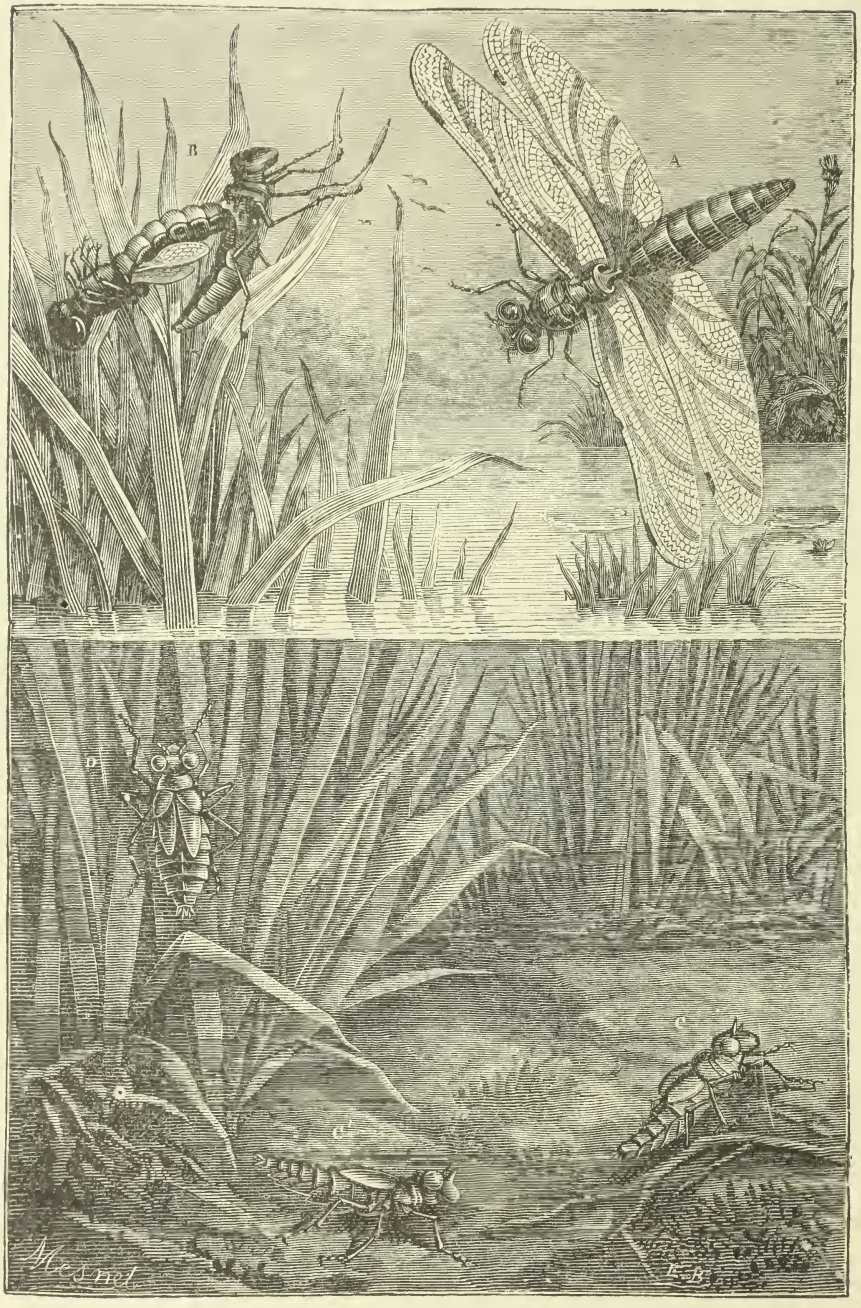
WHAT fashionable game do frogs play at?—Croaky.

———:o:———

IF an egg could speak what sweet thing would it say?—Ma-me-laid.

———:o:———

ON which side of a donkey would you look for the most hair?—On the outside.



LIFE AND METAMORPHOSES OF THE DRAGON-FLY.

DRAGON-FLIES.

WHAT a pesky nuisance the fly is, to be sure. In warm weather it rouses us from our sound slumbers by crawling over our faces, and on wet days it annoys us by buzzing upon the window-panes trying to get out when nobody asked it to come in. There are different kinds of flies: the ordinary house-fly, which is the most common; the big horse-fly (and you no doubt have heard some idiot ask you if you ever saw a horse-fly?); then there is the blue-bottle fly, met with at the sea-shore, and he isn't satisfied by calling and leaving his respects, but leaves behind an unpleasant reminder of his unwelcome visit by carrying off a good-sized piece of your flesh. But there is another kind still, called in England the dragon-fly. In this country it is known as the "devil's darning-needle." In some parts of England they are known as the "horse-stingers." They are perfectly innocent, though when I was a boy we were almost afraid of them. But some of the larger ones can make a fearfully large and painful bite with their powerful jaws. The female drops her eggs in the water, when they at once fall to the bottom. Sometimes it is said the females crawl down the stems of water-plants and deposit their eggs. Some natural historians say there are two broods of these flies, and others claim it takes as long as three years for them to attain their full growth. The larvæ of the dragon-fly, which you see in the picture under the water, is a perfect tyrant, as its parent is in the air. It lives upon all the other forms of insect-life under the water. When it attains full size it crawls out of the water, climbs a tree for several feet, and fixes itself to the bark. After a while its back splits, and the fly comes out. It is a most beautiful color, being principally a brilliant bronze-colored green, blue or black. They love the sunshine, and in wet weather they are lifeless and easily captured. Many of the larger species will hang to a particular twig, darting off after their prey, but returning to the same spot.

In the Malay Archipelago the natives use them as food, and catch them with lime twigs. They are found in all parts of the world, except the polar regions. There are 1,700 species. They have been found even in the beds of slate in England along with other fossils, showing their existence millions of years before the earth was inhabited. They have been found preserved in amber, which you know is the resin of trees, supposed to be the pine that existed before the deluge, and is found deposited like coal under the ground in Switzerland and France. In the clay of Paris it is found mixed with coal. It is also found in some of the clay-beds of England and the United States.

SPIDERS.



SPIDERS are not only among the most poisonous of insects but they are seemingly the most intelligent. There are very many varieties of them. They have eight legs, and generally eight eyes. Some say they can be educated. They display wonderful strategy in trapping and carrying off their prey, and in building their nests. The silk they spin is formed by an apparatus situated in the back part of the under-surface of their bodies, which consists of several bundles of vessels twisted together, and ending in very little openings (so small they have to be seen with a microscope) at the end of the tail. The gluey matter thrown out by these pores hardens in the air, forming threads of the finest description. It takes many of these to form a single strand of a spider's web. Different spiders have different colored webs. A Mexican spider has a beautiful web of red, yellow and black threads. It is said that 10,000 threads of a common garden spider would not be as thick as a single human hair; while others form threads so strong they will catch *birds*. Some form a web like in the picture; others a cup with a cover to it; others live in the ground. One kind of spiders is called the "leapers," because they jump instead of run; others move sideways.

THE LOCUST.



THE locust is about three inches long, with a large head and projecting oval eyes. Its food consists of leaves and green stalks of plants, and when locusts alight on any vegetation that they fancy they consume it entirely.

The terrible ravages of locusts are owing to the vast numbers in which they appear, filling the air and darkening the sky so that objects cast no shadow, and advancing with a sound like the rushing of chariots. Locusts are found in almost all parts of the world except the coldest regions, and are equally destructive wherever they appear.

———:o:———

WHY is a field of grass like a person older than yourself?—Because it is past-your-age (Pasturage).

———:o:———

WHAT is the best way to raise strawberries?—With a spoon.

———:o:———

How can a man make his coat last?—Make his pants and vest first.

———:o:———

WHEN is a man duplicated?—When he is beside himself.

———:o:———

IF you saw a house on fire, what three celebrated authors would you feel disposed to name?—Dickens—Howitt—Burns.

THE DELUGE.

NOTWITHSTANDING the punishment of Adam and Eve for disobedience, yet the people were so wicked that God decided to destroy all the people on the earth. But one man, named Noah, found favor in God's sight; He commanded him to build a very large boat, with rooms in it, a window, and a great door on its side. This was three stories high, and was called an ark. Noah was one hundred and twenty years in building this, and all the time he could spare he preached to the people, and tried to persuade them



to repent of their sins. Then God spoke to Noah, and told him to come with all his family into the ark; for God said He knew him to be a good man among all the wicked ones living on the earth. And God told Noah to take with him two of every kind of beast, and every kind of bird, and every kind of insect, and keep them alive while the flood should be on the earth; for all that were not in the ark would be

drowned. And Noah did as he was commanded, and went, with his wife, his three sons and their wives, into the ark, and took all the beasts, the birds and the insects with him; and, when they were all in, God shut them in.



After seven days the rain commenced to fall, and it rained without stopping for forty days and forty nights. The rain did not come down gently, but as if it had been poured down from the sky; and the land was overflowed, and the ark floated, and was lifted from the place where it had been built.

The wicked people, who had thought Noah was trying to frighten them, and that there would be no flood, saw that it was all true, and climbed upon the high mountains; but, after a while, they were covered, and there was no place for them to go, and they were all drowned; and all the beasts, birds and insects, except those in the ark, were drowned with them.

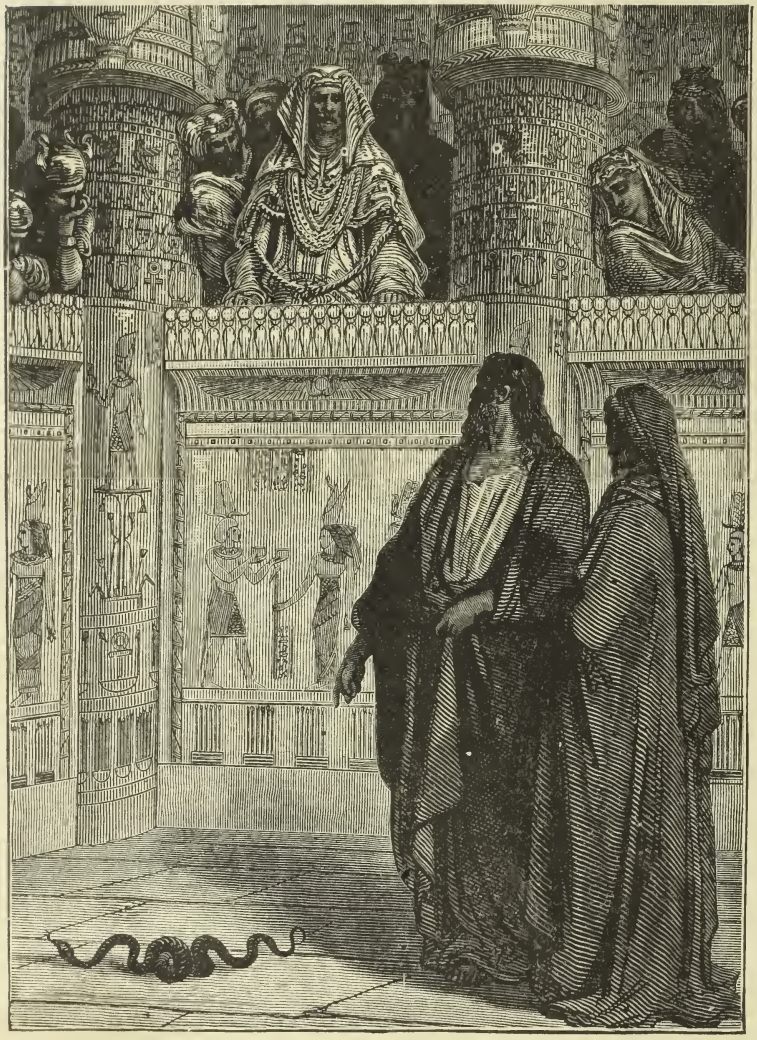
After Noah had been in the ark one hundred and fifty days the waters went down, and the ark rested on a mountain called Ararat. Then Noah opened the window and let a raven go, and it flew over the water, but never came back. Then he sent out a dove to see if the waters had left the ground dry, but the bird found no pleasant place, with flowers and trees, where she would like to stay; so she came back, and Noah took her in. After seven days he sent her out again, and in the evening she came back with a leaf in her mouth.

Then he waited another seven days, and sent her out again, and this time she did not come back. Then God told Noah to come out of the ark, with his family, and all he had taken with him.

Noah built an altar, and offered up animals and birds to the Lord, who had saved him and his family from the flood, when all the other people in the world were drowned.

———:o:———

AARON'S ROD CHANGED TO A SERPENT.



THIS picture shows Moses and Aaron before Pharaoh, interceding with him to let the Israelites go. But Pharaoh said that, if they would perform a miracle, he would free them. Aaron threw down his rod, and it immediately became a serpent. Pharaoh called before him all the magicians and wise men of Egypt, and commanded that they do the same wonder; and when they threw down their rods, they also became serpents. Then Aaron's rod swallowed up all the rest. You can see Aaron's rod changed into a serpent on the pavement before the proud ruler. But even after this wonderful miracle had been performed before Pharaoh, the hard-hearted king did not keep his promise, and refused to let the Israelites go out of the land of Egypt.

JONAH'S DISOBEDIENCE.



NINEVEH was one of the greatest cities of the olden times. There were beautiful temples and gardens, and a great multitude of people. The city was surrounded by walls a hundred feet high. The people were very wicked, and God told the prophet Jonah to go there and tell the people they were going to be punished for their sins. But he did not want to go, and fled to Joppa, where he found a ship that was going to a far country; so he paid his fare and went in it. When they sailed a violent storm arose, and the ship was in danger of being broken to pieces. The sailors were frightened, and threw out some of their loading. Jonah knew nothing of the storm, for he was fast asleep in the lower part of the ship. And the people went to Jonah and asked him who he was, and what wicked thing he had done. And he told them he was a Hebrew, and was fleeing from the Lord, and knew that he was the cause of all this danger, and told them to throw him into the sea. The men tried to bring the ship to land, but could not do this; then they threw Jonah into the sea and it became calm.



A CHRISTMAS TREE.

THE EARLY LIFE OF JESUS.

WE find little is written about the childhood and boyhood of Jesus, but we realize the fact that he grew up like other children, and had to learn to think and read like others.

He was brought up in Nazareth, in the household of Joseph, who was a good Jew, and was called a righteous man.

It was customary among the Jews to send children to school at six years of age, and "the boy Jesus" went to school just as the boys do now.

The school at Nazareth was not like the high schools of our great cities, or academies in our towns and villages, but was a sort of parish school, where children were taught to read, write and cipher, and were made to learn by heart the Bible history and the psalms which were used in public worship. Besides these they had lessons in the meaning of the sacred law and in the moral duties of life. The teacher wore a turban, and a long robe fastened with a girdle round his waist. He sat on a cushion with his legs crossed under him, and the children sat cross-legged on cushions on the floor. They repeated whatever the teacher told them at the top of their voices.

The schools were free and all children were compelled to go.

The situation of Nazareth was one of great beauty, but the place itself was not spoken well of. The valley is hidden among the hills that form a pretty basin about a mile long and a quarter of a mile wide. To the north-west is a high hill having little ridges on its sides, and along these the little houses stand in rows.

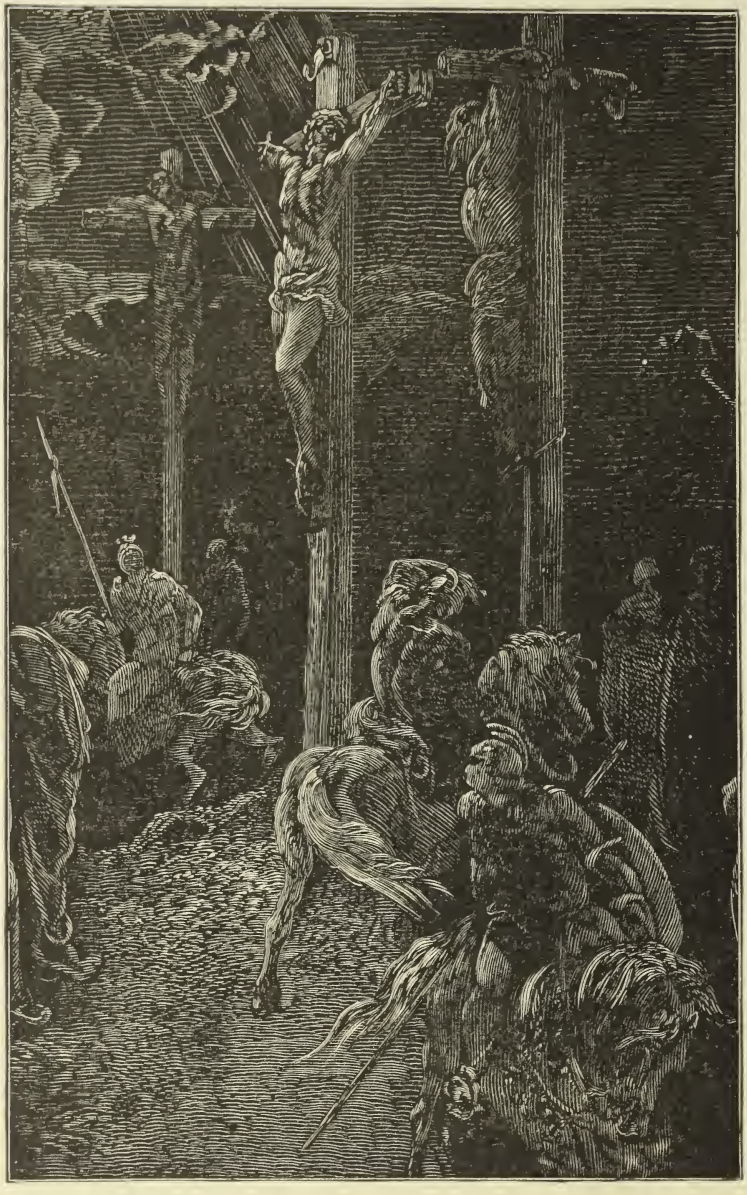
Among some olive trees in the valley is a spring where "the boy Jesus" may have gone with his mother when she went to draw water, and when he was older he must have gone to the top of the hill to see the magnificent view which was connected with some of the most remarkable events of Jewish history, and to even look on it would be an education, so that it was a training for him who came to be the "Saviour of the world."

When a Jewish boy was twelve years old he was expected to conform to all the requirements of the Mosaic ritual, and was called "a son of the law." He was then taken to the Temple of Jerusalem to the feast of the Passover.

The pilgrims chanted sacred songs on their journey, which was through a beautiful country, and as the Temple was very grand, all these were combined to make this event always remembered.

After "the boy Jesus" had returned from the Temple to Nazareth he worked patiently eighteen years at the carpenters' bench, waiting for the hour when he should enter upon his life-work.

JESUS CRUCIFIED.

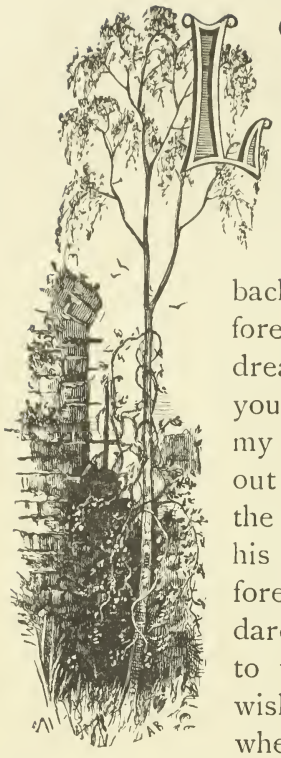


AFTER Judas had betrayed Him, Christ was taken before the council, and the men in the council spit in His face and mocked Him, and said He should be put to death. The Romans, before they crucified a man, used to scourge him—that is, he was stripped to the waist, his hands were bound to a low pillar in front of him so as to make him stoop forward, and he was beaten with rods. Pilate took Jesus and scourged Him. Then they led Him away to a place called Calvary. There they nailed His hands and feet to the cross, and crucified Him, and with Him two thieves, one on His right-hand, and the other on His left. Upon the cross, above His head, Pilate set up this writing: "Jesus of Nazareth, the King of the Jews." God sent darkness over the land because His Son was being put to death by wicked men. Then Jesus bowed His head and died. The curtain which hung in the temple was torn in two from top to bottom, the earth shook, and the rocks were broken in pieces.



CHRISTMAS DECORATIONS.

THE PRINCESS WONDERFUL.



LONG ago, long ago, in the days when fairies existed, there lived a king who had a beautiful daughter, who was so amiable that people called her the Princess Wonderful. The king, having enemies, was obliged to go into battle; so he placed himself at the head of his army and succeeded in driving his enemies out of his dominions. His daughter was delighted to welcome him back, and prepared a banquet in honor of his return. Before it was over the king asked his daughter what she had dreamed the night before. She replied, "I dreamed, sire, that you held a golden basin before me and begged me to wash my hands." The king was angry, and left the princess without another word, and early the next morning he sent for the captain of the guard, and told him that the dream of his daughter had irritated him, and she must be taken to the forest and be put to death. The captain was horrified, but dared not disobey, and promised he would kill her, and went to the apartment of the princess, and told her the king wished to see her. She arose and went into the garden, where the captain of the guard pretended to look for her father, and not finding him, said he had probably gone into the forest, and opening the door, led her into it, and told her her father's commands. She burst into tears. He told her he could not do anything so cruel, but would tell the king he had obeyed him. The princess walked away until she found a large ram as white as snow. Hundreds of sheep were around him, some playing cards like human beings, while others were eating strawberries and cream. The ram ran up to the princess and told her not to be afraid; that he was not always a ram, but was born to a throne, and a wicked fairy changed him into a ram for five years, and the sheep, too, had been human beings, but had been transformed by the same fairy. Months passed, and the ram became attached to the princess. One day she heard that her father was about to marry, and she wished to go to the wedding, and the ram told her if she did not promise to come back he should die. When she arrived at the wedding, the ceremony was just commencing, and when it was over, the king, not knowing her, begged her to remain to the banquet, and himself held the golden basin for her to wash her hands. The princess cried out: "My dream

has come true." The king knew her then, and begged her to forgive him. It was many hours before the princess thought of the poor ram. He was in despair at her long absence, and started to find her, and when he reached the palace they refused to admit him. He uttered loud cries, and throwing himself on the ground, breathed his last. When the princess heard of the fate of her friend, she was much grieved, but in time, it is said, she was consoled.

———:o:———

A CLEVER CAT.

ONE day, as a lady was sitting by the fire, Kitty came into the room, and looking up in her face, mewed in a pitiful manner. At first the lady paid no attention, but the cat went to the door and back again to her so many times and finally pulled her apron with its claws, that she followed it into a small wash-house, where some tubs were partly filled with water, and in one of these her little child had fallen, and would have drowned but for the superior intelligence of the cat.

———:o:———

WHEN is a door not a door?—When it is ajar.

———:o:———

WHEN is a bed not a bed?—When it's a little buggy.

———:o:———

WHY does a sailor know there's a man in the moon?—Because he's been to see.

———:o:———

WHY was Eve not afraid of the measles?—Because she had 'Adam.

———:o:———

WHY is Sunday the strongest day in the week?—Because the rest are week days.

———:o:———

WHAT is the difference between a hill and a pill?—One is hard to get up and the other is hard to get down.

THE REVOLVING PALACE.

MANY years ago there was a lazy king who was always wishing to know everything that happened in his kingdom. He was suspicious, and was fearful lest something might deprive him of his crown.

He was too indolent to go round in disguise, so he contrived a plan, which was to build a palace on a high hill from which he could see all parts of his kingdom. This palace was to revolve, so that he could sit at one window all day and see what was going on without moving. The palace was built and rested on top of a high tower filled with machinery which had to be wound up every night.

At first the king and all his household were so giddy they could hardly stand on their feet, and the king was sometimes very angry at many things that were made new to him.

He rose one morning and found he was not giddy at all, and finding that none of his retainers were giddy either he was so happy that he walked up and down his apartment, and finally threw himself down on his couch and looked out of his favorite window. Suddenly he rose in a rage. On looking out he found the palace was not revolving, the Lord High Palace Winder having forgotten to wind it up, so the king reduced him from his high position to the Porter of the Potato-peeling Department.

The new Palace Winder discovered a way by which it was only necessary to wind the palace up once in eight days: this was so successful that the king danced until he sprained his ancle, so that he was compelled to remain on his couch a week or two. In that time he saw from one end of the country to another, and was very happy and contented.

After the king had lived in his palace several years the machinery broke, and the palace stood still; and, as they had all become so accustomed to whirling, they were taken sick, and thinking fresh air might be good for them they went into the green fields, but it was just as bad then, and they could not stand up at all.

The king shouted to them all to run round in a circle, and all the people thought the king and his followers were crazy, but did not think it was proper for the king's retainers to occupy the same circle with the king, so they started them in a circle of their own. Then they got a horse for the king to ride, and invited the kings and queens of the surrounding country to keep him company.

They were all dressed in their royal robes, and looked beautifully as they rode around, and the followers were so pleased that they threw them flowers and shouted.

THE SELFISH BOY.

GEORGE gently reminded his father that to-morrow would be his birthday, and he received his customary present of a gold eagle. He stood awhile thinking how he could invest his money to get the most pleasure out of it. At last he decided that he needed a new pair of skates; these took several dollars. He consulted a friend as to the best place to go, and where the ice was the strongest; and started off, and was gone nearly all day. On his return, as he was passing the window of a confectioner's store full of all kinds of cakes and candies, he saw a poor bootblack gazing with eager eyes at all the delicacies which he could not even hope to have. George had often seen him before and, accosting him, asked if he was hungry. The lad replied that he was, but had earned no money that day, and could not buy anything. George had a few shillings left, but was afraid his father would ask what he had done with his money; so he did not give him any.

The next Sunday, as he was coming from church, George saw quite a crowd, and said: "Papa, I am afraid there is an accident. I'll go and see, at any rate, and come right back." He hurried along the street, and found that a boy had been knocked down by some horses, and was being carried home. George saw the face of the boy, and it was poor Joe, the boy he saw the day he bought his skates, and he wished now that he had not been so selfish.

He thought of it for many days, and in about a week went to Joe's home and knocked at the door. A woman opened it, and George asked if Joe was any better. She replied that she did not think he was; but he might come in and see him, if he wanted to. George went in, and found him on a bed in a small kitchen. George asked him if he was badly hurt, and he replied that he was hurt inside. George said, "Joe, I had a little money that day I saw you, but was afraid you would eat a lot, and wouldn't buy you anything; but I've been sorry ever since." Joe replied: "I was awful hungry then, but don't care for anything now." George, telling him he would bring some nice books and cakes to him, went home, and the next day went with several

parcels, and, on asking for Joe, the woman told him he had died the night before. George dropped his parcels, and could say nothing, realizing that he could not undo the wrong he had done, and resolved that whenever another opportunity presented itself to do a kind act he would never let it pass.

———:o:———

WHAT is the difference between a fisherman and a lazy school-boy?—One baits his hook, and the other hates his book.

WHY is coal a most contradictory article?—When purchased, instead of going to the buyer, it goes to the *cellar*.

———:o:———

SNEEZE on Monday, sneeze for danger,
Sneeze on Tuesday, kiss a stranger;
Sneeze on Wednesday, receive a letter;
Sneeze on Thursday, something better;
Sneeze on Friday, expect sorrow;
Sneeze on Saturday, joy to-morrow.

———:o:———

THE DOLLS' CHRISTMAS PARTY.

IT was just before Christmas, and the dolls in a toy-shop played all night. One was from Paris, and proposed having a party before they were separated.

So they had their party in the window; one doll played on the toy-piano, and they all danced to the music.

They had supper on one of the counters. There was nothing in the store but candy, and as dolls are very fond of it, they thought the supper was very nice.

One boy doll said he could not eat candy, so he was angry, and smoked a pipe, which made the girls sick.

All the little dolls had been put to bed, but they woke up when the others were at supper and began to cry; the big doll brought them some candy to keep them quiet.

The next morning a little girl found the piano open, and thought some one had been playing on it; but the older people thought it had been left open the night before.



LOOKING AT THE PICTURES.

THE GENEROUS CHILD.

THERE was once a little girl who had no father or mother, and she was so poor she had nothing to eat, no clothes but those she had on, and no place to sleep. Somebody gave her a loaf of bread and she went out into the fields. She met a poor man who asked for something to eat, so she gave him the whole loaf. Then she met a little girl crying because she was cold and had nothing on her head, so she took her bonnet off and gave it to her. A little while after she met another little girl who had no cloak, so she took hers off and gave it to her. Then she met another who had no dress on, and she gave her her own. It was then growing dark and our little girl went into the forest. She met a fourth maiden who begged something, and to her she gave her petticoat. By this time she had hardly any clothes left, but just then some stars in the shape of silver dollars fell, and among them she found a fine linen petticoat, and she gathered up in that enough star money to make her rich the rest of her life.

———:o:———

WHERE is it that all ladies are equally beautiful?—In the dark.

WHY is an inn like a burial-ground?—It's a resting-place for the traveller.

WHY is an old umbrella that has been lost and found as good as a new one?—Because it is *re-covered*.

WHY are blushes like little girls?—They become women.

WHAT is that which has many leaves, but no stem?—A book.

WHY is a lady's belt like a scavenger?—Because it goes round and gathers up the waist (waste).

———:o:———

THE UNGRATEFUL SON.

ONCE a man and his wife where sitting at their table, on which was a roast chicken which they were going to eat. The man saw his father coming, and hid the chicken, because he did not want to share it with him; so the old man had nothing but a drink of water and went away. When he was gone the son went for the chicken, but found it was turned into a toad, which jumped on his face and would not leave. When any one tried to get it off, it spit out poison and no one dared to go near it. The ungrateful son was obliged to feed the toad for fear he would feed on his flesh, and he moved about from place to place and had no peace or comfort the rest of his days.



THE YOUNG ARTIST.

EVERYBODY'S PET.



ONCE upon a time there was a little girl who was loved by everybody and almost everything. All the year round she had friends who delighted in doing her honor and showing how fond they were of her. The robin perched upon her shoulder and her curly head, and there sang his grace for the crumbs she had thrown him on the black circle she had swept for him in the snow. The daisies kissed her tiny feet as they tripped over them. Primroses, that no one had seen before, put back the green leaves that hooded their sweet faces to smile at her. Little lambs trotted up to her on their funny little long legs, rubbed their heads against her frock, frisked about her, and then cantered off, as if saying "Come and run a race with us, little sister!"

The snowdrops lifted their heads for a moment when they heard her footsteps, and when they were sure who it was, made her the politest of bows. The honeysuckle brushed her face with its sweetest clusters.

Larks high in Heaven, that saw her passing under them, warbled more exquisitely than ever, and then dropped at her feet to show her that it was for her they had been singing.

Those fairy goblets of gold and jewels—the dewy yellow and purple crocuses—said to her, "Taste our white wine;" and wild strawberries peeped from the grass, whispering, "Do, please, gather us."

Hares and rabbits that had begun to run away stopped as soon as they found that it was only Pet who had startled them, and snakes would let her pat them on the head with her spoon without offering to bite her, as they amicably shared her bread and milk. No hen ever fluffed out her feathers if Pet took up a chick, and the fiercest turkey-cock ceased to strut and gobble at her approach. The golden daffodils began to dance when they saw Pet, and the violets sweetly whispered, "We have made your bed on this bank: lie down, for you look tired."

Ring doves and turtle-doves cooed her off to sleep when she rested in the

woods, and bees hummed her lullaby when she laid her head upon the summer-house table. Apricot and peach trees, apple and pear trees, cheery and plum trees showered down their petals on her, as if to say, "We are making fruit for you as fast as ever we can." Frogs hidden in the rushes croaked her a cheerful good-evening, and trout leaped out of the water to have a look at her. If a red admiral, resting on a nettle with folded wings, saw her coming, he instantly began to fan his wings to delight her with his gorgeous colors; and peacocks spread their tails for her amusement. The blackbird, that had just become silent in the hazels, began to play again upon his golden flute when he heard her silvery little voice; and the shy little wren ran out of the hedges to chirp good-morning.

The hollyhocks planted on the side of the house where her bed-room was grew faster than anywhere else, in order that they might be able to peep in at her window with a "Good-morning, darling!" The tall white lillies stooped to kiss her as she passed—she was their fair, pure little sister.

Would you know how it was that everybody and everything loved Pet? Because Pet loved almost everything and everybody.

———:o:———

THE FORCE OF HABIT.

THERE was once a horse that used to pull around a sweep which lifted dirt from the depths of the earth. He was kept at the business for nearly twenty years, until he became old, blind, and too stiff in the joints to be of further use. So he was turned into a pasture, or left to crop the grass without any one to disturb or bother him. But the funny thing about the old horse was that every morning, after grazing a while, he would start on a tramp, going round and round in a circle, just as he had been accustomed to do for so many years. He would keep it up for hours, and people often stopped to look and wonder what had got into the head of the venerable animal to make him walk around in such a solemn way when there was no earthly need of it. But it was the force of habit.

———:o:———

WHY is a bald-headed man like a hunting dog?—He makes a little hair (hare) go a great way.

WHAT consolation has a homely girl?—She will be a "pretty old one," if she lives long enough.

FANNIE AND HER DOLL.—FOR VERY LITTLE PEOPLE.



FANNIE had a bad cold; her head ached, her eyes were heavy, and she really was only fit to go to bed, or at any rate remain warm and snug by the nursery fire. It was a regular November day out of doors—the fog was so thick that pea-soup was a joke to it—and therefore not particularly inviting for any little girl to wish to go out. Still, Fannie had set her heart upon going out all the same, for her grandmamma had sent to tell her that she had brought her a beautiful doll from Paris, and that she must come and fetch it. And this was the day that had been fixed for her to pay grandmamma a visit—the day she had looked so forward to, when she should see the lovely new doll, and bring it home as her very own.

"Nurse," said Fannie, do ask mother if I mayn't just go around to grandmamma's; I *do* so want to have my doll!"

"Well, I hope you are anxious to see your grandmamma too, Miss Fannie. I'm sure I trust it isn't only for the doll you wish to go," answered nurse; "though, for the matter of that, I'm quite sure your ma wouldn't dream of letting you go out on such a day as this, and with your bad cold, too!"

"Granny's house is only just around the corner. Mother might send me in the carriage, or I might go in a cab with you. I want to see Granny, and I want my doll," said Fannie, angrily.

"Well, Miss Fannie," said nurse, "it's no use for you to lose your temper about it. But if you're a good girl, and will try to be patient, I'll see if your mamma will allow me to go for it," and nurse went bustling out of the room.

Then Fannie went to the window and looked out, making up her mind that she should not mind running out in the fog if she could but get her new doll.

"I am sure it would not matter a bit; my cold could not be made worse by it," said the little girl to herself. Then she remembered that it would matter disobeying her mother. She loved her dearly, and all at once she fancied she saw her mother's face, with a grieved, surprised look upon it, such as it would

be likely to wear if she discovered that Fannie had wilfully disobeyed her. The tears rushed to the child's eyes, and going from the window she sat down again by the fire.

"No," said she, "mother did tell me I was not to go out of the nursery all day because of my cold and the fog, so I *will* do as she told me, and I wont think of my doll any more to-day."

Having made this wise resolution, Fannie took up an amusing book, and was soon deeply interested in it.

In a short time the nursery door opened softly, and who should come in but an elderly lady carrying a parcel. Fannie was reading so earnestly that she did not at first look up. As the lady came nearer to her she did raise her eyes, however, and, jumping up, cried out, "Granny!"

"Yes, dear," said her grandmother; "I have brought you your doll, who has caught a terrible cold on her journey from Paris, and requires to be kept very warm, which you can safely do, as she has a peculiar complexion, which will—unlike most dolls—stand any heat.

Fannie was delighted with her beautiful doll, and sat with it rolled in a shawl near the fire, making believe that she was the invalid.

——:o:——

THE LITTLE GIRL'S SONG TO HER DOLLY.

Lie down, little Dolly, lie still on my lap,
I will hasten to put on your night-gown and cap;
You have been wide awake all through this long day—
Long enough, I am sure, for a dolly to play.

The bright sun went down more than two hours ago;
It is long past your bed-time, you very well know;
The stars are now peeping from out the blue skies;
Then go to sleep, Dolly! come shut your blue eyes.

Mamma says the flowers were asleep long ago—
Sweet roses, pure lilies, their heads drooping low;
She says 'tis a lesson for me and for you—
That children and dollies should be asleep too.

Hark! Susan is calling, now out goes the light;
I will tuck you up snugly, and kiss you good-night—
It is time you were sleeping; for do you not know
The dear little birds went to sleep long ago!



THE LITTLE PATIENT.

CONCEITED CARRY.



CARRY FENNER was a very clever little girl, and unfortunately she had been so often praised for her mere cleverness that she had come to look down on all boys and girls, and grown-up people, too, who were not clever, and to fancy that it did not much matter how she behaved, so long as she said smart things. When grown-up people were talking together, Carry would contradict them, and make fun of what they said, and give her valuable opinion as to what they were talking about.

One day her brother brought home a friend from school, and, growing tired of play, Carry proposed a game of checkers.

"Will you have white or black?" asked John, as he emptied the men out of the box.

C. "Oh, it doesn't matter to me. You'd better take the black. They'll suit you. Why do you look so black? I suppose it's because you know that I shall win, and you don't like to be beaten by a young lady."

J. "We've got to see about that."

C. "Oh, but I can beat papa; can't I, Harry?"

H. "Sometimes."

C. "You know I nearly always do, Harry."

J. "Perhaps he lets you."

C. "No, that he doesn't."

J. "Then I should say he can't be much of a player."

Carry tossed her head to intimate that John Knowles would soon find out that a first-rate player had condescended to play with a bungler like himself, and when the board was dressed, said loftily—

"There! you can take the first move."

"No," answered John, "let's play fair."

He held out his fists; Carry touched the one with the white man in it, and made the first move. "It won't be long before I shall make the last," thought Carry; but, though she was a tolerable player, she was no match for John Knowles, and soon lost the game.

"I didn't play the losing game, after all," said John, laughing, as he took the piece. "You'll have another game, won't you?"

"No, you rude boy; I believe you cheated!" cried Carry, bursting into tears.

She caught up the board in her passion, closed it, dashed it on a sideboard, and rushed out of the room. The draughtboard had overturned an inkstand, and the ink had run down on the carpet.

"Miss Carry 'll catch it now for her tantrums, and serve her right," said John Knowles. "Come along, Harry, and have a game at trap before tea."

It was a bitter mortification to have to own to her defeat before her father and mother, but, like bitter medicine, it did her good. In more senses than one, I am happy to say, that afternoon's experiences took the conceit out of Carry.

———:o:———

WHY was Joseph the straightest man of old?—Because Pharaoh made a ruler of him.

———:o:———

WHY should a man always wear a watch when he travels in a desert?—Because every watch has a spring in it.

———:o:———

WHY are good husbands like dough?—Because women need them.

———:o:———

WHAT is a hard thing to beat?—A drum with a hole in it.

———:o:———

WHAT confection did they have in the ark?—Preserved pears.

———:o:———

WHY is a kiss like rumor?—Because it goes from mouth to mouth.



"WHEN THE CAT'S AWAY THE MICE WILL PLAY."

WHAT THE SUNBEAM SAW.



"STAY, dear sunbeam," murmured a bright wood-lily, as the sunshine danced in, one summer day, among the pine-tree branches. "Stay a while and rest upon this bright carpet of moss, and tell me a story. It is so quiet here to-day, in the forest, that I am almost asleep. I wish I could get out into the world and see some of the fine sights there. What a gay time you must have of it, dancing about wherever you please from morning till night!"

"Nay," said the sunbeam, "I cannot stop to tell you all I have seen; but, if you care to hear it, I will tell you what was the prettiest sight of all."

"Do," said the wood-lily, bending her graceful head to listen.

"I was kissing away the tears that the night had left upon a cluster of climbing roses that overhung a cottage window," said the sunbeam, "when I heard the sweet sound of children's voices. I looked within and saw two dear little boys at play; one was leaning his chubby little arms on the table while he watched his brother, who was busily building a block house. I thought them lovelier than the flowers in the garden, and their happy voices made sweeter music than the birds. By and by they put up their sweet lips and kissed each other, while I hovered over them with delight, caressing their cheeks and brows, and turning their brown curls to shining gold."

"A pretty sight, indeed, that must have been," said the wood-lily.

"And now," continued the sunbeam, "shall I tell you the saddest sight that I have seen to-day?"

The wood-lily bent her head still lower.

"I went again to see the dear children and to give them my parting blessing, but I found them, alas! how changed. Harsh words issued from their rose-bud lips, frowns clouded their fair white brows, and their little hands—ah! shall I tell it?—were raised in anger."

"That was a sad sight, surely," said the lily.

"A sad sight!" murmured the summer wind through the pine boughs.

"A sad sight!" breathed a cluster of violets, while tears fell from their blue eyes into the little stream beside which they grew.

"A sad sight!" echoed the stream, as it rippled on its way.

"A sad sight!" sang the birds in the branches overhead.

So it was as if a gloom had suddenly settled itself over the forest, and all because of the sad story the sunbeam had told.

Have a care, dear children, that no bright sunbeam ever has so sad a tale to tell of you.

———:o:———

WAITING TO GROW.

LITTLE white Snowdrop, just waking up,
Violet, Daisy, and sweet Buttercup!
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

And think what hosts of queer little seeds—
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds—
Are under the leaves and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

Only a month or a few weeks more,
Will they have to wait behind that door;
Listening and watching and waiting below—
Waiting to grow!

Nothing so small, or hidden so well,
That God will not find it, and presently tell
His sun where to shine, and his rain where to go,
Helping them grow!

———:o:———

WHY does a chicken when it is three weeks and two days old, go across the street?—To get on the other side.

———:o:———

WHEN is a lamp in a bad temper?—When it's put out.

HOW DOLLIE DEANE SPOILED HER CHRISTMAS.



DOLLIE was sitting in the bay-window, in the dusk, all cuddled up, with her pet kitten in her arms.

"To-morrow night, Pussy," said she, "I am going to hang up my stocking right close by the sitting-room grate, and old Kriss Kringle will fill it up full of beautiful presents. He isn't a *real* Kriss Kringle, you know—it's only papa and mamma—but I like to pretend it is an old fellow in furs and a sleigh and all. Oh, dear, I wonder what I'll get, anyhow!"

Just then Dollie caught a glimpse of her papa standing in the hall with his arms filled with bundles, and she heard her mamma say in a whisper, "Put them in the lower bureau-drawer, where Dollie won't find them."

Here Dollie leaned forward and began to feel a keen interest in the bundles and packages she was not to "find."

"In the lower bureau drawer," she repeated to herself; "guess I *will* find 'em."

Then something whispered to her, "But, Dollie, that would be a kind of stealing to go *find* what mamma wishes to *hide* from you."

"No 't won't, neither," answered Dollie's self. "I'm just going right up-stairs to see, now;" and letting Pussy fall out of her arms in her haste, she went up-stairs softly, and saw through the crack of the door her papa busily opening parcel after parcel, and putting their contents in the lower bureau drawer.

Dollie waited until he had finished, then she hid herself behind the door as he passed her on his way down-stairs.

Very softly crept little Dollie into her mamma's room then. Very cautiously she opened the lower drawer, and her eyes danced with delight over what she saw there. A beautiful *Grande Duchesse* doll, in pink satin; a little silver tea-set, like mamma's real one; a little blue locket and gold chain; a scarlet fan with a bird on it; a set of story-books, and great papers full of candies.

Dollie took out the doll and examined it all over, opened the locket and saw her mamma's and papa's picture, fanned herself with the fan, peeped into the

story-books, and ate several of the candies before she heard the tea-bell ring and papa ask where his "Dollie Dumpling" was.

Somehow supper didn't taste good to Dollie; she was very quiet, too, and papa wondered what was the matter with his chatterbox. Mamma thought she looked feverish, and asked if her head ached. Dollie said, "No, she was only sleepy," but down in her heart something was saying all the while, "What a wicked, naughty, little girl you are to have stolen a sight of the pretty presents your papa and mamma meant to surprise you with!"

Christmas morning came, and when Dollie ran down-stairs into the sitting-room where her two long, scarlet stockings hung up by the grate, her papa and mamma thought she did not look as surprised and delighted over her presents as they expected she would.

"What is it, Dollie? Are your presents not what you wanted?" asked mamma.

"Yes—but——"

"But what? You don't look happy and pleased over them."

Then Dollie burst into tears, and between sobs and sniffles confessed how she had spoiled her Christmas by anticipating its pleasures in stealing a look at the happiness in store for her. "I thought it would be so nice to know everything—and now I don't feel so happy," sobbed Dollie.

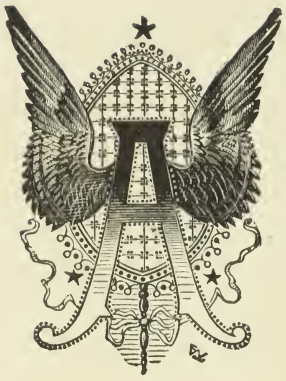
"Ah, Dollie," answered her mamma, "even grown people are like you, sometimes. They want to look ahead and see what is to be, when, if they would only wait and trust to the good Father, everything would be all right in good time. If blessings are ahead, we will enjoy them in due time. If sorrow, we will feel it soon enough."

Dollie thought her mamma was right, and she determined she would never spoil another Christmas by peeping in the lower drawer to discover the presents her papa and mamma would give to her in due time!

———:o:———

ONE, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.
How good you be,
One, two, three,
I love coffee,
And Billy loves tea.

I HAVE a mouth that never drinks,
I have a soul that never thinks,
I have a heel and have a toe,
But have no feet on which to go,
Yet many a mile a day I travel,
Sometimes on carpets, then on gravel.
—A shoe.



DANGER OF NEGLIGENCE.

A MERCHANT having sold all his goods at a fair, filled his purse with gold and silver, which he put in his portmanteau on the horse's back, and started for home.

On his way a young boy told him that a nail was wanting in one of the horse's shoes. The merchant told him he was in a hurry, and thought the shoe would stay on till he reached home.

Late in the afternoon another boy told him the same thing, but he said the shoe would last the short distance he had to go.

Soon the horse began to limp, and then to stumble, and then fell down and broke his leg. The merchant had to leave his horse in the road, shoulder his portmanteau, and walk home, which he reached late at night. All this for the want of a nail.

—:o:—

LOTTIE'S THANKSGIVING DINNER.

THANKSGIVING DAY had come and Aunt Abbie had come from Boston to join in the family party at the old home. An accident had detained them and she was a little late. She brought her niece, Ellie, with her, and all the family rushed to the door to meet them.

"What a lovely bird that is on your bonnet, Aunt Abbie!"

"Yes," said Aunt Abbie, "my canary died, and I had it stuffed to wear on my bonnet."

The dinner was waiting, so they all went out. The kitten, which was named Sam, crept slyly into the room they had left and jumped up on the piano.

He was just going to sleep when he saw the lovely bird with its eyes open, looking at him. So he crept softly along and pounced upon the bonnet and commenced tearing the bird with his teeth and claws.

When the party came in from dinner there seemed enough feathers and stuffing around to make three or four canary birds. Aunt Abbie felt very badly, but Sam had scampered away to escape punishment.



THE BAD BOY.

THE TALKING DOLL.



RUBENA ENGLISH was the only child of wealthy parents, and had been indulged in every thing until she was quite spoiled, and was thought very disagreeable by all her relatives.

Her birthday was to come, and her parents went all over New York to find the handsomest doll, and such a beauty as she was! Never was there a handsomer face, such rosy cheeks, blue eyes, and golden hair. When she was wound up she walked about, and when they laid her down she shut her eyes and went to sleep, and she could say "Papa" and "Mamma" as well as anybody.

She had a great many dresses, all packed in a nice wardrobe. Then she had an easy-chair, a bed, and a carriage.

She was somewhat at a loss what to call this young lady, but finally decided to call her Adelaide.

The day after she arrived, Rubena seated herself with Adelaide in her lap, before the mirror, and said to herself, "How pretty I am, and what lovely dresses I wear! Kitty Jones next door must envy me; she has no dresses as fine as mine, and no nice toys. And she cannot ride out in her carriage with her mamma, as I can. I am quite above her, and the Browns opposite too."

Suddenly, Adelaide turned and said, "How dare you talk so? You are no better than Nellie Brown or Kitty Jones. Indeed, I do not think you are half so nice."

Rubena was greatly surprised, but shortly replied, "You have no business to talk in this manner: you were bought to say 'Papa' and 'Mamma,' and nothing else."

Adelaide replied, "I am the Queen of Dolldom, and am modelled after a real lady, and am intellectual, as well as beautiful. The last queen was large, but an ugly form; her arms were leather, her face and neck were wax to be sure, but her body was stuffed with sawdust, and when you pulled a wire she would open her eyes, but she was quite ordinary compared to me. I intend to cure you of being such a conceited young lady."

"I think," said Rubena, "that you are very impertinent to talk in this way, and I shall not take you out in my carriage."

"Then I shall go in my own," said Adelaide. "But I am tired now, and would like to be laid in a drawer, and I can rest while you are gone. Close my eyes please, and I will go to sleep."

So Rubena put Adelaide in a drawer, and went to ride in the carriage, thinking how much better she was than the little girls walking on the pavements.

On her return home she asked her mamma to let her go to see Kitty Jones, and as soon as she was seated she commenced, "I'm sure you haven't such a beautiful doll as I."

"No, indeed," replied Kitty, "my mamma cannot afford to buy any but cheap dolls, and although I should like to I have never seen one that can talk and walk."

"Come home with me," said Rubena, "and you shall see mine. She told me I was conceited. I wonder what she will say to you."

They went to Rubena's home, and Rubena opened the drawer, and showed Kitty her beautiful doll and all its fine clothes, and said, "Kitty, wouldn't you like to have such a doll, and how would you like to have a laced frock trimmed with cherry satin like this? I wore this to my last party, and it was the prettiest in the room."

Kitty replied, "I am glad you have all these beautiful things, but I don't envy you one bit, for I am as happy in my plain clothes as you in your expensive ones."

"I don't believe it," said Rubena.

Just then Adelaide came forward, and said, "Rubena, please be quiet; are you not ashamed to be so vain? I shall never again say anything but 'Papa' and 'Mamma,' now that I have given you a lesson, and I hope you will improve, and remember that what you do and say is of more importance than what you have. You, Kitty, are a nice little girl, and well deserve a happy life."

Adelaide then laid down, and from that day never again moved unless she was wound up.

STORY OF LITTLE JOE.

LITTLE Joe's mother died during his babyhood, and his father, who was a doctor, realized that the boy would most likely be whatever, by God's blessing, he chose to make him, which he hoped ultimately would be a whole man; so he set conscientiously to work for that result.

Dr. Benner was sometimes called eccentric; but those who knew him considered him more sagacious than peculiar.

Joe had been trained to the saddle from a child; he also knew how to load and discharge a gun, to row and manage a sail-boat, and was a capital swimmer; he also knew the use of the saw and axe, and many other tools.

One fine morning in vacation, several of Joe's playmates came for him to go into the woods for a frolic; but Joe said: "Can't; I must ride Black Harry round the pasture till he is tired, and stops racing; then I must ride him along the road as far as the post-office."

"Well," said Ben, one of the boys, "I'm sorry for a fellow who can't have his freedom such a glorious morning as this. Can't you go to-morrow, if it's pleasant?"

"No, got to saw wood; but I can do whatever I like all the long afternoons. Father thinks boys should learn to do all sorts of useful things."

"Well, it's too bad," said the boys; "but we must be off, or the robins will get the berries before we get there."

Black Harry was a splendid young horse, raised on the place, somewhat strong-headed, but trustworthy, if judiciously handled.

Joe received the mail, and soon afterwards stood watching his father examining it. One missive proved to be a circular of bicycles.

Joe said: "Oh, father, how I do wish I could have a bicycle!"

"You may have one just as soon as you earn it," his father replied.

Joe thought that rather discouraging, and said that Ben Low's father was going to give him a bicycle, and that Ben had all day to spend as he liked.

"And his father gives him no tasks?" asked the doctor.

"Well," replied Joe, "Ben did say that he hid until his father left in the morning, for fear he would give him a task."

"My son," said Dr. Benner, "if for any reason I neglect to give you a task, and you see anything you think ought to be done, I wish to feel that I can rely on you to do it."

There was to be a convention of medical men in the city, thirty miles distant, on the third of July. Dr. Benner was to leave home on the third, and



return on the afternoon of the Fourth of July; and the next day the doctor had planned to take Black Harry to a cattle-show and horse-fair, and place the beautiful animal on exhibition for the day.

He left no tasks for Joe, saying he could pass the time as he wished.

The boys planned a grand picnic, and had quite a nice feast prepared.

Joe ate his breakfast leisurely the next morning, packed his basket, and started to meet the boys. He was running across the pasture, when a loud whinnying caused him to stop. Black Harry came slowly up, and held up one hoof, from which the shoe was hanging nearly off.

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Joe; "what made you show that to me now? I can't help you, old boy, indeed I can't."

What could be done? John, the doctor's man, had gone to make a little visit, and the only other man—a farm hand—could not be trusted with Harry; and Joe knew it would be a great disappointment to his father should anything prevent his taking his horse to the fair the next morning.

Just then Ben Low and the rest of the boys rushed along, baskets in hand, all ready to start.

Then flashed through Joe's mind his father's words the morning before. There was a short conflict. Then Joe said: "I can't go, boys." So they, after trying in vain to persuade him to go, left him.

Joe remembered that his father had said, that whoever went next to the



blacksmith's should take the hatchet and have an edge put on it. He took it with him, together with a small lunch, and rode Black Harry very carefully, and at last reached the blacksmith's, where there were many horses waiting to be shod.

At four o'clock in the afternoon Joe started for home. One topic of conversation he had heard during the day was about the long train which was to bring the doctors home. One man remarked that he hoped Ben Low would keep his wits about him in signalling and switching. Joe noted this with an uneasy sensation.

The switch-tender's little station was still two miles further; but for Black Harry, after standing still so long, it was the merest run, and in a short time Joe came unexpectedly on the switch-tender himself, lying flat on the ground in a heavy sleep. Joe shouted and called, but could not waken him. Hastily

slipping from Black Harry's back, and securing him, he shook Mr. Low by the shoulder, and asked him about the switch, but could not get an intelligent answer. He realized the situation, and knew the train must be stopped, and there was not a minute to lose. For three minutes he thought, and then put Black Harry to his utmost speed. A mile ahead was a large knoll, and he knew, if he could only gain that, he might rig up some kind of a signal and warn them in time, his father among the rest.

He reached the spot, again fastened Black Harry, and climbed the first tree he came to, grasped his hatchet in his hand, and chopped off a long, firm branch.

Tearing off his checked blouse, he tied it firmly with his handkerchief to the end of the long, willowy pole, and, mounting Black Harry, he waved his signal as the train came round the curve, only a quarter of a mile distant. In his excitement, as the train swept by, he shouted at the top of his voice: "Stop! Oh, stop! For Heaven's sake, stop, I say!" Then he heard the sharp whistle, and saw the brakeman hastily twisting the metals, and raced after the train.

An hour later, when the danger was past, the grateful passengers tried to force upon Joe a generous gift, but his father was not willing to have him accept it; but the people would have their way, and went off leaving their gift in Joe's hands.

That night, after telling his father the events of the day, Joe added: "I suppose I can use some of my present for a bicycle, can't I?"

"No, my son," said Dr. Benner, "the bank will be the best place for that; but I shall buy you a bicycle myself in a day or two, because I think you have earned one. You lost your holiday sport, but saved your honor as to trustworthiness."

———:o:———

RIDE a cock-horse to Shrewsbury cross,
To buy little Johnnie a galloping horse:
It trots behind, and it ambles before,
And Johnny shall ride—till he can ride no more.

———:o:———

RIDE a cock-horse to Banbury cross,
To see what Tommy can buy;
A penny white loaf, and a penny white cake,
And a two-penny apple pie.

PERONELLA.



THERE was once upon a time a queen so old and ugly, so bent down with infirmities, that she grew weary of life unless her youth might be renewed. A fairy who had been present at her birth came to see her, and told her that, if she would find a young girl willing to give her youth and beauty for the queen's old age and sceptre, that she would by a wave of her wand fulfil their desires. The queen was delighted, and ordered a strict search made through her dominions for a young girl who was willing to give her youth in exchange for old age and riches. It was not long before they found several; but, when they saw how feeble the queen was, and how much pain she suffered, they preferred their own condition.

Afterwards others came; but, after staying a short time, left, saying, "They would not be so old and disgusting for all the world."

At length a beautiful young lass came from a neighboring village, and declared herself willing to accept the crown in exchange for her youth. Her name was Peronella. The queen proposed to divide her kingdom with her, but Peronella would have nothing but the whole.

While the queen and Peronella were making their agreement the fairy entered the room, and in an instant the skin of Peronella was covered with wrinkles, her hair turned gray, her teeth dropped out, and she became peevish and ill-natured.

A numerous crowd of officers and courtiers now came and paid their compliments to the new queen. A sumptuous repast was set before her, but she could not eat; she had no teeth. She then saw herself in the looking-glass, and perceives that she is as old and ugly as an old grandam ape.

In the meanwhile the real queen stood congratulating herself on her beautiful looks, and how lively she had become. But she was clothed in rags and dirt, and the guards pushed her about with great rudeness. Peronella at last said to her, "I see it is distressing to you not to be a queen, and it is still more so to me to be one; pray take your crown again, and give me my ragged petticoat." The change was scarcely made when each began to repent; but the fairy condemned them to remain as they were. The queen grew so fretful and discontented that in spite of twelve physicians she died two months after.

Soon after the fairy again came to Peronella, and gave her the choice of three husbands. The first was old, disagreeable, jealous and cruel, but rich and powerful. The second was amiable, descended from a noble family, but was poor. The third, like herself, was poor, and a shepherd. Peronella did not know which to choose, but the fairy said to her, "What a silly girl you are! If you would be happy, you must choose the shepherd. It is a thousand times better to be poor Peronella in a village than a discontented fine lady at court."

Peronella took her advice, and became a happy and contented woman.

———:o:———

WHAT A FAIRY DID.

ONE hot day a little boy lay sound asleep under an apple-tree tnat was full of blossoms. He had been crying, and seemed to have troubled dreams. He had a rake in one hand and the other was thrown over his head.

He was awakened by a shower of apple-blossoms which were thrown all over him. He looked up, and saw a fairy, who motioned him to a seat by her side, and said, "What troubles you, my boy?" He replied, "I ran away from home and was lost. Somebody took my money from me, and I have been raking hay to earn some more to get home with."

"My dear little boy," said the fairy, "I will do all I can to help you; here are three little twigs; break one of them when I am gone, and the others whenever you are in trouble." When he looked up to thank her she was gone.

He broke the first twig, and was delighted to find a nice suit of clothes which he needed badly. He dressed himself in them, and on breaking the second, a horse walked out all saddled, ready to ride. He mounted, and the horse took him to the foot of a steep mountain.

Then he broke the last twig, and found he was at his father's door. He jumped from the saddle, ran into the house, and was caught in the arms of his father and mother.

———:o:———

WHY is the letter D like a sailor?—Because it follows the C.

———:o:———

WHEN is a clock on the stairs dangerous? When it runs down.

SUSIE'S DEAD DOLL.



SUSIE nursed her doll Tiny, and pretended to give it medicine. Her sister Minnie said, "She's so ill, I'm sure she will die very soon."

"I'm sure she won't die," said Susie. "She has taken twenty pills, a dose of castor oil, and ever so much of ——. I've forgotten what it was, but it was something awful."

"Let's look at her," said Minnie; "she's quite dead, and now we will have a funeral, and bury her."

"So we will," said Susie.

So they took a stick and dug a hole in the garden. When it was large enough they put Tiny in a box, and covered it with dirt, and piled leaves on top.

"Now she's dead and buried," said Minnie, "let's go and think about her. That's the way people always do about dead people." So they sat down, and looked grave for several minutes, when Susie said, "I've thought an hour and am going to take her up."

"No, you mustn't; she's dead and we must wear black. I'm her mother and you're her aunt."

Susie commenced to cry. "I don't want my dear dolly to be dead any longer," she said.

"If you are going to cry I'll go in the house," said Minnie.

Nurse, having heard all their talk, came down.

"Dolly isn't dead," said she; "you mustn't bury her again."

"Why not?" said Susie.

"Because it makes her all muddy, and dollies don't like to be buried, it makes them look badly."

"Then I won't do it again," said Susie. So they took her up and put her to bed, to sleep off the effects of her medicine, and prevent any cold being taken from her burial. Susie and Minnie had a dog named Carlo, which was

almost as tall as they were. He was very fond of them, and was always ready for a game or race.

When one of them called, he would walk up and look in their faces, as much as to say, "What shall I do?"

He seemed to know what was said to him, so they told him to stand still while they put Tiny on his back. He stood quite still, moving nothing but his bushy tail, which he kept wagging all the time. Minnie said that was his way of showing he was pleased, he always laughed with his tail.

At last they were off. Carlo carried the doll as carefully as if she had been a queen, and when they had been all round the garden they gave Carlo the largest bone they could find for his supper.

———:o:———

THE ORGAN-GRINDER.

I MET an old couple
 Who were with age bent;
A thrilling sensation
 Was to my heart sent.

The wife was grinding an organ,
 And the husband could not see;
She was leading him along,
 Attentive as she could be.

As they begged among the throng
 Along the avenue wide,
People were constantly giving
 To the blind man by her side.

But they deserved it all—
 Yes, and even more too;
I hope when you are poor
 The same be done to you.

———:o:———

WHEN is wood hard to split?—When it is knot (not).

WHAT kind of robbery is not dangerous?—A *safe* robbery.

WHY does a dressmaker never lose her hooks?—Because she has an eye to each of them.

WHICH is the richest child in the world?—Rothschild.

WHAT is the difference between an old dime and a new penny?—Nine cents.

WHAT is that which the more you take from it, the larger it grows?—A hole.

WHY is a roguish lawyer like a man who cannot sleep?—He lies first on one side, then on the other, and is wide awake the whole time.

BESSIE'S PARTY.



MR. ANDERSON was master of a large academy in a village in Ohio, but had a position offered him with a much larger salary in a city, which he accepted; and, as there was to be an examination in a few days, one of the girls, whose father was wealthy, proposed giving him a present, which was quite costly. A father of one of the girls did not approve of this, and would hear nothing about it, as he knew he could not afford it.

Bessie, the little girl, felt very badly, and went to her mamma for comfort, and said that her papa would never let her do anything she wanted to; that every girl in school had had a party, and had invited her, but she had never given any in return. Her mother told her it was necessity that compelled her father to do as he did, and he thought he acted for the best. She told Bessie to say nothing to any one for a few days, and she would see what she could do. Bessie had great confidence in her mother, and knew she would see the way out.

A few days passed, when her mamma told her she could invite all of her class to spend Wednesday evening with her. She said, "You know we have a barrel of apples, a bushel of nuts, and some corn to pop, and with some cake and coffee there will be quite enough. If you know any good boys, you can invite them."

Bessie was much pleased, and, as the girls had something new to talk about, the present was forgotten for a time. Bessie did not know what to do about asking boys, she knew so few, but with the help of the other girls made out a list of agreeable boys.

Every one invited came to the party, and, as the house was large and old-fashioned, there was plenty of room for dancing, and with her mother at the piano, and her father with his violin, they had as good music as one could

wish, and everything passed off successfully. At ten o'clock their refreshments were served, and when that was over, they were standing. Before commencing anything else, Bessie's father said that he understood the girls had been talking of making a present to Mr. Anderson; but he had a plan which he considered much better, and this was a set of resolutions expressing their regret that he was to leave them, and wishes for his prosperity in the future. This would cost only a small amount, and he thought Mr. Anderson would be more pleased than with a costly gift. So he brought out a sheet of bristol-board, beautifully and appropriately engrossed. The children were delighted, and signed their names in their very best writing.

When this was over the children, not feeling above a romp, had a game of blindman's-buff, and went home very happy.

Mr. Anderson, when his present was given him, said that nothing could have pleased him better, and he accepted it with the greatest pleasure and gratification.

———:o:———

WHY was St. Paul like a horse?—Because he loved Timothy.

———:o:———

WHY is a crow a brave bird?—Because he never shows the white feather.

———:o:———

WHY had a man better lose his arm than a leg?—Because, losing his leg, he loses something "to boot."

———:o:———

WHY is life the riddle of all riddles?—Because we must all give it up.

———:o:———

WHAT did Adam first plant in the Garden of Eden?—His foot.

———:o:———

WHY is a stick of candy like a race-horse?—Because the more you lick it, the faster it goes.

———:o:———

WHAT is the difference between an old tramp and a feather bed?—One is hard up, and the other is soft down.

THE SLEDGE.—FOR VERY LITTLE PEOPLE.

IT was only the beginning of December, and yet there had been such a fall of snow as had seldom been seen in the country before. The world was white for miles and miles; and the snow lay so deep that you could not tell where the roads began and where the footpaths left off, nor where the ditches lay. And the frost was so sharp, and lasted so long, that the snow was hard and fast, and the icicles hung in long bright strings from the trees, and above the doors of the houses, and outside the windows.

Three children stood outside the principal door of a large country-house and picked off the icicles as they hung from the porch. Two boys and a girl were these, between the ages of seven and ten. Indeed, it was Bertha, the little girl's birthday. She was seven years old this very day, and was now talking over her birthday presents with Ted and Rob, her two brothers.

"Mother gave me *such* a lovely doll!" cried the child in glee; "and father gave me a work-box, all fitted up with needles, and cotton, and buttons, and tape, and—"

"Oh, never mind the rest!" cried Ted. "Except, if you have any buttons in your box, I shall expect you to sew all mine on."

"Yes," said little Rob, "and all the holes in my knees, too."

"I suppose you mean in your stockings," said a voice just behind them, which belonged to their mother. "Come in now, children, at once," she went on; "it is much too cold for you to be standing out there."

The children turned back into the hall, and when the door was shut, their mother said:

"Bertha, darling, here is another present for you, that the gardener has made you, and just brought up to the house."

Bertha looked to the other end of the hall, and there discovered Payne, the gardener, standing with a beautiful sledge in his hand. It was painted sky-blue, picked out with black and red (that is, with black and red lines round it).

"I saw the frost was going to last, missee," said he, turning red, "and I know'd as your birthday was coming on, so I made bold to fashion this for you; and I hope as you'll like it."

"Oh, thank you, Payne!" cried little Bertha. "Oh, mother! when may I use it? May I go out now?"

"What fun!" cried Ted and Rob together.

"Run along and put on your things, and we will give you a famous ride," said good-natured Ted. "May we, mother?" he added.



THE TOBOGGAN SLIDE.

"Yes; but you must be very careful," said mamma, laughing.

So Bertha put on her hat and jacket, and her warm fur cape, and seated herself in her sledge, while Ted and Rob harnessed themselves by a beautiful red silk cord to the sledge, and started off at a quick trot. Down the drive they went, and out through the gate, and then away they ran down the road. Never was lady drawn by more fiery steeds! They pranced and jumped, and went from side to side of the road, until at last they went so much to one side that, forgetting how treacherous the white, smooth-looking snow was, they tumbled the sledge into a ditch. The ditch was so filled with snow that the upset was not a very bad one; and the horses being docile enough to be caught again, and being good enough to harness themselves, the party started off again as merrily as if nothing had happened.

That sledge of Bertha's was a source of unceasing pleasure to her and her brothers all through the winter. Many and many a delightful drive did she have in it. And the following winter it came into use again. It was a sad day when she found it too small.

———:o:———

Ten little Injuns standing in a line—
One went home, and then there were nine.
Nine little Injuns swinging on a gate—
One tumbled off, and then there were eight.
Eight little Injuns never heard of heaven—
One kicked the bucket, and then there were seven.
Seven little Injuns cutting up tricks—
One went to bed, and then there were six.
Six little Injuns kicking all alive—
One broke his neck, and then there were five.
Five little Injuns on a cellar door—
One tumbled off, and then there were four.
Four little Injuns out on a spree—
One got drunk, and then there were three.
Three little Injuns out in a canoe—
One fell overboard, and then there were two.
Two little Injuns fooling with a gun—
One shot the other, and then there was one.
One little Injun living all alone—
He got married, and then there was none!



THE LITTLE TEASE.

THE THREE WISHES.

ONCE there was a man, not very rich, who had a pretty woman for a wife. One winter evening they sat by the fire talking of the happiness of their neighbors, who were richer than they. The wife said: "If I could have what I wish, I would be happier than all of them." "So should I," said the husband. "I wish there were fairies here, and that one of them would grant me what I asked." At this instant a beautiful lady came into the room, saying, "I am a fairy, and will grant you three wishes, but not one more."

The fairy disappeared, and the man and his wife discussed what they should wish for. At the same time the wife took the tongs to mend the fire, and seeing there were a great many coals thoroughly lighted, said, without thinking,



"Here's a nice fire; I wish we had a yard of black pudding for supper; we could dress it easily." She had hardly said this, when down the chimney came tumbling a yard of black pudding. "Oh! you silly woman," said her husband; "here's a fine wish. Now we have only two left. I am so vexed that I wish the black pudding fast to the tip of your nose." The man soon saw that he had made a sillier wish than his wife; for, at this second wish, up starts the black pudding and sticks so fast to the tip of his wife's nose that she could not get it off. "Wretch that I am!" cried she. "You are a wicked man for wishing the pudding fast to my nose." "My dear," said the husband, "I did not think of it; but what shall we do? I am about wishing for vast riches, and propose to make a golden case to hide the pudding." "No," said

the wife; "I should kill myself if I had to live with this pudding dangling at my nose. We have still one more wish to make; leave it to me, or I shall throw myself out of the window." Her husband called out, "Hold, my dear wife; I will give you leave to wish what you will." "Well," said the wife, "I wish this pudding would drop off." At this the pudding dropped off, and the wife said: "The fairy was right: we should have been more unhappy with riches than we are without. Let us eat our pudding, since that is all that is left of our wishes."

The husband thought she was right, and they supped merrily, and gave themselves no further trouble.

———:o:———

LITTLE Mary had a lamb,
Its fleece was snowy white,
That followed her around all day,
And slept by her at night.

One day it went with her to school;
They tried to put it out,
Which made the little girls all laugh—
The boys all raised a shout.

The teacher ran till out of breath,
And then could run no more;
While desks and benches round him lay
Upset upon the floor.

And when he could not catch the lamb,
He called upon the boys,
Who chased it all around the room,
And made a dreadful noise.

And still it ran around the room,
And did not seem to tire,
Until at last the stove upset,
And set the house on fire.

The old bells in the steeple rang—
There were just five in all—
And to the school-house all aflame
The citizens did call.

And last of all the firemen came
And made a dreadful noise;
They quenched the fire, and saved the girls,
And nearly all the boys.

When Mary missed her little lamb,
She raised a dreadful wail;
Just then a fireman pulled it out,
And saved it by the tail.

———:o:———

THERE is an object in our town
Which very slowly moves around;
It's neither white, nor blue, nor black,
And carries its house upon its back.
(A snail.)

YOUR initials begin with an A,
You've an A at the end of your name,
The whole of your name is an A,
And it's backward and forward the same. (Anna.)



LITTLE EDDIE was playing at the window, when all at once he looked very much puzzled, and turning to his mother, who sat beside him, said:

"Oh, Mamma, I did not know that there was a hollow in our backyard!"

"Are you quite sure that there is one there, Eddie?" asked his mother. "I think you must have made a mistake."

"Yes, there is one there," said Eddie; "and a big crooked tree, too. I can see them just as plain as can be. Come and see for yourself, Mamma."

His mother went to the window and looked out, and, sure enough, there were the hollow and the crooked tree. Eddie greatly wondered why he had never seen these before. His mother told him to look through another pane and see how things appeared. He did so, but could see no hollow, or crooked tree either. The yard was level and the trees all straight.

His mother explained matters to him just the best she could. She told him that there were wrinkles and flaws in the pane he looked through at first, and these made the objects in the yard look crooked. She said:

"There are some little boys and girls who have crooked eyes. I don't mean that they are cross-eyed, but that they are cross and hateful; and this makes them think that everybody else is out of sorts. At other times they are pleasant and happy, and then they think that everybody is pleasant and happy, too. Now, Eddie, if you want everybody to appear ugly, be hateful and cross yourself. If you want others to appear to look through smiling eyes, look through smiling eyes yourself; and, if you want others to be kind to you, you must be kind to them. 'Do to others as you would have others do to you.'"

THE DISOBEDIENT LITTLE GIRL.



LITTLE BERTIE came home from school one afternoon, and said to her mother, "Mamma, I do think we ought to have a picture of our little Charlie; he is so fat, and would look so pretty." But her mother told her that she was afraid of his getting cold, and she had better wait until milder weather. A few days passed, and Mrs. Carleton thought Bertie had forgotten all about it, but one day as she was coming from school, she saw some pictures of babies with bare necks and arms, and determined she would take some money she had of her own, and not tell her mother anything about it. One pleasant afternoon, she asked her mother if she might take little Charlie out in his carriage. His mother got him ready, and she went as fast as she could to the photographers, and took off his coat and cap, and thought how cunning he would look with his dress off; and, slipping it off, the picture was taken in five minutes; but when she dressed him he was shivering with cold, and sneezed two or three times. After she had gone to bed that night she heard her mother in her room, and asked her what the matter was. She told her that Charlie seemed to be croupy, and she was getting some medicine. Next morning he was in bed when Bertie went to school, and when she came home, she found he was much worse, and they had sent for the doctor. Bertie cried herself to sleep that night, and the next morning confessed to her mother what she had done. When she came home from school that night, she found Charlie much better, and in a few days he was entirely well. In about a week Bertie stopped for the pictures, and drew them out of her pocket and showed them to her mother. They were very pretty, but the charm was gone; and her mother put them away out of sight until she should have partially forgotten her disobedience.

———:o:———

AT what season did Eve eat the apple?—Early in the fall.



THE PET LAMB.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERD BOY.



GERHARDT was a German shepherd boy, and a noble fellow he was, too, although he was very poor.

One day while he was watching his flock, which was feeding in the valley on the borders of a forest, a traveller came out of the forest and asked:

"How far is it to the nearest village?"

"Six miles, sir," replied the boy; "but the road is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed."

The traveller glanced at the crooked track and said, "My lad, I am hungry, tired, and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. Leave your sheep and show me the road: I will pay you well." "I cannot leave my sheep, sir," rejoined Gerhardt. "They would stray into the forest and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers."

"Well, what of that?" queried the traveller. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would not be much to your master, and I'll give you more money than you have earned in a whole year." "I cannot go, sir," rejoined Gerhardt very firmly. "My master pays me for my time, and he trusts me with his sheep. If I were to sell my time, which does not belong to me, and the sheep should get lost, it would be the same as if I stole them."

"Well," said the traveller, "will you trust your sheep with me while you go to the village and get some food and drink, and a guide? I will take good care of them for you." The boy shook his head. "The sheep," he said, "do not know your voice, and——" Gerhardt stopped speaking.

"And what? Can't you trust me? Do I look like a dishonest man?" asked the traveller, angrily. "Sir," said the boy, "you tried to make me false to my trust, and wanted me to break my word to my master. How do I know you would keep your word to me?"

The traveller laughed, for he felt that the boy had fairly conquered him.

Gerhardt now offered the contents of his scrip to the hungry man, who, coarse as it was, ate it greedily. Presently his attendants came up, and then Gerhardt, to his surprise, found that the traveller was the grand duke, who owned all the country around. The duke was so pleased at the boy's honesty that he sent for him shortly after and had him educated. In after years Gerhardt became a very rich and powerful man, but he remained honest and true to his dying day.



THE FROST.

THE Frost looked forth one still, clear night,
And whispered, "Now I shall be out of sight;
So through the valley and over the height
In silence I'll take my way.
I will not go like that blustering train,
The wind and the snow, the hail and the rain,
Who make so much bustle and noise in vain—
But I'll be as busy as they."
Then he flew to the mountain and powdered its crest;
He lit on the trees, and their boughs he dressed
In diamond beads; and over the breast
Of the quivering lake he spread
A coat of mail, that it need not fear
The downward point of many a spear
That he hung on its margin, far and near,
Where a rock could reach its head.
He went to the windows of those who slept,
And over each pane like a fairy crept;
Wherever he breathed, wherever he stept,

By the light of the moon were seen
Most beautiful things: there were flowers and trees;
There were bevies of birds and swarms of bees;
There were cities with temples and towers; and these
All pictured in silver sheen.
But he did one thing that was hardly fair—



He peeped in the cupboard, and finding there
That all had forgotten for him to prepare—
"Now, just to set them a-thinking
I'll bite this basket of fruit," said he—
"This costly pitcher I'll burst in three,
And the glass of water they've left for me
Shall 'tchick,' to tell them I'm drinking."

———:o:———

FRIDAY night's dream on the Saturday told,
Is sure to come true, be it never so old.

Snowballing.

WHEN the pools with ice are bound,
When the snow is on the ground,
Then it is that we delight
In a merry snowball fight.

Fast and free the snowballs fly,
To and fro we gaily hie,
Caring naught if balls of snow
Chance to fall on us or no.





ALADDIN, OR THE WONDERFUL LAMP.

ALADDIN was the son of a very poor tailor in China, who took him into his shop to learn the trade, but Aladdin loved play more than work, which he neglected for the company of idle boys.

His father dying when he was quite young, he spent his whole time in the streets, and his mother was compelled to spin cotton night and day to earn the necessaries for their support. But she was willing to do this, for she loved her son, and promised herself that when he was older he would become an industrious man and care for her.

One day, as Aladdin was playing with a troop of vagabonds, a stranger passing stopped to observe him. The stranger was a famous African magician who needed an ignorant person to assist him, and thought Aladdin was just the right one. He inquired his name and character, and calling him said: "My lad, art thou not the son of Mustapha, the tailor?"

"Yes, sir," said Aladdin, "but my father has been dead many years."

"Alas!" said the stranger, "how sad! I am your father's brother, and have been many years in foreign countries, and now, when I expected to be happy at home, I find him dead."

Aladdin, who had never heard of any uncle, stood like one stupefied, till his pretended uncle gave him two pieces of gold, telling him to have his mother get supper, as he was going to visit her. His mother was as surprised as he had been, as she had only heard of one brother, who was also a tailor, and had died before Aladdin was born. However, she cooked a nice supper, and when the magician came, he was followed by a porter bringing all kinds of fruits and sweetmeats.

He saluted his dear sister-in-law, as he called her, and they sat down to supper; after which the magician said: "My dear sister, I am grieved to see so much poverty. I hope my nephew does his duty to you. He is old enough to get a great many comforts."

Aladdin hung his head in shame. His mother replied: "Indeed, it almost breaks my heart, but Aladdin, though fifteen years old, does nothing but play, and all I can earn is hardly enough to get bread. If I should die, I know not what would become of him."

She burst into tears, and the magician said to Aladdin: "I am pained to hear this. You must think of getting your own living. How would you like to keep a shop?" Aladdin was much pleased, for he thought that would not be very hard work.



BEAUTIFUL GARDENS.

The next morning the magician went out with Aladdin and fitted him out with a nice suit. Then they walked through the town, and passed through some beautiful gardens and meadows, the magician telling interesting stories, until they came to the entrance of a narrow valley, bounded on all sides by high mountains.

"Dear uncle," said Aladdin, "where are we going now? We have left all the pretty gardens behind us a long way; pray let us hurry away from this frightful place."

"No! No!" said the magician; "not at present. I will show you more wonderful things than you have ever seen."

Aladdin followed his uncle into the valley, until they had lost all view of the country behind them. Suddenly the magician stopped, and roughly commanded Aladdin to gather some loose sticks for a fire. When he had done so, the magician set them on fire. Presently the blaze rose high; the magician threw some powder into the fire, and pronounced some strange words, which Aladdin could not understand. They were instantly surrounded by a thick smoke, the mountain burst and exposed a broad stone with a large brass ring fastened in the centre.

Aladdin was so frightened that he started to run, but the magician gave him such a box on the ear that he knocked him down. Aladdin got up and said: "Why do you use me so cruelly, uncle?"

"My child," said the magician, "I did not mean to hurt you, but you must not run away; I brought you here to do a service for you. Under this stone are treasures that will make you richer than any king on earth, and I alone know how to make you master."

Aladdin forgot the box on the ear, and promised to do whatever he was told.

"Come," said the magician, "take hold of that brass ring and lift up the stone."

When the stone was lifted, there appeared a hollow cave and a narrow flight of steps. "Go down, child," said the magician, "into that cavern. At the bottom of these steps you will find three great halls filled with gold and silver. If you touch anything, you will meet with instant death. At the end of the third hall you will see a fine garden; cross it by a path which will bring you on a terrace, where you will see a lighted lamp in a niche. Take the lamp down and put out the light; and when you have thrown away the wick and poured out the oil, put the lamp in your bosom and bring it to me."

Saying this, the magician drew a ring off his finger and, putting it on Aladdin's, told him that if he obeyed him nothing could harm him. "Go down boldly, my son," he said, "and we both shall be rich and happy the rest of our lives."

Aladdin went down the steps, and found the three halls as the magician had told him. He went through these, crossed the garden, took down the lamp, threw out the wick and the oil, and put the lamp in his bosom. As he came down from the terrace, he saw, as he thought, the branches of the trees loaded with beautiful pieces of glass of all colors, and could not help filling his pockets.

The magician was waiting very impatiently for him.

"Pray, uncle," said Aladdin, "give me your hand to help me out."

"Give me the lamp first," said the magician.

"I cannot, dear uncle, until I am out," replied Aladdin.

"Wretch, deliver it this instant," roared the magician. His eyes flashed fire and, stretching out his arm to strike Aladdin, some powder he held dropped into the fire, the rock shook, the stone moved to its place, and Aladdin was buried alive in the cavern. He cried and wrung his hands; his cries could not be heard, and he was left to die.

Aladdin remained without food two days, and on the third, he chanced to press the ring on his finger, when an enormous geni rose out of the earth and said: "I am ready to obey thy commands, I and the other slaves of that ring."

Aladdin, trembling, said: "I pray thee, deliver me from this place."

He had no sooner spoken than the earth opened, and he was on the very spot where the magician had brought him. He hurried home, and when he reached there fainted away on the step of the door.

When he had recovered, and his mother had embraced him, he told her all that had happened, and then begged her to bring him some food, as he was almost starved. But she had neither food nor money, for she had spent her time in looking for him.

"Well, mother," said Aladdin, "never mind. Dry your tears, and hand me the lamp I put on the shelf and I will go and sell it."

The old woman thought it would bring more if it were cleaner, and began to rub it with sand. Instantly a huge geni stood before her and said: "I am ready to obey thy commands, I and the other slaves of that lamp."

The woman fainted away, but Aladdin, who was less frightened, said: "Bring me something to eat; I am hungry."

The geni disappeared, but soon returned with twelve large plates of silver, full of the nicest meats, six white loaves, two bottles of wine and two drinking cups, and, after spreading them on the table, vanished.

Aladdin sprinkled water on his mother, and begged her to rise and eat of the food. They made a hearty meal, and set aside enough to last two days more.

The next morning Aladdin sold one of the silver plates to a Jew to purchase a few necessaries that were wanting. He then went among the merchants and shopkeepers, and improved himself by their discourse.

One day, while Aladdin was walking through the city, he heard a proclamation commanding all the people to retire into their houses, as the beautiful princess Balrondom, whom no one must look upon, was coming to the public

baths. Aladdin did not know where to go, but ran into a large hall and hid behind a curtain. It happened that this hall was the entrance to the baths, and as soon as the princess passed the gate, she pulled off her vail, which permitted Aladdin to see her. He was so impressed with her beauty, that he could think of nothing else. At length he said: "Mother, I love the Princess Balrondom, and you must demand her for me in marriage to the sultan."

The old woman thought her son was mad, and bade him remember that he was the son of a tailor.

"Mother," said Aladdin, "I am not as poor as you imagine. I have learned the value of those things I used to call glass; it is with them I intend to buy the good-will of the sultan."

Aladdin's mother laughed, and refused to have anything to do with such foolishness.

Aladdin pined almost to death, and his mother promised she would go to the sultan if it would restore him to health. This so pleased Aladdin, that he filled a large china dish with his finest jewels, which he tied up in two napkins. The old woman set out trembling for the sultan's palace. She placed herself opposite the throne, and when the court was nearly empty she was bidden to approach. She fell on her knees and begged the sultan's pardon, and told the story of her son falling in love with the princess.

The sultan smiled, and asked what she had in her napkin. When the dish was uncovered the sultan stared with surprise, having never seen jewels of such size and lustre.

"Your son," said he, "can be no ordinary person. Bring him here, and if he realizes my ideas I will bestow on him the hand of my daughter."

Aladdin's mother went home and told her son all that had passed, which pleased him greatly.

Aladdin summoned the geni, who transported him to a bath of rose-water; afterwards he was dressed in fine clothing. A horse was given him with saddle of pure gold. A train of slaves were mounted, bearing magnificent presents for the sultan.

Aladdin mounted his horse, and his appearance had so changed that no one knew him, but thought he was some great prince.

Aladdin would have thrown himself at the feet of the sultan, but was prevented by the sultan's embracing him and seating him at his right hand. The sultan was so charmed with his good sense and modesty, that he proposed to marry the young lovers that very evening. Aladdin objected, saying he must build a palace to receive his princess, and asked that the piece of ground

opposite the royal palace should be given him, which was granted. Aladdin went home to employ the geni of the lamp to build a palace, and the sultan congratulated his daughter on the happiness in waiting for her.

When the sultan rose the next morning he was surprised to find a palace opposite his own, and half the people in the city gathered there to see it. He was informed that Aladdin wished to conduct him to see it.

The sultan was amazed; the walks were built of gold and silver, and the ornaments were of the rarest and most beautiful precious stones. The treasury was full of gold coin, the offices filled with domestics, the stables with the finest horses and carriages, with grooms and equerries in splendid liveries. Aladdin and the princess were married and lived happily.

At length the magician, who was in Africa, heard of all this magnificence, and knew the cause. He was determined to get this lamp, and disguised his person and travelled to China.

As he came to the city, he bought several beautiful lamps, and went under the windows of the palace of the princess, crying, "New lamps for old ones!"

The slaves all ran to the windows. "Oh!" said one of them, "there is an ugly old lamp in one of the halls; we will put a new one in its place." The princess agreed to this, and the magician gave them the best of his new ones.

As soon as night came he summoned the geni of the lamp, and commanded him to transport him, the palace and the princess to the remotest corner of Africa. He was instantly obeyed.

It is impossible to describe the surprise of the sultan the next morning to find the palace vanished, and his daughter lost. All the people were running through the streets, and soldiers were sent in search of Aladdin, who was out hunting.

Aladdin fainted away, and was dragged before the sultan, and would have been beheaded but for fear of the people, who were all fond of him. He was sent away in disgrace, and was threatened with death unless he brought tidings of the princess within forty days.

Leaving the palace, he stopped at a brook to wash his eyes, that smarted with tears. His foot slipped, and catching hold of a piece of rock he pressed the magician's ring, and the geni appeared, saying, "What would'st thou have?"

"Oh, geni!" cried Aladdin, "bring my palace back to where it stood yesterday."

"What you command," said the geni, "is not within my power; I am only the slave of the ring. The geni of the lamp alone can do that service."

"Then I command thee," said Aladdin, "to transport me to the palace where it stands now."

Instantly Aladdin found himself beside his own palace. The princess was walking in her own chamber weeping for Aladdin. Happening to approach



FATIMA ADMIRING HER JEWELS.

the window she saw him under it, and sent a slave to bring him in by a private door.

Aladdin then went disguised into the city, and bought a powder which would produce sleep, and the princess invited the magician to sup with her

that evening. He was delighted with her kindness, and while at supper she ordered wine which had been prepared, and on drinking it the magician fell to the floor senseless.

Aladdin snatched the lamp from his bosom and, throwing the traitor on the grass, summoned the geni, and the palace and all it contained were transported to their original place.

When the sultan saw the palace he hastened to embrace his daughter, and during a week grand entertainments were given in honor of their return.

Aladdin did not forget to carry the lamp always with him, and things went well for some time.

But the magician, having slept off his potion, set out for China. When he reached the end of his journey, he went to the cell of a holy woman named Fatima, who was celebrated for her cure of the headache. He killed and buried her; then, disguising himself in her garments, walked into the city, where people followed him in crowds. The princess sent her slaves for Fatima to come to the palace, where she was kindly entertained. Fatima persuaded her to have a roc's egg hung in the middle of the dome.

The geni hearing this uttered a loud cry, which shook the palace. "What!" said he, "after all I and my fellow-slaves have done for thee, dost thou command me to bring my master and hang him up in this dome? I would reduce your palace into ashes, were you the author of this wish. The magician is now under your roof disguised as Fatima. Go, punish his crimes, or your own destruction is sure."

The geni vanished, leaving Aladdin much agitated. He went to his wife's apartment, and complained of a severe headache. The princess exclaimed that the good Fatima was in the palace, and ran to bring her. The pretended Fatima came with one hand raised as if to bless Aladdin, who, as he came near him, stabbed him to the heart.

The princess was grieved to think her husband had killed the holy Fatima, till Aladdin tore off the hood of the cloak, and showed the magician concealed beneath. Shortly after, the sultan dying without a son, Aladdin and the princess ascended the throne and reigned together many years.

———:o:———

WHY is intending to pay a bill the same as paying it?—Because it is payment (meant).

I HAVEN'T got it, I don't want it, but if I had it I wouldn't take the world for it.—A bald head.

A BRAVE YOUTH.



NIAGARA FALLS.

AS a little boy was rowing his father to their home at Grand Island, his father being somewhat intoxicated, the canoe got into the current quite near the falls. The brave boy exerted himself to the utmost, until he came near to Iris Island, and the canoe was driven in between the little islands called the Sisters. They were in the greatest danger of going over the precipice which forms the Horseshoe Fall. A dash of the waves capsized the canoe, and they were struggling in the water. The boy caught his father by the coat-collar, and dragged him to a place of safety. When they reached the shore the boy fainted, and his father was completely sobered. The canoe was dashed to pieces on the rocks.

———:o:———

ROUND the wood, and round the wood, and never goes into the wood?—A vine on a tree.

ALL holes, full of holes, and yet holds water?—A sponge.

WHY is your shadow like a false friend?—It follows you only in sunshine.

WHO is that lady whose visits nobody wishes?—Miss Fortune.

———:o:———

LITTLE Jack Horner sat in a corner,
Eating a Christmas pie;
He put in his thumb, and he took out a plum,
And said, "What a good boy am I!"

TOM, Tom, the piper's son,
Stole a pig and away he run;
The pig was eat,
And Tom was beat,
And Tom ran crying down the street.

ADVENTURE WITH PIRATES.

SOME years ago there lived on the shore of Mt. Desert an old fisherman whose name was Jerry Keep, who owned a large schooner, in which he and his four sons used to go, about once a year, to the Grand Banks to fish for cod. The old man was very proud of his schooner and his sons. The sons were all he represented them, and their equals were not found within many miles. The oldest was thirty-two, and the youngest was twenty-six years old, and their names were James, John, Jessie and Thomas.

One morning a stranger called on Jerry to engage him to take to the West Indies some machinery for steam-engines for sugar plantations, and the old man and his sons put it on board and set sail without delay. Soon after sailing a vessel was seen which the old man pronounced a pirate, which saluted them with an eighteen-pound shot under the stern. The schooner came to a stand, and her main boom hauled over to the windward.

The old man said, "Boys, all we can do is to be cool, and trust to fortune. We can't escape, and there's no use crying about it. See that your pistols are loaded, and have your knives ready, and be sure and hide them."

Shortly after all the arms excepting some old muskets were secured about the persons of the down-easters, and they waited for the vessel. The old man cautioned the boys to watch every movement he made, and to be ready to jump as soon as he spoke.

In a few minutes more there were about a dozen savage-looking men on deck. "Are you the captain?" asked the leader to the old man. "Yes, sir." "What do you carry?" "Machinery for engines." "Is that all?" asked the pirate. Just then Jerry caught sight of a sail, but showed no sign, and replied, "Well, there is something else that was given me as a trust, that wouldn't be right for me to give up. You can take anything else you please."

"You're an honest old chap," said the pirate; "but you cannot live ten minutes unless you tell me what is on board, and where it is." The sight of a pistol brought the old man to his senses, and he said, "Don't kill me;

I'll tell you. We have forty thousand silver dollars nailed up in boxes, and stowed under the cabin bulkhead." The pirate then ordered all but three of his men to jump on board the Yankee schooner. In a moment the pirates had taken off the hatches, and in their haste forgot everything else, but Jerry hastily said to his boys, "Now, for your lives. John, you clap your knife across the fore-throat and peak halyards; and you, James, cut the main. Be quick, and the minute you have done it jump aboard the pirate. Jessie and Thomas, you cut off the pirate's grapplings: an' then you jump; then we'll walk into them three chaps aboard the clipper."

His sons did as they were directed, and leaped on board the pirate, and before the buccaneers could reach the deck their own vessel was sweeping away before the wind, while the three men were easily secured.

"Halloa there," called Jerry, "when you find them silver dollars just let me know, will you?"

Several pistol-shots were all the answer he got. Crowding sail he made for the vessel he had seen, which proved to be a large ship. He soon came up with her, and explained all that had happened, and twenty out of the thirty of the crew at once offered their services, and before dark Captain Jerry was in hailing distance of his vessel, and shouting through a trumpet, "Will you surrender if we come on board?" "Come and try it," answered the pirate captain. That was his last moment, for Jessie, taking aim with his heavy rifle, shot a brace of bullets into his heart. "Now," shouted the old man, "if you don't surrender in five minutes, I'll blow your brains out." The death of their captain brought them to their senses, and they threw down their weapons and gave themselves up. In two days Captain Jerry delivered his cargo in the West Indies, gave the pirates into the hands of the authorities, and received in return money enough to make him independent the rest of his life, and a handsome medal from the government.

———:o:———

THE Raccoon looks something like a fox and a little like a bear. His hair is of two kinds: an undercoat of gray, soft and woolly, and long, stiff hair sticking through the wool, alternately marked with black and grayish-white. Mr. Raccoon lives on the seashore and the margin of swamps and rivers. He has a great love of glittering things, and some gentleman, who had a tame one, writes that he would try his best to get a ring off his finger, by hitching one of his crooked claws into the ring and pulling with all his might, and he stole so many things that he was obliged to send him back to the woods.

CALIFORNIA LIFE.

IN California a horse can be purchased from the Indians for four or five dollars, and no one takes long walks but the hunter, and he is carried in his canoe a long way before he gets to the forest, in which are found trees of gigantic size, some of which have trunks of twenty feet or more in diameter, which grow to the height of three hundred feet. There are ten groves of sequoia in the State, some of which are four hundred and fifty feet in height, and one hundred and sixteen feet in circumference. The engraving shows how large they are compared with the other trees, and how small the horse and man appear beside them.

The Indians use a lasso made of bullock's hide, or thongs twisted into a small rope, with a noose formed by a running-knot at the end. One end is



GIANT TREES OF CALIFORNIA.

fastened to the back of the saddle; the entire length is kept in a coil in the right hand, and, if a traveller doesn't look out, one of these may be thrown over his head, pulled tight around his body, and he drawn off his horse into the bush to be robbed.

A hunter was once going through a valley with a large pack of furs on his back, his rifle in his hand, and two dogs by his side. He was joined by a merchant, who was only armed with sword and pistols. They were hardly out of the valley when a party of robbers appeared. There were four whites, and two Indians with lassos. The hunter and his companion jumped into a thicket behind some large trees. While they were doing this, several shots were fired at them. The hunter fired his rifle, and an Indian dropped from his horse. He fired again, and another fell. He still fired, until only one

robber was left, and he started off, when a pistol-ball from the merchant shot the horse from under him. As soon as the robber could get from under his horse, he took to his heels, and the hunter after him; and with one more shot the last robber fell. On searching his pockets, he found money and valuables taken from some other traveller. They mounted the horses, and left the bodies of the robbers to the wolves.

——:o:——

WHY is a pig with a curly continuation like the ghost of Hamlet's father?—Because he could a tale unfold.

WHAT is the newest thing in stockings?—The baby's foot.

WHY is a coward like a leaky barrel?—They both run.

WHEN does a dog become larger and smaller?—When let out at night, and taken in in the morning.

Why are tallest people the laziest?—Because they are always longer in bed than others.

WHY was Job always cold in bed?—Because he had such miserable comforters.

WHAT soup would cannibals prefer?—The broth of a boy.

WHAT is the proper length for ladies' crinoline?—A little above two feet.

WHY is a dyer's life an enigma?—Because he lives when he dyes, and dyes when he lives.

WHAT is the greatest affair of the heart known to science?—The circulation of the blood.

WHEN is a boy not a boy?—When he is a regular brick.

WHO dares to sit before the Queen with his hat on?—The coachman.

WHAT relation is a door mat to a doorstep?—A "step-farther."

WHY is a defeated army like wool?—Because it is worsted.

WHO was the first person in history who had a bang on the forehead?—Goliath.

WHY is a miss not as good as a mile?—Because a miss has only two feet, and a mile 5280.

WHY is it right that B should come before C?—Because we *must* B before we can C.

WHAT gives a cold, cures a cold, and pays the doctor's bill?—A draft. (Draught.)

WHAT is that which a rich man wants, a poor man has, a miser spends, a spendthrift saves, and we all take it with us to the grave?—Nothing.

WHAT is the difference between charity and a tailor?—One covers a multitude of sins, the other a multitude of sinners.

WHEN is a doctor most annoyed?—When he is out of *patients*.

THE ROBBER AND THE QUEEN.



ONCE upon a time there was a king of England who had no mind of his own, and did just as he was told by his counsellors and nobles. The story I am telling happened over four hundred years ago. After awhile the poor king lost his reason entirely, and his cousin, the Duke of York, was appointed ruler in his stead, but when the rightful king recovered his mind, his cousin refused to give up the power intrusted to him, and thus in the effort to recover his throne began the "War of Roses," "the follower of each leader wearing a red or white rose." Finally it was decided the cousin should inherit the crown upon the king's death, but the king's wife, who was a great deal more of a man than he was, was not satisfied to have her son disinherited in this way, so she raised an army and defeated the cousin, who was killed in the battle. She then had his head encircled by a paper crown, and placed on the walls of his castle, but the queen's troubles did not end here, because the dead man's son raised another army, whipped the queen's forces, and he was acknowledged as the ruler of England by the people, and the real king spent the last years of his life in the tower of London, a place you have all heard a great deal abou and which everyone who goes to Europe sight-seeing visits.

After another very severe battle at Hexam, where the queen was again defeated, she fled with her young son into the forest, and wandered about all night, tired, frightened and hungry. While here she was surprised by a robber with a drawn sword. You can imagine the mother's feelings, and how

terrified she was, but her presence of mind saved her. She approached the robber fearlessly and said to him, placing her little boy in his arms, "my friend, this is your king's son and I his mother, confide him to your care." The robber touched by her appeal, conducted them to a place of safety, and helped her and the prince escape to France, from which country she had come, as she was the daughter of one of its proudest, wealthiest and most powerful nobles.

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LITTLE SUNSHINE.



ANNIE Harris is four years old. She came with the June roses four years ago. She is a happy, sweet little girl, and has always been called "Little Sunshine." Papa says there are no dull days in his home, for he has Sunshine all the year round. But there were dull days in that home once, when dear papa was very, very sick, and mamma thought he was going to die. Such a dear little girl Annie was then! Just as patient and good and quiet, helping mamma in every way she could. The sickness was short, and happy days came again when dear papa was well enough to sit up and watch the children at their play.

One day, when mamma had gone out for a few hours, she left Sunshine to take care of papa. And most faithfully did the little girl fulfil the trust, doing all she could for his comfort.

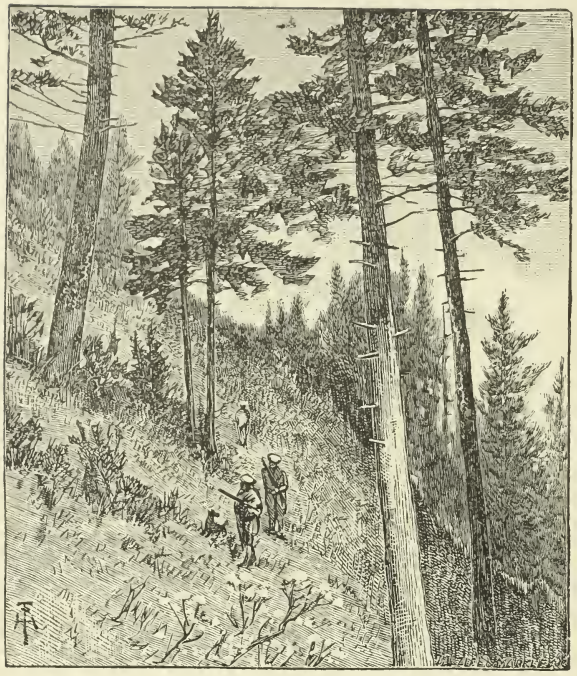
Wasn't she a darling to be so thoughtful and kind? She is always trying to make people happy; and when anybody tries hard to do anything he is sure to succeed, you know. Do you try, too, little ones! I hope you do; and I know that everybody loves you if you do, and you are happy yourselves, like Little Sunshine, who is curled up on the low window-seat just now talking to her kitty, telling it never to catch little birdies, and when it catches mousies it must be very careful not to hurt them.

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WHAT is the difference between scold and scald?—Only this: one hurts with the tongue, and the other with hot water.

WHAT is the *latest* thing in dresses?—Night-dresses.

STORY OF SUSAN COOPER.



THOMAS COOPER was a hunter and trapper, and for many years wandered about the country in search of game. He married at last a pretty young woman, and settled near a squatter's farm. Tom remained at home for some time, in order to make a comfortable home for his young wife; but, becoming discontented, resumed his old life, leaving old Nero, a hound, to protect his wife.

One cold morning Susan was awakened by the loud barking of Nero, and, hastily dressing, she called the dog, which carried something heavy and dark in his mouth, and on coming nearer she saw it was a little Indian child which Nero had killed. She examined the ground about the house, and found the print of a small foot with a moccasin on, and concluded that the mother was carrying her child when the dog attacked her. So she buried the body of the child near the house.

Tom came home soon after, but only stayed a few days, and went away, saying he might be gone a month or more. About two days after he had gone Susan heard Nero scratching at the door, and opening it found the two deerhounds her husband had taken with him. She ran as fast as she could to the squatter's cabin, and tried to persuade the man and his two sons to go in search of her husband, but they compelled her to wait until morning. She was determined to go with them, and the party followed the trail. About noon one of the hounds rushed into a thicket. They followed, and found the dead body of his master, killed by an Indian arrow. They buried him, and set out on the trail and came to the remains of a fire. They crossed a river, and saw again the print of the small feet. They still followed the dog until he stopped at the foot of a tree, which had a hollow about half way up. They chopped it down, when a young squaw fell to the ground. They picked her

up, and carried her to the river, and washed her wounds. Then they continued their journey, until they came to their hut. Susan begged them to leave the Indian woman with her to nurse, and they consented. She was delirious, and often frightened Susan with her wild ravings. She gradually recovered, and one morning Susan missed her; she searched for her all around, but could find nothing of her.

A few years passed away. Susan was awakened one night by a quick knock, and called to ask who was there. A voice said: "Quick! Quick!" and she knew the Indian woman she had nursed was there. She opened the door, and the squaw dragged Susan out of the hut into the forest, which they had no sooner reached when they heard the horrid yells of the Indians. She stayed there several hours, and saw the flames of her dwelling above the trees, and heard the "whoops" of the Indians as they went away. The Indian woman came back to her bringing a bag of money which Susan's husband had left, and waving her hand was out of sight among the trees.

Susan started for the squatter's cabin, and, telling her story, the squatter and his two sons went to the spot, where they found only ashes.

Susan lived with the Wiltons after this, and was like a daughter to the old man and sister to the sons.

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THE SHEPHERD'S BRIDE.

ONCE there was a young shepherd who wanted to marry, and though he knew three sisters, all of them equally pretty, he did not know which to choose. So he asked the advice of his mother, who told him to ask them all to supper, and to give them cheese and see how they cut it. The oldest ate rind and all; the next cut the rind off, but some good cheese with it; but the youngest pared the rind off carefully. So the young shepherd took the youngest for his wife, and they lived contented and happy the rest of their lives.

———:o:———

[THE following is a game played as follows: A string of boys and girls, each holding by his predecessor's skirts, approaches two others, who with joined and elevated hands form a double arch. After the dialogue, the line passes through, and the last is caught by a sudden lowering of the arms—if possible.]

How many miles is it to Babylon?—
Threescore miles and ten.
Can I get there by candle-light?—
Yes, and back again!
If your heels are nimble and light,
You may get there by candle-light.



THE little village of Grand Prē lay in a beautiful valley, where were fields of flax, corn, and orchards. The houses of the inhabitants were built in a substantial manner of oak and chestnut, with thatched roofs. The farmers lived peacefully together, and neither locked their doors nor barred their windows.

At some distance from the village lived the wealthiest farmer, whose name was Benedict Bellefontaine. He had only one child, named Evangeline, and all in the village loved her. She had many suitors, but the favored one was young Gabriel, the son of Basil the blacksmith, who had been a friend of Benedict from childhood. The children had grown up like brother and sister; they had sung the hymns at church out of the same book, and Father Felician, who was priest and teacher both, had taught them their letters.

When the harvest was over the winds whistled through the forest, and all the signs foretold a long and severe winter. Bees had filled their hives with honey till they had overflowed, and the Indian hunters marked the thick fur on the foxes. As the season advanced the shepherds came from the sea-side with the sheep, and the cattle came back to the homestead, and foremost came

Evangeline's beautiful snow-white heifer, wearing a bell tied to her neck with a ribbon. In the house, by the great fire-place, the farmer sat in his elbow-chair watching the flames and smoke as they rolled gracefully up the chimney, and smoking his pipe. Evangeline was seated near him spinning. As they sat there they heard footsteps, and, lifting the wooden latch, Basil the blacksmith entered with his son Gabriel. After they were seated Basil spoke of the English ships lying in the harbor, and of the cannon pointed towards the village, and that the next day they were all commanded to meet at the church to hear the proclamation of the king. While they were talking the notary entered with the contract for their children to be signed, and, when that was over, he drunk their health in good home-brewed ale, and took his leave.

The evening passed pleasantly away, and the guests went to their homes. The next morning was the feast of betrothal, and many came with fond wishes, and to dance in the orchard to the music of old Michael the fiddler. About noon the bell rung and a drum beat to summon them to the church, when an officer from the vessel proclaimed that all their lands, their dwellings, and cattle of all kinds were forfeited to the crown, and they themselves must be transported to other lands as prisoners.

Four days later the women had gathered their household goods together and driven them in wagons to the beach, where everything was in great confusion. Towards evening the men were marched from the church, and taken on board the ships. On looking back to bid farewell to their native village, they saw it all in flames. In the excitement Benedict fell lifeless to the ground. With the turn of the tide they were all hurried on board the vessels, and they sailed out of the harbor.

Years passed away; the exiles wandered from city to city, and among them was Evangeline, searching for Gabriel. She at last heard he had gone West, and, accompanied by Father Felician, sailed with a band of exiles down the Mississippi, and landed at a small town, where a horseman came to meet them, and they found in him their old friend Basil, who took them to his home. He told them that Gabriel had gone to the Ozark mountains to hunt for furs, and they all started in search of him, and after some days stopped at the camp of the Indian Mission, and learned that Gabriel had stopped there, but had gone to the north, and would return in the autumn; so Evangeline remained there, and Basil went home. A rumor came that Gabriel had gone to the lakes of St. Lawrence; so Evangeline followed to the forests of Michigan, and found the hunter's lodge deserted.

Long years went by, and at last she came to the city of Philadelphia,

founded by William Penn, and lived as a Sister of Mercy, and went among the sick day and night. Then a pestilence came, and one Sabbath she went to the almshouse, and moved noiselessly among the sick and dying. Suddenly she uttered a cry. An old gray-haired man lay before her, and she saw the features of her long lost Gabriel, and knelt beside him. He tried to speak her name, but was unable; and Evangeline kissed his dying lips and pressed his lifeless head to her bosom.

———:o:———



POOR DICK.

ILLIE stood looking into the cage where a little bird lay dead. Little Dick had lived in the ivy that grew over the house, but the gardener cut the ivy and had thrown the nest with three birds in it on the ground. Two were killed, but Tillie's nurse picked up little Dick and put him in a cage, and fed him and gave him some water.

They got chickweed for him, and gave him some sugar, and he hopped about the cage. Nurse and Tillie talked about birds and how they loved their little ones, and made nests for them, and taught them how to fly. When Tillie went to bed, she dreamed about birds which flew about in a garden and sang to her. She looked in the cage the first thing in the morning, but Dick had died in the night. Then they put him in a box, dug a grave in the garden, and buried poor Dick. Tillie was almost inconsolable for the loss of her bird, and to comfort her her mother bought a beautiful little yellow canary, which she grew quite fond of, and petted it until it was so tame it would come out of its cage and light on her shoulder. One day, when it was out, Kitty came slyly into the window, and before Tillie could prevent her had caught the bird and killed it; so Tillie determined she would never have any more pets. But she afterwards changed her mind; and she had a handsome white rabbit which followed her all about, and she thought even more of him than she had of her birds.

———:o:———

My first is found in every country of the globe, my second is what we all should be, my whole is the same as my first.—Man-kind.

PAPER AND PRINTING.

OUR young readers know, of course, that the paper we write on is made from rags. It is said that the ancients first wrote on leaves of the palm-tree, then on the inside of the bark, and afterwards on tables covered with wax, on which the characters were impressed with a sharp-pointed instrument. At last a tall plant growing in Egypt, called papyrus, was used.



FIRST PRINTING-PRESS.

The inventor of printing was a German named Guttenberg. At first it was not perfect by any means, the type used being made of wood and very unsatisfactory in many ways; but the art of printing was gradually improved until it was complete, and now very few, if any, improvements can be made.

———:o:———

WHY are words like arrows?—Because once sent, they never return.

WHY is evil-speaking like a carpet?—It ought to be put down.

MUSICAL MOUNTAINS.



WITHIN the past few years accounts have been published of at least two musical mountains: one in Colorado, the other in one of the western territories; but no one could explain the cause of the musical sounds.

The following description is given of a musical mountain located not far from Mount Sinai:

"Jebel Nágús receives its name from certain curious sounds which proceed from it, and which are supposed to resemble those of the wooden gong used in Eastern churches in lieu of bells. The mountain is composed of white, soft sandstone, and filling a large gully in the side facing west-south-west, is a slope of fine drift-sand about three hundred and eighty feet in height, eighty

yards wide at the base, and tapering toward the top, where it branches off into three or four narrow gullies. The sand lies at so high an angle to the horizon, nearly thirty degrees, and is so fine and dry, as to be easily set in motion from any point in the slope, or even by scraping away a portion from its base. When this is done, the sand rolls down with a sluggish, viscous motion, and it is then the sound begins—at first a low vibratory moan, but gradually swelling out into a roar like thunder, and as gradually dying away again, until the sand has ceased to roll. The sound seemed like air entering the mouth of a large metal vessel, and I could produce an imitation of it on a small scale, by turning my flask at a certain angle of the wind. We found the heated surface much more sensitive to sound than the cooler layers beneath, and that those parts of the slope which had laid long undisturbed produced a much louder and more lasting sound than those which had recently been set in motion, thus showing that the phenomenon is purely local and superficial, and due in some manner to the combined effects of heat and friction. A faint sound could also be produced by sweeping portions of the sand rapidly forward with the arm; and this caused such a peculiar tingling sensation in the operator's arm, as to suggest that some electrical influence was also at work. When a large quantity of the sand was set in motion, and the sound was at its height, a powerful vibration was felt, and straws stuck into the sand trembled visibly. The inclination of the slope is the 'angle of rest' of the sand in its normal condition; but excessive heat or drought, wind, animals running over the slope, falling rocks and many other causes, might act as a disturbing element. In any of these cases the sound would occur, and its spontaneous production, which has caused so much speculation, may be therefore easily accounted for. Besides the large slide there is a narrow slope to the north; and part of this being in shade the whole day long during the winter months, afforded us an opportunity of determining the comparative sensitiveness of the heated and cool sand. We found that the sand on the cool, shaded portion, at a temperature of sixty-two degrees, produced but a very faint sound when set in motion; while that on the more exposed parts, at a temperature of one hundred and three degrees, gave forth a loud and often startling noise."

———:o:———

1 2 3 4 5
I caught a hare alive;
6 7 8 9 10
I let her go again.

To market, to market,
To buy a plum bun;
Home again, come again,
Market is done.

SAND WHIRLWINDS.



IN Summer we welcome the least breath of air, but there are times when the wind makes terrible work. This picture shows the columns of sand raised by the whirlwind in the sandy deserts of Asia and Africa. The people who live in the desert think that some evil spirit who lives in the air takes this way of making himself seen. You can see the horsemen and camel-riders hurrying out of the way of the storm. How dreadful it must be to be placed in such a locality! We ought to be thankful we are not there, too.

A CYCLONE, OR WHIRLWIND.



YOU have all heard or read about the cyclones out West? Perhaps you live near where these dreadful calamities have happened? The picture above shows one of these dreaded visitants approaching a village, and the mother and her two children flying for their lives into the house. See how the lightning flashes, and look at the black cloud of dust and wind approaching! Sometimes houses are lifted up and ground to pieces, or else let fall quite a distance from where they were first put. In some parts of the country, where they have these wind-storms every year, they dig pits, and, when a storm approaches, they go there and hide till the storm is over.

———:o:———

WHEN does a man appear to run a risk of being burned to death?—When he smokes.

FINGAL'S CAVE.



FINGAL'S Cave, in the island of Staffa, on the west coast of Scotland, one of nature's wonders, is composed of immense columns of basalt, the color of them being a bluish gray. They vary in thickness from one to five feet, and are of very different heights. The sides of the cave are made of the pillars, and the flooring is evermore the restless, surging sea, whose echoes have given the cave its Gaelic name, "The Cave of Music." The arch of the roof is more than sixty feet above your boat. From side to side the passage is forty-two feet; but in your boat, if the sea is calm, you may enjoy the fairy scene, and confess to yourself its grandeur.

THE STEPPES OF SIBERIA.

A STEPPE means a vast plain in South-eastern Europe and Asia, generally elevated and containing no trees, and is very similar to our prairies. The picture shows travellers going in opposite directions on one of these vast plains.

A traveller thus describes his experience in crossing it: "The vast Asiatic plain stretched for more than 2,000 miles in length, and 1,200 miles wide. Over this space the various tribes wander with their flocks and herds. There were no plants. All appeared scorched up by the sun. There was a lake, twenty-five miles long and fifteen miles wide, with a belt of reeds two miles wide extending all around it. We entered upon a sandy waste, which was like a sea of sand. For miles the sand was hard like a floor. Hours went by without a particle of change; there wasn't even a cloud in the air to cast a shadow over us: all was glistening sand below and the fierce burning sun overhead. At noon the guides wanted to stop. The horses were picketed, but we could find neither grass nor water. I looked around with my glass, but everything was alike, and we were making no progress at all, apparently seeming to be where we started from. All around was red sand, called 'Kézil Koom.' We had ridden fourteen hours when night came on; the guides found their way by the stars. At last one of the guides said we were but two hours from grass and water, which the horses at last scented, and pressed on with renewed vigor. Soon we heard the loud barking of dogs and the shouting of men, and before long we were welcomed, when it was found we were not enemies, and taken to the chief's tent, where we soon fell asleep, having been in the saddle eighteen hours. The next day the scene was quite different. Great flocks of sheep, herds of camels, oxen and horses were grazing on the rich grass. Antelopes sprang up within range of our guns, gazing for a moment at us with their great black eyes, and then bounding away, hardly touching the ground."

Here is seen the beautiful mirage, and the dreadful sand storms as well. These are first seen at a vast distance, and when they are of moderate breadth, they are easily avoided; but when, as is sometimes the case, they extend for miles, there is real danger. A dense black cloud is seen rolling at a great height over the plain, sweeping along with fearful rapidity. Instinct warns animals of its approach, and they rush away at full speed. When such a storm reaches the pastures the scene is fearful. A confused mass of thousands of camels, horses and oxen is seen rushing madly in all directions.

THE TEA-PLANT.



CHINA is the home of the tea-plant, and the greater part of the tea used is from that country. Quantities are grown in Japan, Assam and India. It is an evergreen shrub, and the old leaves remain until the new ones come. It is not allowed to grow higher than four or five feet, though it would grow as high as thirty.

The tea-shrub in China is cultivated in small plantations, and the leaves are picked by the family, a leaf at a time, with gloved hands. These are dropped in small rattan baskets hung on the neck, which are emptied into larger ones, and carried to the curing places. There are several pickings. The first one is in April, when the buds and very young leaves are gathered. Soon the new leaves appear, and a second picking is made in May. The third is about the middle of June, and the fourth in August. The leaves of the first crop are the most valuable; the last are old, and make an inferior tea. Both green and black tea are made from the same leaves. When the leaves are dried quickly, they make green tea; but dried slowly, they turn dark and make black tea. The leaves are first dried in shallow baskets in the sun, and then put, a few at a time, into an iron or copper pan and stirred until dry; they are then emptied on a table, and rolled into rolls, dried again, sorted and packed.

When tea was first introduced into England a family had a present of a small quantity. They boiled some in a pot, and tried to eat it; but, finding it bitter, fried some. This was no better, and, after trying several other ways, the tea was put away as good for nothing.

———:o:———

WHY is a soldier like a vine?—Because he is 'listed, trained, has ten drills (tendrils), and shoots.

WHICH is heavier, a half or a full moon?—The half, because the full moon is as light again.

WHEN should you avoid the edge of a river?—When the hedges are shooting and the bull-rushes out.

WHY is gooseberry jam like counterfeit money?—Because it is not currant (current).



STORIES OF RIVERS IN AMERICA.

IF you follow our rivers to their heads you will find they run from some little stream in the mountains, and from lakes, and flow through woods and meadows until they reach the sea.

The discoverer of the Mississippi was a Spaniard named De Soto, who had killed thousands of Indians in battle, and went west through thick forests and came to this great river, one mile in width. They dared not cross, for there was a great body of Indians on the opposite bank; but marched down for four miles, where they crossed with the few men who were left, the greater part of a large army having wasted away by starvation. De Soto himself died soon afterwards, and was buried in the middle of the river he had discovered, and which has since become so famous.

You all of you know of, and many of our readers have sailed on, the beautiful Hudson, which has scenery along its banks unsurpassed by any in Europe and America.

In the Revolutionary War General Arnold made arrangements to place West Point in the hands of the British, and Major Andre was sent to complete the arrangements. The vessel which took him up the Hudson was fired upon, and it dropped down the stream. Andre was unable to reach his vessel, was captured, tried, condemned as a spy, and hung at Tappan.



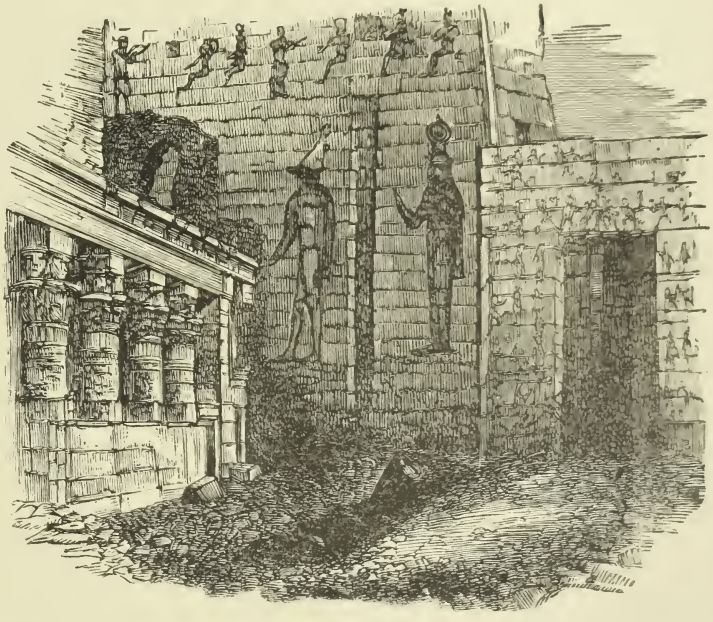
THE FLOWER GIRL.

THE RIVER NILE.

IT is only within a few years that people knew anything about the country along the Nile, in Egypt. The people are black, and generally very poor, and live principally on a kind of Indian corn and dates, those of Nubia being considered better than any others; and the leaves of the palm-trees, from which dates are grown, are finer and softer than any others.

There are interesting ruins in Nubia, those of the rock temple being the most wonderful. The immense statues outside represent a former king of Egypt. Wild birds are numerous. One species is called "Pharaoh's hens," which are a kind of small white vulture that frequents the desert, as well as the neighborhood of the river.

Dongola is where the governor lives. There is a sandy desert on each side of the river. No fresh meat can be bought here; it is all brought up the river. On this part of the Nile are great crocodiles and and water-lizards.



The houses of the better class are not well furnished. The beds are frames with strips of buffalo-hide stretched across, and mats are laid on these. They are used for seats in the daytime. Wooden bowls are used instead of crockery, and drinking-vessels are made from gourds. The Nubian woman's dress is a piece of dark blue calico wrapped around her waist and coming down to her ankles; her head and upper part of the body is covered with a white scarf, with a red border, which can be drawn over the face. She wears necklaces, bracelets, rings, earrings and anklets. The upper classes keep themselves clean by rubbing the skin every night with a kind of dough, and then with a fragrant oil. This is called quite refreshing.

THE TEMPLES OF INDIA.



THE Hindoos, like the Chinese, are a singular people; they are very religious, and yet worship idols, which they think represent God. Their priests are very learned men, and their land is full of temples. They have three principal gods, Brahma, the creator; Vishnu, the preserver; and Siva, the destroyer. They believe that, when Vishnu was a child (he was called Kreshna), he swallowed some dirt, and his brothers ran and told their mother. To see if they were telling the truth, she told him to open his mouth, and *saw three worlds there.*

It is said that Hindoos have a great many inferior gods, among whom are the Devas. They say that these Devas had a quarrel about the disposition of the principal god. One of the Devas at last proposed to settle the matter; so he went and kicked Siva. Siva became very angry, and spoiled millions of worlds before he was pacified. The Deva then kicked Brahma. He

grumbled, but didn't do anything. The Deva then kicked Vishnu, who was asleep. He awoke at once. He caught the foot that had struck him, and patting it said he hoped it wasn't hurt, and that he had not given pain to or offended the Deva.

Many stories have been told about the "Car of Juggernaut," and people being thrown under its wheels. All such tales are nonsense, because it isn't true. Juggernaut is one of the names Vishnu takes, and the worship of



HINDOO GODS.

Vishnu is associated with love. The mistake happened in this way: During the car festival there are great crowds, and accidents sometimes occur; and, in telling about it, people who saw it made the error of supposing their death was intentional.

Many of the Hindoos of the upper castes will undergo all sorts of self-inflicted torture, thinking they are purifying their souls. They will hang by one hand, or will allow their finger-nails to grow till they are several feet long. Sometimes the nails penetrate the flesh. Then, again, they will hold one of their arms or legs in one position so long that they lose the use of it entirely. But no matter how good and pure a Hindoo may be he can only hope to escape punishment, and his highest hope is to be absorbed into space and become nothing; otherwise his soul after he dies may enter a toad, a snake, a

horse, or any living animal; and that is why they will not destroy the life of any animal, because in doing so he interferes with some poor soul's progress upward.

They have the greatest respect for and worship monkeys as a superior race of beings, and one town is thickly settled with these imps, who are a source of the greatest annoyance. They also worship a white bull, that you have sometimes seen in the menageries; it has two humps on its back, much like the camel. But these people are fast learning to put aside all such vain delusions, and receive and believe the truth.

———:o:———

THE SAGACITY OF A GULL.

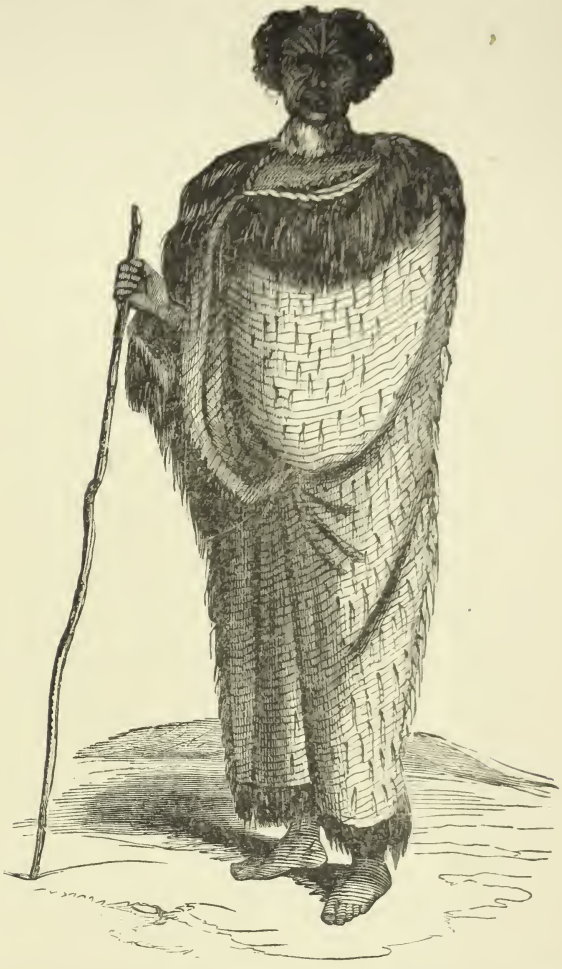
A CURIOUS incident occurred recently on one of the bridges crossing the river Limat, which flows through the city of Zürich, illustrating the sagacity of the gulls or terns frequenting some of the Swiss lakes. A gentleman who, for ammusement, was in the habit of feeding these birds with the refuse of meat, which they are fond of, had his hat knocked off into the rapid current below by one of the more eager gulls hovering around. The lookers-on laughed at the mishap; and a boat was about to be put out into the stream to secure the trophy, when, to the surprise of every one, a gull was noticed to dart down upon the hat, and, after several ineffectual attempts, succeeded at last in rising with it in its beak, and flying toward the bridge, to astonishment of every one, dropped the well-soaked hat where the bystanders at once secured it for its owner.

———:o:———

AN INTELLIGENT SWALLOW.

DR. W. F. MORGAN, of Leavenworth, Kan., communicates to *The Medical Record* a story which would indicate that swallows have considerable surgical skill as well as intelligence. In a nest he found a young swallow much weaker than its mate, which had one of its legs bandaged with horse-hairs. Taking the hairs away he found that the bird's leg was broken. The next time he visited the nest, he found the leg again bandaged. He continued to observe "the case," and in two weeks found that the bird was cautiously removing the hairs, a few each day. The cure was entirely successful.

THE NATIVE AUSTRALIANS.



THE native Australians live in hollow trees, made so by boring them out with fire. Ordinarily their food consists of shell-fish or bruised ants and grass, or they would make a hook out of a piece of oyster shell and fasten a line to it and catch fish. They are filthy beasts, and covered with lice. They are the most degraded people in the world. They are black, and have frizzled hair like negroes, and very lean arms and legs. Their principal ornament is the bone which they thrust through the nose, which makes them look very funny, and you can't help laughing every time you see one. They also tattoo their skin with all sorts of devices, and they have a habit of inflicting gashes on themselves, and then filling the cut with wood-ashes which would make nasty scars, causing ridges to appear all over the body. A gentleman, who spent many years in Australia, said that he was present once when the tribe was mourning the death of one of its members. They all sat in a circle around a fire perfectly quiet. After a while one began moaning, and gradually they all joined in; then the one who first started the chorus began to strike himself all over the body with a sharp instrument, and soon the entire party were shrieking and making a terrible noise, and wounding themselves in the most fearful manner. This continued a long while, till they were all exhausted. The next day they dressed their wounds with mud, and went around as usual as if nothing had happened. This old fellow in the picture looks quite peaceably disposed; but you can't tell what these wild people will do once they are aroused.

SOUTH AMERICAN INDIANS.



THE Indians of South America are much different from those of the United States. Their color is mahogany; their hair is black, straight and thick; forehead low, but broad; hands and feet very small; of medium height, but thick-set. The picture represents four of them riding wildly over the plains on horseback. As you will notice, they have no bridles nor saddles, but sit upon their horses as if they were enjoying the freedom from the use of such articles. Both horses and men seem to feel alike.

CHINESE LOCOMOTION.



IF one could gather together all the different means of travel used in different parts of the world, what a curious collection it would be! In Venice they use boats called gondolas; in China, a wheel-barrow, consisting of a single wheel, with a person on each side to balance it. Suppose one side were heavier than the other, would it not be funny to see them tumble over? Sometimes they use a sail to help push the wheel-barrow along. Just imagine such a contrivance coming down the main street! Would not the boys be out in full force to see what the strange contrivance was? In Lapland, a part of Russia, Iceland, and the northern part of America, the Esquimaux use dogs attached to a sled. They use no reins, but direct the animals by using the whip and calling to them.



THE JAPANESE.

THE Japanese are very much like their neighbors, the Chinese; but the resemblance is more in the color of their skin and the way they dress. It is only within the last thirty years that Americans and Englishmen have been allowed to enter the Mikado's empire; but the people are very quick to learn, and when General Grant visited them, ten years ago, he found railroads, telegraphs, and everything that you are accustomed to seeing every day. They are very fond of flowers, and their country is called the "flowery kingdom," on that account. One flower, that perhaps you have often seen and know all about, the Camelia, grows forty feet high there.



JAPANESE LADY.

Thirty-five years ago a vessel visited one of their ports, and the captain and part of his officers and crew went ashore; but they took good care to stay near their boat. The Japanese, however, treated them so nicely that they were easily persuaded to visit the castle the next day. The captain and all his officers went to the castle, when they were quickly seized, and their hands, arms, legs and feet tied; and they were put in jail, and kept prisoners a long while. When Commodore Perry, of the United States Navy, visited that

country a few years afterward, he was treated much better; but, whenever the party approached a village, the women all scampered away. The interpreter, when spoken to about it, lied, and said the women were modest and afraid. But Perry told the interpreter that it wasn't so. The guide laughed, because to be able to lie and not be caught is considered something to be proud of. The Japanese women are quite pretty, but very small, being less than five feet high. They dress in silk and cotton. Their clothes are made like that in the picture. They paint their faces, shave off their eyebrows, and blacken their teeth; they think this makes them prettier. They are very social, and have tea-parties, where they have music, card-playing, and do pretty much as we do. Their furniture is very scanty. They spread mats on the floor, and at night bring out pillows and bed-covers, open screens, which divide the room into compartments, and lie on the floor and sleep. In the morning they put away their pillows and bedclothes, fold up their screens, sweep the floor, and their housework is done. They are great readers, and the number of novels printed each year is wonderful. They are printed from wooden blocks, and they use one side only of the paper because it is so thin, as it is made from the bark of a tree. The very poorest and commonest kind of people there both read and write, which is more than can be said of a great many other countries.



JAPANESE FAMILY.

Their principal product is rice, which takes the place of bread. They also grow oranges, lemons, peaches, plums, figs, chestnuts, apples, and something

else you all know about, which mother puts in your clothes to keep out the moths. I hear you all say, "Camphor." Well, you are right; it is made from the gum of an evergreen tree.

They have gold, silver and copper mines, and make steel and porcelain. You will find there cats and dogs, sheep, goats, horses, oxen, hogs, etc.

The better classes of the Japanese wear wide trousers and swords. The men are about five feet high, and the women between four and five feet. Their walk is very funny, as they wear high-heeled clogs, and turn their toes in, which makes them waddle.

———:o:———

WHY is a shoe-black like an editor?—Because he polishes the understandings of his patrons.

———:o:———

WHEN did Moses sleep five in a bed?—When he slept with his forefathers.

———:o:———

WHY is a man looking for a philosopher's stone like Neptune?—Because he is sea-king what never was.

———:o:———

WHY is the letter K like a pig's tail?—Because it is the end of pork.

———:o:———

WHERE can happiness always be found?—In the Dictionary.

———:o:———

WHAT is the color of a grass-plat covered with snow?—Invisible green.

———:o:———

STRICTLY speaking how many days are there in a year?—Three hundred and twenty-five—forty are Lent, and never returned.

———:o:———

How many dog-days are there in a year?—Three hundred and sixty-five; every dog has its day.

———:o:———

WHY does a miller wear a white hat?—To keep his head warm.

PENN'S TREATY WITH THE INDIANS.

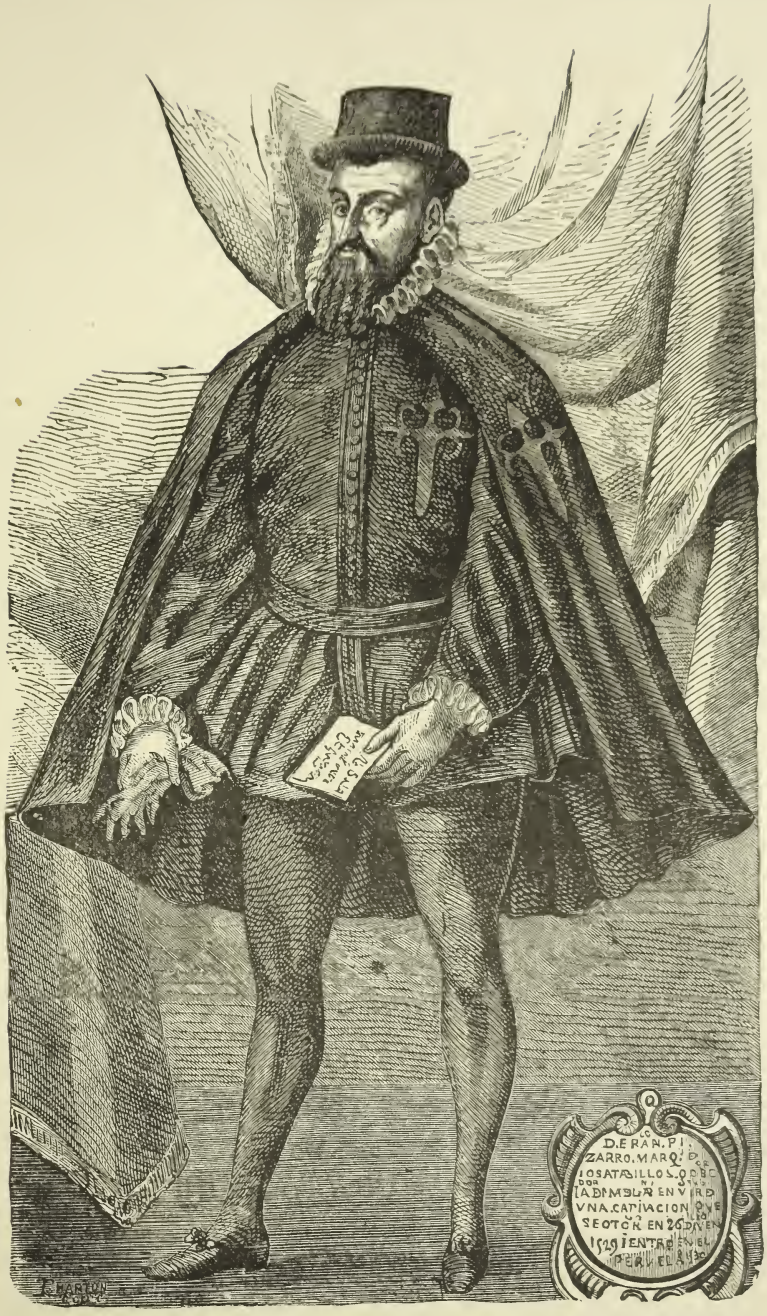
VERY few people there are who haven't heard a great deal about the Indian wars with the first settlers of America; but there was one colony where then oble Red man was the Paleface's friend. William Penn, a Quaker of England, secured a grant of a portion of America, now comprising the state of Pennsylvania. But, with the stern sense of justice that is peculiar to the Friends, Penn was not satisfied till he had paid the possessors of the soil what they thought their land was worth. In 1682 he had his agent make a treaty with them, and the chiefs of all the tribes met together in Philadelphia, and exchanged words of peace. The tree under which the treaty was made was still standing a few years ago, and was then blown down.



PIZARRO.

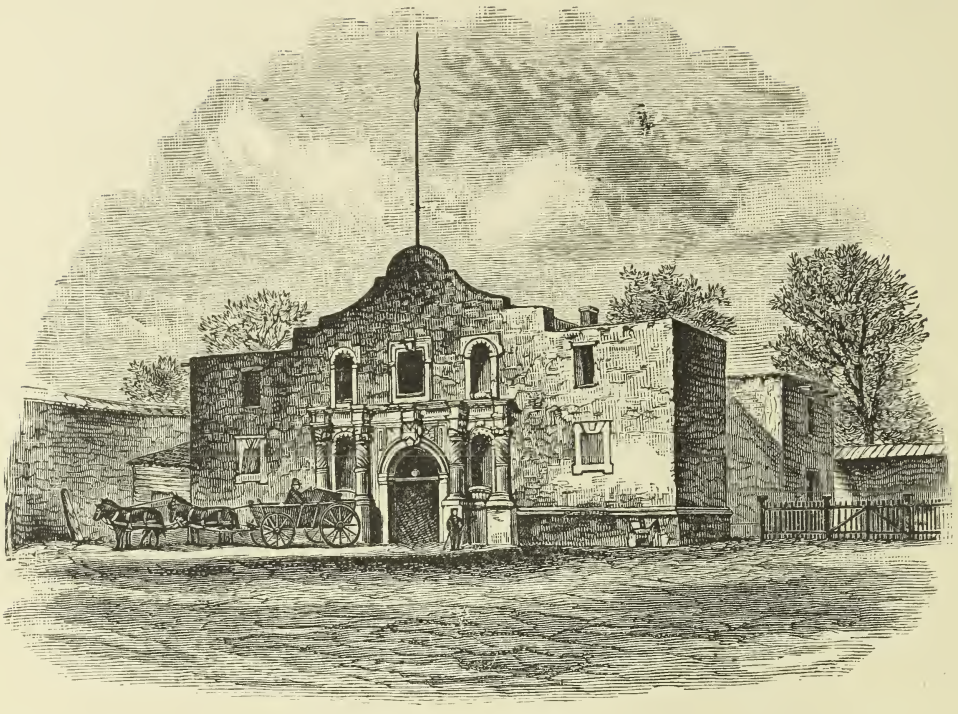


PIZARRO was the name of the discoverer and conqueror of Peru. He was born (1471) in Spain, and was the son of a colonel in the Spanish army. Of his boyhood nothing is known; but he was neglected, and had little or no education. When he became a man he took part in one of the expeditions to America, which had just then been discovered, and was with Balboa when he discovered the Pacific, and afterward learned of a country south of Panama; and, failing to get help from the governor of that province, he returned to Spain, and was made by the Queen captain-general of a country 842 miles in length, along the newly discovered coast, "provided he raised a sufficient number of men to conquer it." He left Spain in January, 1530, with less than the required number, but was afterward joined by his brother with the remainder at Panama, from whence he sailed the following January, with 180 men, twenty-seven horses and three ships, and established a footing in Peru, and then started for the interior, May, 1532. On the 15th of the following November, Pizarro entered Caxamarca. He murdered the Inca Atahualpa who had just vanquished his brother, Inca Huascar, whose portrait you see above. He permitted the rightful heir to be crowned, March 24, 1534. His confederate Almagro then undertook an expedition into Chili, and Pizarro founded the city of Lima, January 18, 1535. The following year the Incas made a brave attempt to expel the invaders, who were besieged; but Almagro returning rescued them from their danger, and compelled the Peruvians to retreat. Afterward the two Pizarros and Almagro quarreled as to their respective shares of the newly acquired country, and finally they went to battle, and Almazro was defeated, April 26, 1538, and he was executed shortly after. His followers recognized his half-caste son as his successor. Bitterly discontented they conspired at Lima, and assassinated Pizarro, June 26, 1542. Meanwhile the Emperor of Spain had sent out Vaca De Castro, who, hearing of Pizarro's murder, assumed the title of Governor



of Peru, and on September 16, 1542, he defeated the army of the young Almagro, and the unfortunate boy was beheaded at Cuzco.

THE ALAMO.



SEE this picture. Do you know what it represents? I'll tell you. It is an historical spot, as every man defending it was slaughtered. There is but one other event in American history equal to it—the massacre of General Custer by the Indians on our plains some years ago. For several years the Americans, who had settled in Texas, had been trying to establish an independent Republic, that they might govern themselves, and not be compelled to remain under the dictation of Mexico, which country never lost an opportunity to insult them. In January, 1836, Santa Anna, the general-in-chief of the Mexican army, afterwards President of Mexico, determined to drive the Americans out of Texas, and declared every one of them pirates, giving his generals orders to kill all who were taken prisoners, as Americans should no longer live in that country. February 22d, Colonel Travis, with about 145 men, retreated into the Alamo, a large convent building in San Antonio, surrounded by a strongly-built wall, that had been erected to protect the convent and its people against the Indians. The next day they were besieged by about 6,000 Mexicans under Santa Anna, who placed heavy cannon in position all around them, and for eleven days bombarded them fiercely.

Colonel Travis sent for reinforcements, and succeeding in adding to his force thirty-two men, making nearly 180 men inside of the Alamo. The Americans had but very little ammunition, and were afraid to use it in reply to the heavy cannonade of the Mexicans, wishing to save all they could for the final assault, which these brave men knew must shortly follow. March 6th, which was on Sunday, the whole Mexican army advanced upon the place, while the heroic band of Americans poured such a fire of grape, canister, and musketry upon them that, though 6,000 to 180, they were compelled to fall back in disorder twice. Rallying again, they succeeded in entering the enclosure, and turned their cannon upon the convent, where some of the Americans had found refuge. The slaughter was terrific. Colonel Travis, the commander, was killed early in the action, being shot through the head, though, after he was wounded, he killed a Mexican who attempted to run him through with a spear. David Crockett, whose history nearly all of our little friends are acquainted with, as he was one of the well-known border men of those days, was found dead, surrounded by nearly a score of Mexicans, whom he had succeeded in killing before they overpowered him. Out of all this little band of heroes not one escaped. A few, finding the contest useless, surrendered to the Mexicans, but were immediately murdered by them. A colored man and two ladies were spared, as they were not engaged in fighting. Think of this, little friends. Do you wonder that Texans are proud of the Alamo, and show it to all strangers who visit San Antonio to-day? The bones of these Americans were collected the next year and buried with great military honors.

The Alamo is now occupied by the United States as a quarter-master's depot. Do not fail to see it, should you ever visit Texas, the "Lone Star State."

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THE LAZY MAIDEN.

THERE was once a little maiden who was very pretty, but careless and lazy. When she used to spin, if there was a knot in the thread, she broke off a long piece and threw it on the ground. She had a servant girl, who used to pick up all the pieces, until she had enough to make a dress for herself.

A young man was in love with this lazy maiden, and the wedding day was appointed. The evening before, the servant girl danced about in her new dress, and the bride exclaimed: "How the girl does jump round, dressed in my threads and leavings!" The bridegroom asked what she meant. She told him the girl had made herself a dress from threads she had thrown away. When he heard this he gave up the mistress and chose the maid for his wife.

THE EARLY SETTLERS OF KENTUCKY.



OUR little friends have heard a great deal about Daniel Boone, one of the settlers of Kentucky, and the bravest of that band of heroes who made their homes in what is now one of the most beautiful parts of this great country.

Read this little story, and you will then see what great dangers he met almost daily from the Indians, who were lurking about for the purpose of making the settlers prisoners, or taking their scalps. Indians and whites met often, and one was sure to die before the combat ended.

Late on a Sunday afternoon, in July, 1776, three little girls left Boonesborough, to amuse themselves with a canoe upon the river that flowed by the fort; and, before they were aware of their danger, they were seized by savages, their canoe was drawn ashore, and they were hurried off toward the Indian towns in Ohio. Their screams were heard at the fort, and the cause well guessed. Two of the girls were daughters of Colonel Richard Calloway; the third, of Daniel Boone. Both fathers were away from home; but, as soon as they returned, they organized parties to follow the Indians—Colonel Calloway starting with a mounted party, to head them off, if possible, before they could cross the Ohio river, or before the little girls should become so tired that they could not go any further, and be tomahawked by their captors.

Boone started on foot upon their trail, directly through the thickets and canebrakes. His rule was never to ride if he could possibly walk; and he always went in this way—his journeys, hunts, escapes and pursuits being on foot.

He had eight men with him, and the little reader can imagine how anxious he was to come upon the Indians and rescue his own child and those of his friend and neighbor. Besides his anxiety, three of the party were lovers of the girls; and their hearts beat very warmly when they thought of the terrible sufferings those they loved might have to undergo. No wonder that they were very active, and could not rest a moment until they had saved the girls. You would feel just as anxious, were you placed in the same situation.

Betsey, the oldest of the girls, marked the trail, as the Indians hurried them along, by breaking twigs and bending bushes, a trick she had learned from the settlers; and, when threatened with the tomahawk if she did not stop, she tore small pieces from her dress and dropped them, so that those who were coming might know that this was the route that the Indians had taken. Where the ground was soft, she would press her foot down hard so as to leave the print of it. The flight was in the best Indian method. The Indians marched some yards apart, through the bushes and canebrakes, and compelled their captives to do the same. When a creek was crossed, they would walk into the middle of it, follow it up some distance, then cross to the other side; so that all trace of them might be lost to those behind.

Boone and his men were not able to go far the first day, as it was soon dark; but he had fixed in his mind the course they had taken, and very early in the morning started out again in hot pursuit. The chase was continued, with all possible speed, for over thirty miles that day, till night came upon them and compelled them to halt. In the morning they were after the redskins, bright and early. It was but a short time before they discovered smoke rising in the distance, showing them that the savages were cooking their breakfast of buffalo meat; and the party approached cautiously, fearing that the Indians might discover them, slay the girls, and escape.

Colonel John Ford, who was one of the party (afterwards killed by Indians), thus describes the attack, and the rescue, in a letter written the next Sunday:

"Our study had been how to get the prisoners without giving the Indians time to murder them after they discovered us. Four of us fired, and all of us rushed on them, by which they were prevented from carrying anything away, except one shot-gun without any ammunition. Colonel Boone and myself had each a pretty fair shot as they began to move off. I shot one through the body. The one he shot dropped his gun; mine had none. The place was covered with thick cane; and, being so much pleased to recover the three poor little heart-broken girls, we were prevented from making any further search. We sent the Indians off almost naked, some without their moccasins, and none of them with so much as a knife or tomahawk. After the girls came to themselves sufficiently to speak, they told us there were five Indians; they could speak good English, and said they should go to the Shawanese towns. The war-club we got was like those I have seen of that nation, and several words of their language, which the girls retained, were known to be Shawanese."



"WAR EAGLE."

AN INDIAN STORY.

"GUESS we'd be mighty snug here, Jim, if it warn't for them sneakin' Injuns."

"That's so, Bill. It's a mighty likely place for 'em jist here; and I reckon" (passing his big brown hand over a huge shaggy mop of red hair) "I've got a scalp that would bring any redskin after me, if he once set eyes on it."

The speakers were two sturdy American hunters, who were sitting with their rifles across their knees beside a blazing fire, the glare of which reddened the stems of the tall pines amid which their camp had been pitched, and showed the figures of several other men outstretched on the ground, as if asleep.

The expedition to which the two veterans had attached themselves had been sent out to look for a new route through a wild tract of hilly country in the far west of North America. The party had just reached the most dangerous point of their whole march, and the two sentinels sat with their loaded rifles across their knees, and their ears strained to catch the slightest sound.

"I reckon, though, there's *one* man in the camp that has a finer show of ha'r than you, Jim," said Bill, after a pause.

"You mean the Dutch doctor yonder? Well, *he* has," assented Jim, with a jerk of his elbow toward a small round figure, which, seated a little way off, with its back against a tree, seemed intent on something that lay in its lap.

The "Dutch doctor" (better known to his friends as Professor Karl Buchmann) was a perpetual wonder, not only to the two backwoodsmen, but to all the rest of their party. That he had "grit" (bravery) could not be denied, for he had proved his courage in more than one awkward scrape; but his passion for picking up weeds and roots, and pulling them about for hours together, in the pursuit of his favorite study of botany, made his new companions look upon him as a kind of harmless madman.

But the most remarkable thing about our professor was his *hair*. The splendid crop of curls that crowned his broad forehead surpassed, as Bill had said, every other head in the camp; and it was no wonder that the sly hints about Indians and scalping, which the two hunters kept constantly letting fall in his presence, seemed to disturb Herr Buchmann very considerably.

"I reckon," resumed Jim meditatively, "there's a man not far from here that 'ud like nothing better than to take that Dutchman's scalp; and if we don't see something of him 'fore we git through these hills, call Jim Barlow an idiot."

"I guess you mean War Eagle, the big chief of the 'Crow Indians?'"

"That's him; did ye ever meet him?"

"No—nor don't want to, neither."

"You're right thar, Bill; for when you do, you wont forget it in a hurry. *I* fell in with him once, not far away from whar we are now; and here's what he gave me to remember him by."

And, throwing back his deerskin hunting-shirt, the speaker displayed a fearful scar on his left shoulder.

"That was a good lick, anyhow," said Bill, eyeing the mark with not a little professional appreciation.

"Yes! and if poor old Jack Harris (him that was killed on the Yellowstone 'bout a year after that) hadn't sent a bullet in his arm 'fore he could fetch me another lick, I reckon I wouldn't have been sittin' here to-night."

"Hollo!" cried Bill, springing to his feet, "what's that?"

The crack of his rifle was answered by a sharp howl of pain, which was instantly drowned in the terrific yell of the Indian war-whoop, breaking out, as it seemed, on every side of them at once.

Then a swarm of dusky figures, hideous in fantastic war-paint, came bursting out of the darkness right upon them.

Jim Barlow's rifle cracked in its turn, and down went another of the enemy, while the roused sleepers, leaping nimbly from the ground, stood to their arms with the cool promptitude of men accustomed to danger. But the boldest of them recoiled as a giant form bounded forward into the firelight, displaying on his bare brown chest the rude outline of a *black eagle*.

"War Eagle!" shouted Jim, darting toward him. "At last! I've owed him something this long time, and now I'm just a goin' to pay him."

His hand was raised to strike, but before the blow could fall, he was himself grappled by a powerful Indian, and the two rolled on the ground together, struggling furiously. The savage at length managed to draw his knife, and

it would have gone hard with honest Jim had not his enemy been suddenly knocked senseless by a tremendous blow from the but-end of Bill's rifle.

"Saved your scalp this time, mate," said the triumphant Bill, coolly; "but don't do it again."

"No, I wont," answered Jim, staggering to his feet. "But wherever has War Eagle gone?"

"Yonder he goes," cried Bill. "Look out, purfessor, or that scalp o' yourn wont be on hand when you want it!"

Poor Professor Buchmann—who, even with death staring him in the face, had busied himself in putting safely away the "specimens" which he had been sorting—had not even time to catch up his rifle before the enemy was upon him. A sudden flare of the half-extinguished fire lighted up the grim face of a dark figure that came rushing toward him, and Buchmann saw with dismay that his assailant was no other than the dreaded "War Eagle" himself.

The professor's magnificent head of hair had at once caught the keen eye of the savage, who flew at him like a tiger, brandishing his tomahawk in one hand, while seizing with the other the hair which he already counted his own in the form of a "scalp." But instantly the whole mass of hair (for it was only a *wig*) came off in his grasp, and the Indian went sprawling on his back, the tomahawk flying out of his hand as he fell!

A moment more, and he would have been up again, more furious than ever, but the professor was too quick for him. The instant he saw the Indian fall, he pounced upon the tomahawk which the latter had let drop, and with one good blow laid the terrible War Eagle senseless at his feet.

That blow decided the battle. The Indians, confounded by the double wonder of the "movable scalp" and the fall of their famous chief before a far weaker man, gave way at once, while the white men rallied, and chased them off the field helter-skelter.

Professor Buchmann recovered his wig, and although sorely vexed at this public revelation of his baldness, was somewhat comforted by finding himself the hero of the whole party from that day forth.

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PUSSY-CAT, pussy-cat, where have you been?
I've been to London to visit the queen!
Pussy-cat, pussy-cat, what did you there?
I frighten'd a little mouse under her chair.

THE INDIANS.

THE Indians of the present day are altogether different from those who met the first settlers who landed on Plymouth Rock. While he is still crafty and treacherous, the Red man of to-day is so degraded his grandfather would not know him were he alive. He lives chiefly on a reservation near a fort, and receives his allowance of food and clothing from the government;



INDIANS ON THE WAR-PATH.

but he is a lazy, good-for-nothing fellow, and gets drunk whenever he can get any whiskey. He usually wears the cast-off garments of the soldiers, or he trades his own property for whiskey the first chance he gets. However, there are some wild Indians still left, and our picture shows a band of them in one of the lava-beds of the Rocky mountains. Every once in a while some of the tribes who live on a reservation—that is, a section of the country set aside for them to hunt in, will get mad because some bad white men will encroach on their property, and they put on their war-paint and go out on the war-path.

Then Uncle Sam sends his soldiers after them. You know General Custer and his entire company of soldiers were all killed by the savages not many years ago. We should all be thankful that we can go to bed at night, and not be wakened by the wild war-whoop, and find big painted Indians dancing around the house, setting fire to buildings, shooting and scalping your father and mother, and dashing the baby's brains out against a tree.

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WHY is a clergyman like a locomotive?—Because you are to look out for him when the bell rings.

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WHAT would be a good motto for a doctor?—Patients and long suffering.

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INDIAN MEDICINE MEN.



THE Indian tribes of North America generally contain a few "medicine" men, who are the laziest and at the same time sharpest men in the tribe. They profess to be wizards, and to do all sorts of impossible things; but, though called "medicine" men, they have, as a rule, nothing to do with healing, the doctors of the tribe being usually some old women. They are, however, expected to cure those diseases which the old woman doctor has given up, and are supposed to be able to cause rain to fall, to make fishes, or beavers, or buffaloes plentiful, and to perform other wonders. Indians being very superstitious people, these men—who are neither more nor less than clever conjurers and rogues—get a good living by imposing upon the simple men and women. They dress in strange attire, sometimes in a cloak of bird's feathers, or a bear-skin, with its head, legs, and claws (as in the picture), or in a beaver's skin; at other times they will put on horrible masks, or paint their bodies with hideous designs. But when a "medicine" man makes a mistake, or is found out in any of his tricks, he is severely punished, and often killed.

THE BURNING OF DEERFIELD.

DO my young readers want an Indian story? Well, you shall have a true one of the destruction of Deerfield, in what is known in history as "King Phillip's War." Did you ever hear of "King Phillip," who was king of a tribe of Indians, and made a great deal of trouble in the Eastern States in early times? He had his wigwam and those of his tribe near Mt. Hope, Massachusetts, about the year 1670. He had been at peace with the whites for nearly three years, and had promised them he would not molest them; but, being fearful that they were going to rob him of his lands and drive him from his home, he decided to get rid of them by killing them, and had his warriors sharpen their tomahawks and get ready for the war-path.

Just as everything was arranged, his plans were discovered, but he pretended to be friendly to the whites, and signed another treaty for three years more; still he kept on his preparations, until the 20th of June, 1675, when, without a moment's notice, he fell upon the town of Swansee, Massachusetts, and burned every house in it, but killed no one.

A few days later he, with his warriors, attacked the people of that town again, and killed a number of them, and scalped the rest. The colonists saw they would all be killed, and raised a body of troops to capture King Phillip and all his warriors. Again he was cunning, and hid in a swamp, where he was not found for some time, when the soldiers attacked him, but he drove them off and escaped. He was attacked once more, but, being too strong, the whites retreated into a large building, which the savages danced around, singing their scalp songs, and then set fire to a load of hemp and pushed it against the building, intending to burn the soldiers out; but a hard rain came and the settlers were saved.

King Phillip was desperate and determined not to stop until every white man was killed, and on the 5th of September he fell upon them near Deerfield, where both fought desperately and the Indians retreated.

A week later, they made another attack, which was more successful, and, after killing nearly all the inhabitants, set fire to the town, and only one house was unburned.

You will see in the picture how horribly the whites were treated, and for a while they were downhearted; but the white men had come to stay, and the Indians had to go.



You will find a complete history of this great Indian king in the history of the United States, and learn what became of him. It will interest you greatly.

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Blow, wind, blow! and go, mill, go!
That the miller may grind his corn;
That the baker may take it,
And into rolls make it,
And send us some hot in the morn.

Clap hands, clap hands!
Till father comes home;
For father's got money,
But mother's got none.
Clap hands, etc.



LEXINGTON.

THE Revolutionary War was begun because the English tried to tax the American Colonies unjustly, and annoy them with tyrannical and vexatious exactions.

You are all familiar with how a party of Bostonians, disguised as Indians, attacked a lot of English vessels in Boston harbor containing tea, which they threw overboard. This was about the first act of open rebellion, and the Americans prepared for the coming conflict by storing a large quantity of arms and ammunition at Concord, eighteen miles from Boston. These the British troops in Boston were commanded by General Gage to destroy. They started on the evening of April 18th, 1775, about 800 strong. They crossed Charles river from the foot of Boston Common about eleven o'clock at night, and commenced a quick march for Concord. Though they tried to be very quiet about it, yet they were discovered by the watchful colonists, and many messengers were sent out to alarm the country, and a general uprising was the result. The Americans assembled at Lexington to resist the advance of the British. The colonists numbered about sixty. They were fired upon by the enemy, and many of them killed. The British then proceeded to Concord. Meanwhile, the greater part of the military stores had been removed to a place of safety, but the English became alarmed as they

found their return was almost cut off, and beat a hasty retreat. A stand was made at Concord bridge, but the British forced their way through. Every patch of trees, every rock, every stream of water, every building, every stone was lined with a continual fire. Every cross-road opened a new avenue to the assailants. On all the surrounding hills were crowds of aged and infirm, of women and children who had fled for safety. Every height was covered with the avengers of their slaughtered countrymen. The English were demoralized. This wanton attack kindled the fires of war that never burned out until the British laid down their arms at Yorktown, eight years afterwards.



After the conflict between the British troops and the American colonists at Lexington and Concord, the people flew to arms in every direction. The farmer dropped his plough and shouldered his musket, and in a very short while fifteen thousand determined patriots were assembled around Boston. Thinking the British intended occupying the hills that overlooked and commanded the surrounding country, the Americans proceeded to Bunker Hill, but advanced still nearer the British and took possession of Breed's Hill, which commanded the whole inner harbor of Boston. This hill they fortified. The war ships in the harbor opened a dreadful cannonade upon the daring, inexperienced defenders of their country. This occurred on June 17, 1775. That day at noon the British began to attack the fortifications on land. At three o'clock the British formed their columns and advanced, but were repulsed. They renewed their attack. Meanwhile, they had set fire to Charlestown, which added to the terror of the scene.

General Warren lost his life here fighting in the ranks as a common soldier. The engraving shows the gallant general lying on the field of battle in the pangs of death.

THE RIDE OF PAUL REVERE.

NOT a man is alive who remembers the famous ride of Paul Revere to Concord on the eighteenth of April, 1775.

It was agreed between him and a friend that, if the British marched from the town, a lantern should be hung in the North Church tower, and, if they crossed Charles river, that two lanterns should be hung in the arch of the belfry; and he would be on the opposite shore, and give the alarm in every village and town in Middlesex county, so that the people could be up and armed.



His friend was wandering through the streets and lanes listening with eager ears, when he heard in the stillness of night the sound of arms, and the tramp of the grenadiers down to their boats on the shore. He climbed quietly to the tower of the church, and up the wooden stairs to the belfry-chamber.

In the meantime Paul Revere—booted, spurred and ready to mount—stood impatiently by the side of his horse watching the belfry-tower.

As he looked he saw a glimmer, then a gleam of light. He sprang to the saddle, and, looking again, saw a second light in the tower. He started, and the sparks flew from his horse's hoofs.

When he crossed the bridge into Medford, it was twelve by the village

clock; when he rode into Lexington, it was one. He roused all the inhabitants as he came through, with loud calls and knocks at their doors.

You know how the British regulars fired, and how the farmers, in their shirt-sleeves, chased the red-coats, firing from behind every tree and stone wall, stopping only to load and fire.

They followed them to Boston, where they put themselves under the protection of the guns of the men-of-war. Their loss was three times as many as the Americans in killed, wounded and missing.

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WHERE SUGAR COMES FROM.

THE SUGAR-CANE is a strong kind of grass, and is raised principally in Java and Cuba. This grows from eight to twenty feet high, having solid-jointed stems one or two inches thick. These stems are filled with sweet, loose, juicy pith. As each joint ripens its leaves wither; the tops are cut off for slips to plant. The same kind of sugar that we get from the sugar-cane is found in the sap of several forest trees, especially maple; in the roots of some plants, such as the beet and parsnip, and in most sweet fruits.

Cane-sugar can only be obtained from vegetable juices, by boiling down and granulating. It is this sugar that we have on our tables. A kind of sugar can be made from woollen rags, from starch, and from woody fibre. The sugar-cane is a native of the far East. Sugar was first brought into Europe from the East, one thousand years ago, but the climate is not favorable for the cultivation. Large quantities of sugar are raised in Louisiana and Lower Florida.

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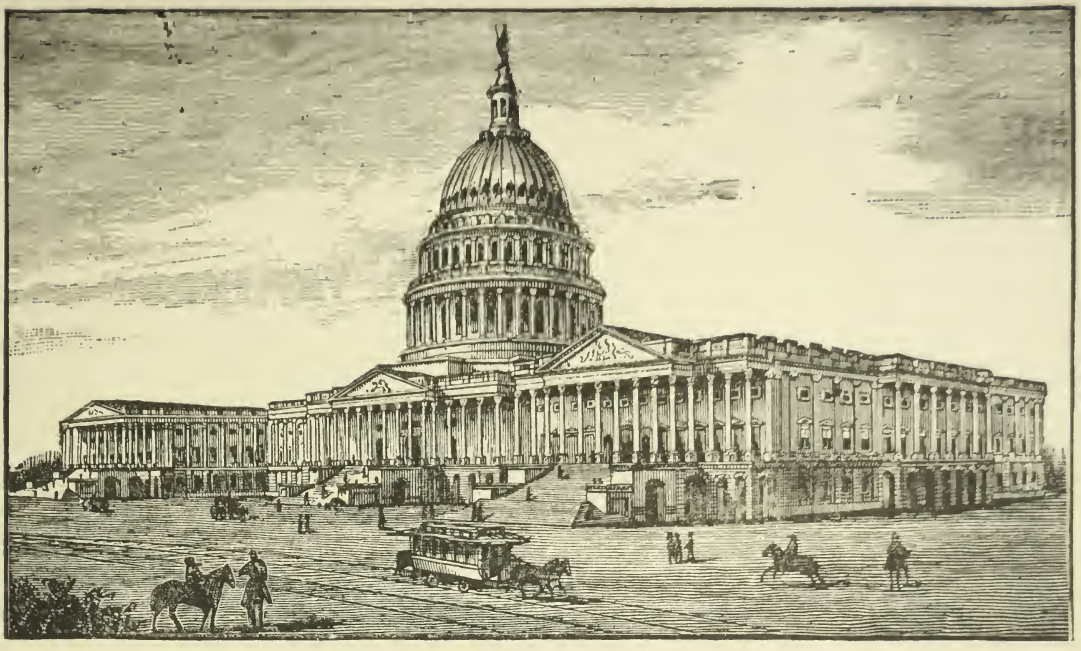
WHEN are soldiers like writers for the press?—When they charge by the column.

WHY is an elephant unlike a tree?—A tree leaves in the spring, but an elephant leaves when the menagerie does.

WHY are temperance men a band of robbers?—Because they rob the poorhouse of its inmates, and crime of its victims.

OF what person are you reminded in the completion of a building?—A house-maid.

THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON.



VERY many people confound the words Capital and Capitol. Capital means the "head," "chief;" for instance, you would say capital punishment, meaning a person is punished by killing them, which formerly was done by beheading; now-a-days hanging is the method usually employed. Then we speak of the capital city. Boston is the capital of Massachusetts, Albany of New York, Richmond of Virginia, Washington of the United States; and they are so called, not because they are the principal or chief cities, but because the chiefs of the people—those who have charge of the government—make the laws there, and issue the orders to have them carried into effect. The house or building where the legislative bodies meet, whether State or National, is called the *capitol*, and the picture above shows the magnificent building at Washington where Congress assembles, and makes laws to govern you and me, and everybody who lives in the United States. You know the city of Washington wasn't always the capital. The government first had its seat in Philadelphia, where the nation had its birth, and where the Declaration of Independence was proclaimed. It was not until 1800 that Washington became the capital, although the corner-stone of the capitol was laid, September 18, 1793, by General Washington himself. In 1811 the south wing was

finished, but work was discontinued on account of the war with England; and in August, 1814, the British, under General Ross and Admiral Cochrane, defeated the Americans, entered Washington, set fire to and destroyed every public building except the patent-office, and the beautiful but unfinished capitol was left a mass of ruins. However, it was rebuilt, and completed by 1825.

It is composed of a main building, 325 feet, four inches long, and two wings north and south, each 121 feet in length, making the entire structure 569 feet long and 290 feet deep. The rotunda in the centre is ninety-six feet in diameter. The roof is sixty-nine feet in height, and the dome extends 241 feet above, making it 310 feet above the terrace, which is eighty-six feet above the street, giving a total height above the city of 396 *feet*. The building covers 6,200 square feet, and is finished throughout in the most magnificent manner. The walls and ceiling of the dome and rotunda are covered with most beautiful frescos. The House of Representatives occupies the south wing (right side of picture), and the Senate chamber is in the north wing (left side of picture).

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Pussy Cat Mole,
Jump'd over a coal,
And in her best petticoat burnt a great hole.
Poor Pussy's weeping, she'll have no more milk,
Until her best petticoat's mended with silk.

Rock-a-bye, baby, thy cradle is green;
Father's a nobleman, mother's a queen;
And Betty's a lady, and wears a gold ring;
And Johnny's a drummer, and drums for the king.

———:o:———

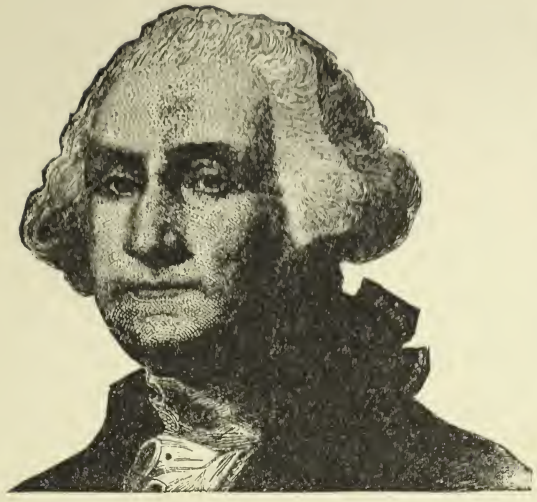
1. This little pig went to market.
2. This little pig stayed at home.
3. This little pig got roast beef.
4. This little pig got none.
5. This little pig cried wee, wee, all the way home.

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the moon;
The little dog laughed to see such sport,
And the dish ran after the spoon.

———:o:———

Why are bells the most obedient of inanimate things?—Because they make a noise whenever they are tolled (told).

THE BOYHOOD OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.



GEORGE WASHINGTON was born in a time when Indians had scarcely left the woods and the pirates the shore near his home. His grandfather had seen his neighbor lying tomahawked at his door-sill, and his father had helped to chase beyond the mountains the whooping savages that carried the scalps of his friends at their girdle.

He had only one uncle and no aunt; a brother Lawrence, and a cousin Lawrence, a brother Augustine, and a cousin Augustine, all older than he; and a sister Betty, one year younger, and three little brothers, Samuel, John and Charley. A baby sister, born soon after he was seven, died before he was nine.

Chotauk, where they lived, was one of a Virginia boy's wonderful places. The ships came there to trade; there was the general storehouse of the crops; there the planters met the outer world.

The crop was principally tobacco. A planter would place twenty thousand pounds of tobacco at a public warehouse, and take as receipts one hundred or one thousand pounds tobacco notes, which passed as money in all the country round. Foreign ships brought across the ocean goods that the Virginians needed, and the captain sold the goods for these tobacco notes; and then they carried the notes to the tobacco warehouses and exchanged them for cargoes of tobacco for Europe.

Washington became early acquainted with those centres of trade, and much of his boyhood was spent on the great lines of travel between the North and South that ran across the Potomac into Virginia.

The first place of education to which Washington was ever sent was a little old field school, kept by one of his father's tenants, named Hobby, who was what is generally called an A B C schoolmaster. While at school, under Mr. Hobby, he used to divide his playmates into two parties, or armies. One of these was called French, and the other American. A big boy, named William Bustle, commanded the former; George commanded the latter, and every day,



MOUNT VERNON, THE HOME OF WASHINGTON.

with cornstalks for muskets, and gourds for drums, the two armies would turn out, and march and fight.

He was afterwards a pupil of Parson Archibald Campbell, an Episcopal minister of Westmoreland county, where he spent much of his boyhood. His studies were probably literary and religious, which he did not seem to take kindly to.

His last teacher was Mr. Williams, who gave him lessons in arithmetic and practical surveying, and he was an apt pupil. These were more to his taste.

Few books, but much teaching, was the rule with the tutors of the times, and before Washington left school he was competent to do any work in surveying then done in the colony.

After leaving school he soon made his learning pay; he laid out divisions of the Mount Vernon estate for his brother, and earned no little money in surveys of the patents and plantations of the neighborhood.

At Belhaven Washington spent the last days of his boyhood, and for a year or more his was one of the most familiar faces at Belhaven tobacco warehouse.

While here he established a reputation for an iron-like power of endurance and a springy vigor of steel, an invincible will, and a knack of going straight through difficulties. He had wonderful skill in controlling horses; he never met one he was afraid to mount, and he broke the most fiery to his rein. An interesting incident is related of him:

Ralph Wormley, a man of some consequence in the colony, had brought across the ferry from Maryland a number of young horses, and among them a colt that had thrown a score of colored jockeys. The boys were all willing to wager that the colt would not throw George Washington. When Washington came to the warehouse, Wormley said, "Now here's a colt too much for you; if he doesn't throw you, he is yours."

Washington jumped into the saddle and went across White Oak swamp like an arrow. The next day he came back with the horse, which he returned to Wormley, saying that the horse threw him in the woods, and dragged him, but he got the bridle round the tree and held him, and, as he did not win the bet, he could not be persuaded to keep the horse.

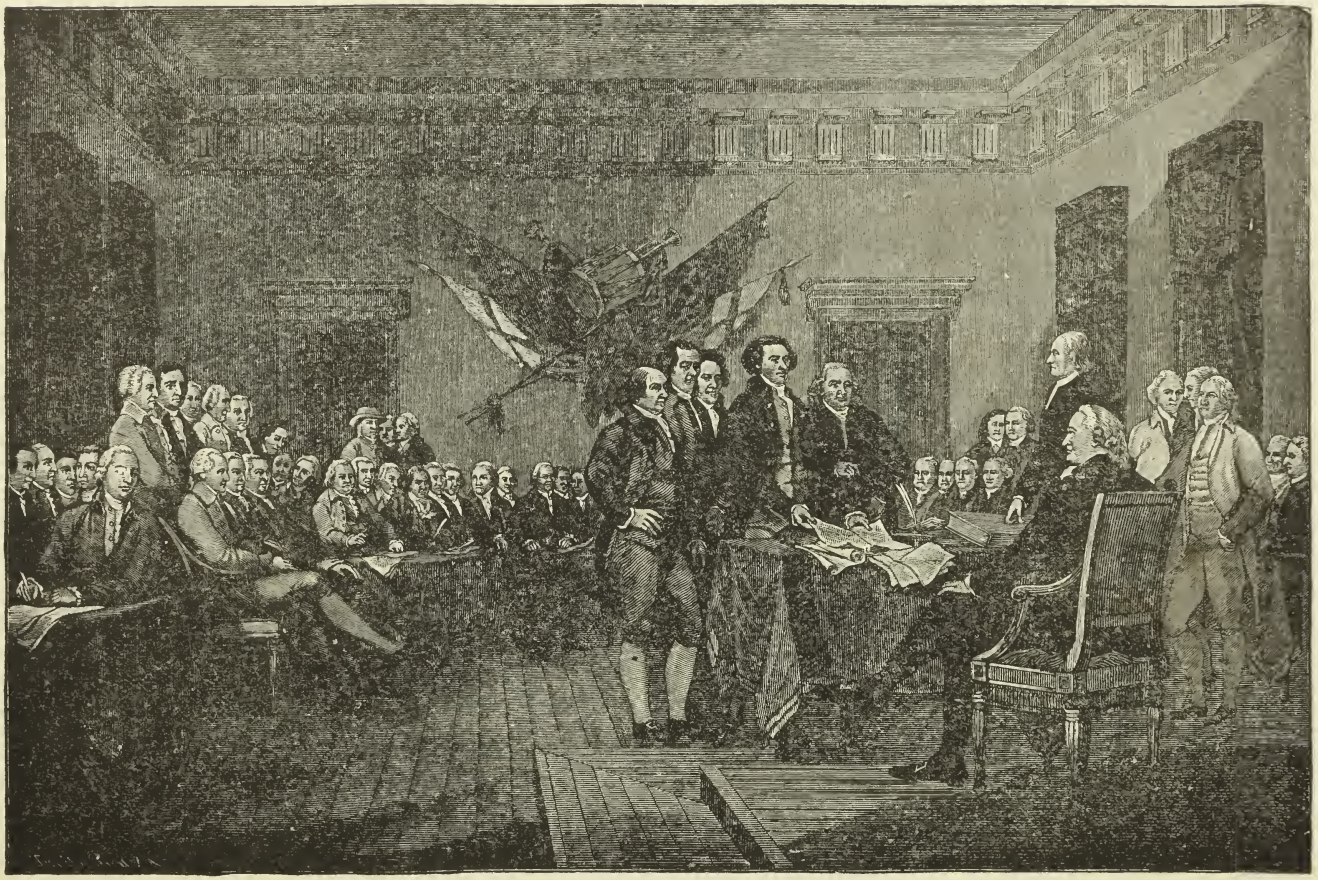
He was fond of racing, whether of men or horses, and could throw heavy weights a greater distance than any man or boy of his weight in the village. He did not care to play cards, but was extremely fond of cider, and liked walnuts, and nothing delighted him more than to sit with his young companions by the light of the wide chimney fires, sipping mulled cider and cracking walnuts.

Washington always kept in his heart the memory of the Belhaven boys; and soon after he became wealthy he sent word to one of his old companions that he would be glad if he would send his son to the New Jersey College, and depend on him for twenty-five pounds a year for his support.

Who shall say if, before he started out into life, while standing looking across the Potomac to the hills on which the city of Washington has since arisen, he did not, in some dim way, discern "all the visions that should be"—the city of the future, with shaft and capital, dome and monument?

———:o:———

WHAT is that which has a head and no body; it goes everywhere and is admitted into all society?—A postage stamp.



DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

PROBABLY no event of as great importance to the American Colonies ever occurred as the signing of the Declaration of Independence, seen in the picture. Thirteen poor, weak, unaided colonies, who had acknowledged themselves subjects of Great Britain ever since they were settled, had risen and declared themselves free, thus rebelling against a power which had, by force of arms on land and the greatest navy in the world, subdued all who opposed it.

On June 7, 1776, Richard Henry Lee, of Virginia, offered this memorable resolution before the assembled Congress in Philadelphia, which was bravely seconded by John Adams, of Massachusetts:

"*Resolved*, That these United States ought to be free and independent."

A committee was appointed to draught a Declaration of Independence. It consisted of Jefferson, Adams, Franklin, Sherman and Livingston. They selected Thomas Jefferson and John Adams to draw it up.

Mr. Jefferson urged Mr. Adams to do so; and the friendly argument was closed by Mr. Adams saying:

"I will not do it. You must. First, you are a Virginian; and Virginia should lead in this business. Second, you can write ten times better than I can."

Mr. Jefferson replied:

"If you insist upon it, I will do the best I can."

And no American has ever regretted that he wrote this immortal document.

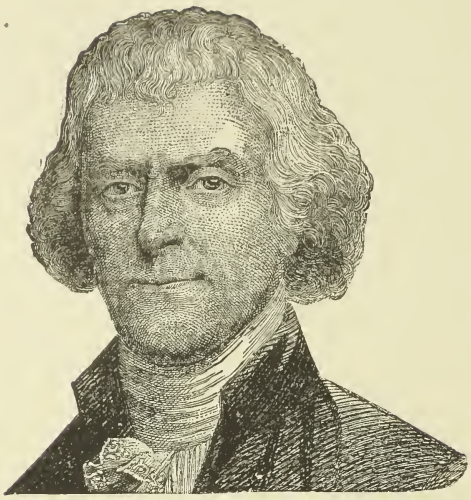
July 4, it was signed by each of the members of Congress, every man who signed it defying the majestic power of Great Britain; many of them feeling at the time, no doubt, that their necks would feel the British hangman's rope before many months should have passed over their heads.

From the thirteen rebellious colonies we have grown to be the strongest power on earth. Well may we revere the very names of those who so bravely perilled their lives and fortunes to release us from the oppression of the tyrant.

———:o:———

PAT-A-CAKE, pat-a-cake, baker's man,
So I will, master, as fast as I can;
Pat it and prick it, and mark it with T,
Put in the oven for Tommy and me.

THOMAS JEFFERSON.



THOMAS JEFFERSON has left his imprint upon the pages of American history, so strongly impressed that it will never be effaced. The services he rendered the struggling Republic, when in her very infancy, enabled her to reach childhood safely, and, as our readers are aware, she has grown to the fulness of a hardy, vigorous manhood.

Let us briefly sketch his life:

Jefferson was born, April 2, 1743, in Albemarle county, Virginia, upon the slopes of the Blue Ridge mountains. At fourteen his father died, leaving his mother, a beautiful, accomplished woman, with eight children. His education had been carefully attended to from the time he was five years of age until he entered college at seventeen, where he lived expensively the first year, though studying very hard. His second year he could read Latin and Greek as readily as English, and graduated one of the most finished scholars, pure-minded, upright, gentlemanly young men that had ever gone forth from the halls of William and Mary College. At twenty he entered upon the study of law, continuing his close application to study; detested everything low or vulgar; never drank, used tobacco, or was known to utter an oath; was fond of music, architecture, painting and sculpture, giving great attention to all of them; could read and speak French, Spanish and Italian fluently. As a speaker, he was not as great as many others; as a writer, one of the ablest. Often he would rest himself by taking down his violin, which he loved, and bringing from it the most heart-touching, tender melodies in which his soul delighted. When his house was burned, in 1770, a slave brought the news, saying, "Eberyt'ing burned, massa, but the old fiddle; we saved dat." In 1772 he married a young and beautiful widow, who brought him 40,000 acres of land and many slaves; yet he declared slavery "a curse to the master; a curse to the slave; an offence in the sight of God." In 1774 trouble with England began, and Jefferson was aroused thoroughly; declaring that the American Colonies had a right to govern themselves, and endorsing every movement made for self-government. In

June, 1775, he started for Philadelphia as a member of the Colonial Congress, it taking ten days to reach there in his carriage; travelling dense wildernesses, and so intricate were the roads that guides were employed to show him the way. The document which decided Americans to take up arms was from his pen; was read from the pulpit, in the market-places, and at the head of the armies 'midst booming of cannon and huzzas of the soldiers. The "Declaration of Independence" was written by him, and signed July 4, 1776. In 1779 he was chosen Governor of Virginia, being then thirty-six years of age, and immediately put forth all his energies to support General Washington; and, though his plantations were ruined, his houses burned, everything destroyed by the British that could be, yet not a word of complaint was uttered by him. Heart and soul were engrossed in the cause of American independence. In the midst of these great trials his wife, who had received all the tenderness of his pure love, died after a long illness. He had watched beside her bed for months with a heart almost broken by suspense and fear; and when she passed away, and hope was lost, his distress was so terrible that reason seemed to have taken its flight with her pure spirit. But the necessities of his country were too great to allow a private grief, however terrible, to hold sway long, and again we find him devoting all his abilities to his country, which he continued to do in her Congressional halls, her Senate chamber, as her representative in the courts of Europe, and Vice-President of the United States. But he was to have even greater honors thrust upon him, and March 4, 1801, we find him inaugurated President; riding to the capital on horseback, and tying his horse to the fence; returning the same way. In 1804 he was elected again; retiring four years later to his country home, where he entertained all who found their way there in the most hospitable manner, and where, July 4, 1826, his soul passed to realms of bliss.

His moral character was of the highest order, softened, chastened and developed by a life of study, self-denial and the teachings of Christ, with which he was very familiar. In person a marvel of neatness, affable, genial, courteous to all; a gentleman in the truest sense of the word. Intellectually and morally, no man occupying the same public positions before or since has been his superior; his fame will shine with increasing lustre as years roll on.

———:o:———

Boys, remember you grow old every day, and if you have bad habits they grow old, too; and the older both get, the harder you are to separate.

STORY OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.



BENJAMIN FRANKLIN.

WHEN Franklin was a little boy he was fond of fishing and the place where he and his playmates fished was a swamp on the outskirts of Boston. There was a bed of clay on the edge of the water where they stood, and they found it uncomfortable. Not far from this place some workmen had brought a great many large stones for the cellar and foundation of a house.

Ben said to the boys: "I don't like to stand over shoes and stockings in mud, and I propose to build a wharf with these stones."

The boys thought this a capital plan, and agreed to be there as soon as the workmen had gone home at night. They were all there promptly, and worked bravely, carrying the heavy stones, until they had carried them all away, and had built their wharf; then they gave three cheers, and went home to bed. When the men went to their work in the morning they were very angry to find their stones were all gone, and, following the tracks of little feet, found what had become of them. Then they complained to the magistrate, who ordered the boys arrested. The owner was much pleased at the smartness of the boys, and let them off easy; but they all had to take a severe whipping at home.

Benjamin's father was quite exercised, and asked him what induced him to take what did not belong to him. Ben replied, "Why, father, I should never have thought of it if it had been for my convenience alone; but I knew a wharf would be a benefit to the public." His father gave him a severe talking to, which Ben never forgot.

———:o:———

WHEN is a lady's dress like a season of the year?—When it is lent.

WHAT is the lap of luxury?—When the cat gets cream.

WHO is every inch a king (aching)?—A man with the rheumatism.

WHY is a doctor's fee like stolen goods?—It is *ill* gotten gains.

SKETCH OF DANIEL WEBSTER.



IT is said that "great men are always country boys." Certainly the life of Daniel Webster would seem to add to the strength of this statement: born in Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 18, 1782, in a farmhouse among the rugged hills, and receiving until fourteen years of age the common school education of those days; walking two miles to the old schoolhouse, and carrying his dinner in a basket; and during vacations working on the farm, ploughing, sowing, haying and harvesting; and, when not busy at home, in an old saw-mill on the river, where, with his brother, he was glad to earn a few dollars to help them along. At fourteen he was placed in Exeter Academy to prepare for college; and at fifteen he entered Dartmouth, where close attention to his studies soon placed him at the head of his class. After graduating he taught school for a year in Fryeburg, Maine; then, returning home, he compelled his brother, whom he loved very much, to accept $100 (all he had saved), to help him finish his education, and continued to assist him till he also had established a good law practice.

Our little readers will admire the generous nature which prompted such acts; his life was filled with them. For recreation he would take his gun and rod, and mount his horse, and spend days in the forests, always returning loaded with game and fish. It is said that the squirrels even, when they saw him coming, would call out: "Don't shoot, Dan; we will come down." They were so sure that he would kill them, if he once saw them, as he was the best shot in the country at that time. When he became a lawyer, and was called upon for his first speech, he was greatly embarrassed, awkward and confused, and shuffled his feet back and forth, as though he was afraid his legs would not hold him; but, after a while, he aroused himself, his eyes sparkled, the color came back to his face, his great form towered up above all others in the court-room, and the eye of every one present was attracted to him long before

he had concluded the speech. Perhaps you would like to know how this man, who afterwards became so great, looked at that time. Here is a picture of him, drawn by one who knew him: "A large, brawny frame; swarthy complexion, almost like an Indian; black raven hair; eyes as black as death; with voice and look that no lion in Africa ever equalled; a perfect tornado when aroused; known all over the country as 'Black Dan.'"

Finishing his law studies in Boston, he returned to Portsmouth, New Hampshire, where he remained for several years engaged in law. This is the way he proposed marriage: He had been holding skeins of silk for Grace Fletcher to untangle, and it is supposed that he thought her a very charming girl, when all at once he looked up in her face, and said, "Grace, we have been untying knots all this time, now let us tie one that will last for a lifetime." She understood and accepted him. Catching up a piece of tape, he tied it in a peculiar knot, and retained it ever after, as at his death it was found among his private papers marked "precious documents."

From 1813 till his death he was nearly all of the time in the service of his State, serving continually in the Senate or House of Representatives at Washington. Loved by all, save those who attempted through jealousy to crush him, and always got worsted, he was ever at the front in all that was for the good of the country. One of his political opponents, who had felt his terrible power as a debater, walked up to him, and offering his hand, which was readily taken, remarked: "A man that can make such a speech as that ought never to die." But in all his public life he never outgrew the love for his old home, and for farming. He purchased the old homestead, and a large place by the sea in Marshfield, Massachusetts, where he spent all of the time not given to public duties. He loved to be among his cattle and sheep, work in the fields, and hunt in the marshes around his farm; sail the ocean, frolic with his children, and, though stern with those he met, when with his family he was like a boy, and often would say to his sons, "Come, boys, let us wrestle, or jump." He would invariably succeed in beating them, as his early life had given him strength that remained with him to the last. He had a perfect passion for planting trees, and could be seen when at home with his spade in hand planting all kinds of trees, which were tended as carefully as children, till they had got well to growing. He loved to feed his cattle, and would go through the stables and pass corn to each of them in turn, and while they munched it he would say, "I had rather be here than in the Senate;" and would laughingly add, "I am in better company." His love for his wife, and his attention to her, was really touching. During her last sickness he never left her bed-

side for weeks. Often, when speaking of his mother, he would break out, as if inspired, "What a mother mine was!" And as long as he lived he had her garden planted and cared for, just as she would have wished it had she been living. We have seen him grow from a rough farmer's boy in a mountain town, fighting his way over all obstacles, to gain an education, to a position envied by the entire world. His intercourse with all classes had polished and refined him, until we find him the personification of grandeur, nobility, generosity, culture and refinement. His large form was graceful and imposing; his manner dignified and courtly; his grand eyes beaming with intelligence; his magnificent head and massive brow impressing all who beheld him, so that they felt their inferiority. Indeed, nature had made him a giant in every respect. All loved him who really knew him, and when he passed to rest, October 25, 1852, the whole world mourned. We hope our little readers will learn a lesson from the life of Daniel Webster, which we have barely referred to here.

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A LIE STICKS.

A LITTLE newsboy, to sell his papers, told a lie. The matter came up for conversation in a class in Sunday-school. "Would you tell a lie for three cents?" asked a teacher of one of her boys. "No, ma'am," answered Dick very promptly. "For ten cents?" "No, ma'am." "For a dollar?" "No, ma'am." "For a hundred dollars?" "No, ma'am." "For a thousand dollars?" Dick was staggered. A thousand dollars looked like such a very big sum. Oh, what lots of things he could buy with a thousand dollars! While he was thinking about it, and trying to make up his mind whether it would pay to tell a lie for a thousand dollars, a boy behind him cried out—"No, ma'am." Why not?" asked the teacher. Now mark this boy's answer and don't forget it. "Because, ma'am," said he, "*the lie sticks.* When the thousand dollars are all gone, and the good things bought with them are all gone too, the lie is there all the same." This we should never forget, "*the lie sticks.*" And it is this that makes the punishment of lying so great, even when we repent of the sin and get it pardoned.

PUTNAM'S LEAP.

ABOUT the middle of winter while General Putnam was on a visit to his outpost at Horse-Neck, he found Governor Tryon advancing upon that town with a corps of 1,500 men. To oppose these General Putnam had only 150 men, and two iron field-pieces without horses or drag-ropes. However, he planted his cannon on the high ground, and fired several times, until perceiving the horse (supported by the infantry) about to charge, he ordered the picket to provide for their safety by retiring to a swamp beyond the reach of horses, and secured his own by plunging down the steep precipice on a full trot. This precipice is so steep as to have artificial stairs of nearly one hundred stone steps. The dragoons stopped, for they dared not follow; and, before they could gain the valley by going around the hill, he was beyond their reach. He continued on to Stamford, where he strengthened his force, came back, and pursued Governor Tryon. As he rode down the precipice one ball of the many fired at him went through his beaver, but afterwards Governor Tryon sent him, as a present, a complete suit of clothes.

———:o:———

WHO are the most obedient and most obliging men in the world?—Auctioneers, because they attend to every one's bidding.

———:o:———

IF a man and his wife go to Europe together, what is the difference in their mode of travelling?—He goes abroad, and she goes along.

———:o:———

LEARNING TO BE A SOLDIER.

SO you would like to know, my little boys, lots of things about soldiers? Well, I cannot tell you everything about them, as you ask me to; but I will try and tell you what has to be done by a soldier from the time he joins the army until he is all ready to fight.

Cluster around me, Harry, Frank and Everett. Now you are all fixed nicely, and I know are loaded with questions, which you can fire off at papa just as fast as you please.

What does he do first? Well, we will say you are going to be a soldier. First you sign a roll that the recruiting officer has; he fills out what are called enlistment papers, and you promise to serve old Uncle Sam, honestly and faithfully, for three years, or during the war. Then you go to camp,



THE YOUNG SOLDIER.



where there are a lot of soldiers. The first few days they call you a "raw recruit," because you do not know how to do anything right; but you are put in charge of a corporal, and he takes you out for drill every day until you are placed in a larger squad, and the sergeant drills you, until you can go through the facings—that is, right-face, left-face, about-face; and he teaches you how to march, keep step and carry yourself like a soldier. As soon as there are men enough to form a company (say of cavalry, as I know you want to be a cavalry soldier and ride horseback)—that is, 100, you have to be sworn or mustered into the United States Army. Then you get your arms. Let us see what they are: a sabre, carbine and revolver, with belts and cartridge box. Besides all these, you get your horse; so you have a great deal to do to take care of them all, and keep them clean. But I know you will do it, as you are proud, and want to have your captain say you are a good soldier. What do you have to do then? Now listen carefully, for I am going to keep you very busy. At sunrise every morning the bugle (each company has two) sounds very loud, so it will awaken every one in camp. *First call*—and you jump out of your blankets and get dressed, so as to be ready to fall into line for *roll call*, when every soldier has to answer to his name, as the orderly-

sergeant calls it; and, as soon as this is over, *stable call* sounds, and you have to water, feed, and clean your horse, rubbing him with a curry-comb and brush, until, when the captain comes and passes his hand over him with a white glove on, it will not soil the glove; so you see it must be very clean. Then *breakfast call*. Oh, how hungry you are! how good that sounds! You march up in line to the cook's quarters, with a tin plate in one hand and a tin cup in the other, and get your coffee and pork, or corn beef or beans, with the hard tack, that is so hard you sometimes have to break it with a stone.

Well, you can eat until *fatigue call*, when part of the men, who have been detailed for that duty, have to clean up around camp. This is not pleasant; and those who have not been good soldiers are often made to do it for punishment. About quarter of nine the first call for *guard mount* sounds, when the old guard, who have protected the camp for twenty-four hours, is relieved by a new one. You would like to see this, as it is a very pretty ceremony. As soon as it is over comes *drill call*, and you are drilled on foot and taught how to handle the sabre, carbine and revolver, or, as it is called, the "manual of arms." The sabre drill is very pretty, but makes your arm quite tired, until you have become used to it. After a good long drill, you are marched back to camp, break ranks, and can rest till noon; then feed and water the horses again, and when *dinner call* sounds, I know you will be on hand, ready to eat. About 2.30 in the afternoon *boots and saddles* sounds, and you have to saddle your horse, put on your arms, and have mounted drill for about two hours; then you can rest until time for *dress parade*, when all turn out and march in companies to the place appointed, form a line, and all the buglers of the regiment march past it playing on their bugles; then the parade is dismissed, and your work is over for the day. At 9 o'clock *tattoo* sounds; another roll-call; after that, *taps*, which means "put out lights," when every light has to be extinguished, and all turn into their blankets.

Every Sunday forenoon there is "company inspection," and you must look very neat and clean. That ends the duties of camp life, and when you have spent a few months at it you are all ready to go into battle, if necessary. No, this is not all, boys; but all for to-night. Perhaps, one of these days, I will tell you how one feels when he is in battle. Now, it's time to go to bed, little ones. I hope you will never have to be soldiers. You don't want to be? Well, I am glad of it. Kiss papa; don't forget to say your prayers. Good-night, and happy dreams.

In ancient times the cavalry wore coats of mail, and were armed with a lance, as you will see in the picture.

THE FOUNDING OF ROME.



THERE are many accounts of the first building of Rome. The one most generally believed is by no means certain, although very entertaining, Æneas was a prince of Troy, which is in Asia Minor. After the Trojan war, which you will read about in ancient history, Æneas fled from Troy, and, after many adventures, landed with his little party on the coast of Italy, where he married, and built a city, and reigned in it, and his sons after him.

Many years after his death a descendant of his, Rhea Silvia, had twin sons. She was ordered to be buried alive, and her children thrown into the river Tiber. The poor babes were put in a basket and placed by the water, so that, when the river rose, it might carry them away and drown them. The infants were so light that the basket floated, and the children were saved. They were said to have been nursed by a wolf; but this seems incredible, for wolves, as you know, are blood-thirsty and fierce.

The boys were called Romulus and Remus. They grew strong and bold, and became shepherds, and were fond of hunting wild beasts. At last they were told of their high birth, and that, in the right of their mother, they should be kings of the country. So they collected their friends, and fought their uncle, who had caused their mother to be buried alive, and killed him; so that their grandfather came again to the throne.

Romulus and Remus persuaded him to build a new city. Cities in those days were not what they are now, but consisted of a few low houses with mud walls. The young men nearly quarrelled in deciding where the city should be built, and they were advised to watch the flight of birds, a common custom in those days when anything important was to be decided. They stationed themselves on different hills. Remus saw six vultures; Romulus twice as many. Remus said that, because he first saw the birds, he was victorious;

and Romulus insisted that, as he had seen the greatest number, he was the conqueror. From words they came to blows, and Remus was killed by his brother. Romulus was now master, and at eighteen years of age laid the foundation of a city, which was named Rome after him. It was built in a square form, and contained one thousand houses. It was built on seven hills. They had priests to perform religious ceremonies. They had also an army composed of horse and foot soldiers, and great numbers of men came to them from the little towns near Rome, thus increasing the size of the city.

After bringing this city into a state of great power and comfort Romulus died. It has been said by some that he was killed. and by others that he was taken up alive to heaven.

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TIRED OF READING.

"TWENTY pages more," said Adelaide White, turning to the back of the book to see how many leaves remained. Then she gaped, stretched herself wearily, and looked out of the window for a minute or two. After this she bent down over her book again and went on reading. Her mother, who sat sewing in the room, noticed this.

"Haven't you read long enough, daughter?" she asked.

"I'm 'most through. There are only twenty pages left," Adelaide replied.

"But if you are tired of reading, why not stop?"

"Oh, I'm bound to finish the book now," said Adelaide. "I have set myself so many pages to read every day, and must go through to make up the number." "What have you been reading about for the last ten or fifteen minutes?" asked Mrs. White.

Adelaide turned back the leaves of her book, and began running her eyes over the pages.

"Shut your book and tell me," said her mother.

Adelaide closed her book and tried to remember, but was able to give only a very confused idea of what she had been reading.

"Why do you read?" inquired her mother. Adelaide was silent. "You read to know, do you not?" "Yes, ma'am." "Not to see how many pages you can go over in a given time. One page a day, if remembered, is better than a hundred if forgotten. Put away your book, dear, and go out into the garden." Adelaide shut her book and ran out into the garden, where she spent half an hour. Then she came back with glowing cheeks, and a mind fresh and cheerful.

THE BATTLE OF THE WILDERNESS.



ON the 5th of May, 1864, General Grant, who had been preparing for a move early in the spring, and had collected as fine an army of about 100,000 men as the world had ever seen, began his march across the Rapidan river, in Virginia, into what is known as the Wilderness—a section so densely wooded that one can see but a few feet from him in any direction. His object was the taking of Richmond. General Lee, with an army of about 80,000 men, had been awaiting a movement of this kind. They were full of courage, thoroughly disciplined, and, like their opponents, as brave men as the sun ever shone upon. The morning was a bright and cheerful one, just such a day as our little friends love to go out into the woods and gather wild flowers, when the two armies came in sight of each other, and almost immediately the battle began. Corps, divisions, brigades and regiments charged each other with a ferocity more like tigers than men. First the Federals were in full retreat; but they soon recovered, and with the most desperate charges known in history bounded down upon the Confederates, who could not stand their assaults, and also retreated. Whole divisions of Federal troops were cut off from their supports, and would have been captured entire had the enemy been able to discover their position, but nothing could be seen in this dense

wilderness. All day long the battle raged in this manner till night ended the conflict, and the exhausted soldiers lay upon their arms, after reforming their line of battle for a renewal of the fight on the following day. General Grant had given orders to attack at six o'clock in the morning; but General Lee opened the battle even earlier, and the most terrific engagement of modern times began. Artillery could not be used to advantage in this terrible wilderness; it was a battle where muskets alone could be made to do the awful work. The Confederates with a wild rush break through the Federal lines, driving a whole division out of their breastworks, and occupying them for a few moments; but heroes met on that fiercely-fought field, and once more the Union army, with a wild yell, charge like demons, drive their opponents like sheep out of their works, past their original line of battle, through their breastworks, in wild confusion. General Longstreet, one of the bravest and greatest of Lee's veteran soldiers, was badly wounded by his own men, who poured a volley upon him, thinking him to be a Union officer. Again and again the troops on both sides were rallied, charged and counter-charged, and the slaughter was so great that even now the ground over which this engagement was fought is spoken of as the "Slaughter Pen." About four in the afternoon the woods caught fire, and thousands of wounded were burned to death. The soldiers on both sides carried as many as possible of their wounded off in blankets slung to their muskets, yet the number who escaped in this manner was very small compared with those who were left to the fire. Night came at last; neither side had gained a victory, and both armies fell back into their entrenchments. This ended the battle of the Wilderness, as nothing but skirmishing occurred the next day. Thirty thousand men were killed, wounded and missing in this most terrific battle fought between the North and South. All are united now, warmer and truer friends than ever before.

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How many soft-boiled eggs could a giant eat upon an *empty* stomach?—One only.

Why is a poor singing society like a popular amusement?—It is a "*bass bawl*" club.

What relation to its father is a child who is not its father's son?—His daughter.

What proof have we that Adam used sugar?—We know he raised cane (Cain).

Why is a dishonest bankrupt like an honest poor man?—Both fail to get rich.

A gentleman had five sons, and each of them had a sister, how many children had he in all?—Six.

THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

NEARLY every boy who is able to read has heard something about the battle of Gettysburg, and perhaps would like to know more about it, why and how it was fought, as it was one of the most decisive battles of the great war between the North and South, from 1861 to 1865, which freed the slaves, and made this the greatest and most united people on earth.

First, let me tell you why Gettysburg was fought. Open the map of the United States, and follow the Mississippi river down towards its mouth, and you will find a place called Vicksburg, in Mississippi. General Grant was surrounding that place with a very large Northern army, resisting every effort of the Confederates to break through his lines, which were being drawn closer and closer around them every day; and he determined that they should surrender to him. Away up in Virginia was General Lee, in command of the Southern army. He was satisfied that, if he could not draw away some of General Grant's troops, it would not be long before Vicksburg would fall into the hands of that great soldier; and he decided to move his army into the Northern States, alarm the North, and compel the army around Vicksburg to come to the assistance of the Federal troops opposing him. Hurrying into Pennsylvania he destroyed Chambersburg, and moved as far towards Philadelphia as Gettysburg, where, on the 1st day of July, 1863, the battle that lasted three days began. Opening the first day with neither side prepared for battle, yet the fight was a very severe one, and the Union army was compelled to fall back to Cemetery Hill, which they had selected as a rallying-point. General Lee felt sure that he could drive the Federals and gain another victory, and attacked them the next day, at 3.30 in the afternoon. From then till 8 in the evening the battle raged, with great loss of life on both sides. Charges and counter-charges were made, and the dead lay in piles, until night put a stop to the slaughter. This day was claimed as a victory for the Confederates, and, as will be seen, was the cause of the most unwise move for them that General Lee ever ordered. So certain was he—that with one charge of the best troops of his command he could break through their centre—that he selected a division, commanded by General Pickett, of about

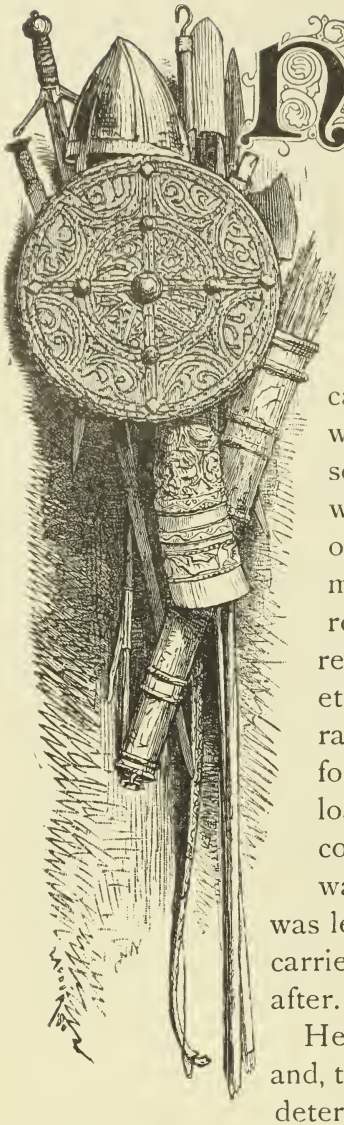
5,000 men; ordered them to prepare for the charge, and on the afternoon of the third day, at 3.30, they moved out in grand style on one of the most useless attempts that can be conceived of—to break through the Federal line. Musketry, grape, canister and shell were poured upon them as they advanced, until every general officer was killed or wounded, and nearly every regimental officer lay upon the field. Three-fourths of the soldiers fared the same, and the division that went into battle a few minutes before, was reduced to a few hundred men in less time than it is here told. They were compelled to fall back and join their army, which took up its line of march for Virginia. Thousands



"PICKETT'S CHARGE."

of both armies lay dead upon the field, but the day was won; and General Meade, who commanded the Federal army, became one of the great heroes of the war. To-day Gettysburg is covered with monuments, erected by regiments from all the Northern States that participated in that terrible fight.

The next day, 4th of July, Vicksburg surrendered to General Grant; so that the move made by the Confederate commander for the purpose of relieving Vicksburg ended in the greatest victory of the war, relieved Pennsylvania from her pressing danger, and the North from any further fear of Southern conquest.



A YOUNG HERO.

NOT long before the battle of Gettysburg, which our little readers will find described in another part of this book, a boy, not over sixteen years old and very small, strolled into the camp of a Massachusetts regiment, and walking up to one of the sergeants begged to be given a musket, as he wanted to become a soldier and fight for his country. The sergeant took him to his captain, and laughingly said: "Captain, here's a recruit for you." The captain asked him several questions about his family, why he wanted to join the army; and found the lad so determined to enlist that he sent him to the colonel, who soon found out that he was really in earnest, and ordered arms to be given him. Though he could not muster him into the United States service then, as the rolls were in the rear of the army and could not be reached, a complete uniform, musket, cartridges, etc., etc., were given him, and he took his place in the ranks. The next day, July 1st, a terrible battle was fought, in which the young soldier behaved like a hero, loading and firing his musket like an old veteran, as coolly and calmly as though he was in no danger. He was twice wounded, and, as the Federal army fell back, was left on the battle-field. The Confederates found him, carried him to a hospital, and his company never saw him after.

He got well of his wounds, as it was learned afterwards, and, though not strong, joined a Maryland regiment, more determined than ever to do what he could for his country, and served in it several months; but finally dropped dead on one of the long marches through Virginia, the exposure of the campaign having been too great for him. We hope that the same patriotic spirit will control our young boys, so that when they arrive at manhood, should their country need their services, they will not hesitate to give their lives, if necessary, to assist it. There certainly is no other country equal to our own. Let us love and, if necessary, fight for it, and so live that, when we grow to be men, it will find us ready and willing to serve it.

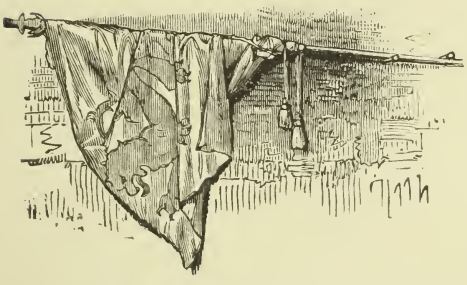
THE WOMEN OF GETTYSBURG.



THE women of Gettysburg were faithful to the old flag and devoted to the wounded in battle. We think one or two incidents will interest you. Mrs. Jennie Wade lived in the valley between Oak Ridge and Seminary Hill, and in range of the guns from both armies. She was patriotic and loyal, and on the third morning of the great battle she was baking a large quantity of bread for the Union troops. In the afternoon the deafening thunder from two hundred and fifty cannon shook her dwelling. She toiled on, though repeatedly ordered to quit the premises. At length a shot from the Confederate batteries struck her and killed her instantly. A Confederate officer of high rank was killed almost at the same moment, and the Confederate troops hastily constructed a coffin, and were about placing him in it when a Union column drove them from the ground, and placed Mrs. Wade in the coffin. She was buried the next day, and was mourned by hundreds who knew her kindness and courage.

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BARBARA FREITCHIE.



ONE cool morning in September, 1862, when Lee's Army was on its way to Antietam, Stonewall Jackson's corps passed through Frederick. The inhabitants, fearing they would provoke the Confederates, and knowing they could make no resistance, took down their flags. One old woman named Barbara Freitchie, nearly eighty years of age, determined she would show that one heart was loyal, took up one of the flags the men had taken down, and set it in the window of her attic. The Confederates came marching on, with Stonewall Jackson at their head. He glanced under his slouched hat from right to left, until he saw the old flag, when he cried: "Halt!" The ranks stood still. "Fire!" he cried. The balls shivered the window, and the banner was torn. Quick as a flash Barbara snatched the flag and, leaning out on the window-sill, waved it, shouting, "Shoot, if you must, this gray old head, but spare your country's flag." A blush of shame came over the face of the leader, and he said, "Touch but a hair of that gray head, and you die like dogs. March on."

THE SIEGE OF VICKSBURG.



UR little friends have perhaps read "The Battle of Gettysburg," in another part of this book, and learned why the great Southern leader, General Lee, decided to take his army into Pennsylvania. If you remember, it was that he might compel General Grant to send a portion of his army, then besieging Vicksburg, to the assistance of the Northern troops. But it did not work. General Grant kept all of his men and captured Vicksburg, and General Lee was beaten at Gettysburg.

Would you like to know how General Grant besieged and finally took Vicksburg, then one of the strongest places in the world, situated, as it was, on a high bluff on the Mississippi river, and covered with forts and earthworks? Well, I will try and tell it in a short story. In April, 1863, a large army, mostly of soldiers from the Western States, under General Grant, attempted to surround Vicksburg, which was defended by a large Confederate army and many guns, that were in positions that prevented the Union gunboats from passing up or down the river, though several barges and boats loaded with provisions had run by, more than half attempting it being sunk.

No one can conceive of the obstacles that General Grant met with before he succeeded in surrounding the place. His army was compelled to cross bayous, lakes, deep ravines, and pass through dense forests and thickets, constantly skirmishing and fighting, as the Confederates were very brave and desperate; making heroic assaults upon him from the forts, while another army was sent to attack him in the rear. Seven times he was compelled to change his plans, fighting five severe battles in eighteen days; yet he was more determined than ever, and, after struggles that are almost incomprehensible, closed in around the doomed city. On May 22d a regular siege was established and the works completely surrounded, the Union line being over fifteen miles long. Think of it, my little friends, over fifteen miles to guard! You can see that it took a great many soldiers to do it. Admiral Porter had command of the navy, and helped General Grant all he could. Without him it never could have been taken, as the garrison would have crossed the river and escaped. The Federals threw up earthworks as they advanced, placing sand-bags on top of them, and leaving loopholes for their muskets between them; then put large logs over the whole to protect the men against sharpshooters, who were busy on both sides picking off every man

that showed his head above the works. This continued for many days, the armies being in some places but a few rods apart. The inhabitants of Vicksburg had dug caves and holes in the sides of the hills, and were living in them, where the shells could not reach and kill them. General Grant had 220 guns in position, and was keeping up a steady firing nearly all of the time, and Admiral Porter had nearly as many more on board of his ships. Escape was impossible. Great tunnels were dug from inside the Federal lines under those of the enemy, and filled with powder, which was exploded. One old



CITY OF VICKSBURG.

colored man, who was blown into the air, when asked how far up he went, replied: "Dunno, massa; but specs 'bout tree miles." After a while provisions and ammunition began to grow short inside the works; all of the cattle were killed and eaten, then the horses, and finally the mules. Their commander, seeing they would be starved if they held out much longer, sent General Brown, an old neighbor of General Grant's before the war, with a flag of truce, to discuss the terms of surrender; and on the 4th of July the place, with all it contained, surrendered.

This was one of the most important events of the war, doing more to bring it to an end than any other perhaps. But the country knows no North, South, East or West now. We are all one people, stronger than ever; able to defend ourselves against the world, if necessary.

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MRS. MARY A. LIVERMORE.

AMONG the busy laborers during the war none were more widely or favorably known than Mrs. Livermore, and her efforts were not relaxed while the need of them existed.

Mrs. Livermore is a native of Boston, where she passed her girlhood. At seventeen years of age she graduated from the Charlestown Female Seminary, and became a teacher of Latin, French and Italian. She afterwards married Rev. D. P. Livermore, who is an editor of a paper published in Chicago, where they now reside. During the year 1862 Mrs. Livermore visited the army at different points, organizing aid societies among the women. She was accompanied by her friend, Mrs. Hoge, and in December they were appointed by the Sanitary Commission to represent them. They went to Washington, where Mrs. Livermore spent a day at the camp for convalescents from the hospitals, called "Camp Misery," where the suffering from many causes was terrible. Early in the year she made a tour of the hospitals and military posts along the Mississippi river, where her receptions were always kind and respectful. It was Mrs. Livermore who planned the first fair, which realized almost $100,000 to the Sanitary Commission; and in the spring of 1865 she visited the Eastern cities to obtain aid for another fair, in which she was successful. She visited Washington to invite President Lincoln and Mrs. Lincoln to the great fair, and was received most kindly, and they promised to attend; but she never saw him again alive.

Mrs. Livermore received many valuable presents from different sources; but the gifts she prized most highly were the inexpensive ones from the soldiers who had received kindnesses from her. She was the possessor of fourteen photograph albums, each one containing a frontispiece of the soldier who presented it.

LITTLE EDDIE, THE DRUMMER BOY.

DURING the late war, a few days before one of our regiments received orders to march, the drummer was taken sick and carried to the hospital. The next day a negro came to the captain, and told him that he knew of a drummer he would like in his company, and he was told to bring him early in the morning.

The next morning a middle-aged woman, leading a bright-looking boy about twelve or thirteen years old, came to the captain's quarters. She said her husband had been killed by the Confederates, and all their property destroyed; and she thought if she could find something for her boy to do she could get employment herself. The little fellow looked at the captain, and said: "Don't be afraid, captain, because I am small; I can drum." A drum was brought. The fifer came and played the "Flowers of Edinboro'," a difficult thing; and the little fellow followed, and showed himself master of the drum.

The captain took the boy, whose name was Edward Lee, and in an hour after the company marched out of camp playing "The Girl I Left Behind Me." Eddie was a favorite with all the men, and always shared in the peaches and melons that were brought in after a foraging expedition. During a battle a part of the company were ordered down a deep ravine, where a portion of the enemy were concealed, and were soon engaged in a fight, in which the enemy were driven to the high ground. A soldier heard a drum beat, and listening found it came from the ravine, and knew from the sound that it was the little drummer boy. The officer of the guard came up, and he asked permission to go to his help; and, following the sound, soon found him seated on the ground, his back leaning against a tree, while his drum hung on a bush in front of him. As soon as he saw the officer, he said: "Oh, corporal, I'm so glad to see you. Give me a drink." The officer went for some water from a brook, and thinking he was going to leave him Eddie commenced crying, and said: "Don't leave me; I can't walk." The officer came back, and found his feet had been shot away by a cannon-ball. While he was telling him the particulars, a company of the enemy came upon them, and they were taken prisoners. When they reached the camp the little fellow was dead.

"OLD SPECTACLES"—A WAR STORY.



I WISH I could take my young readers back to the time the following incident occurred, for they would enjoy it as much as a whole regiment then did; but it was so long before they were born, that by no possible effort of mine could they be carried back except in imagination. The story may accomplish that. I hope it will. In September, 1862, our regiment of cavalry, then leading the advance of the army—which, with the exception of a small force with us, was several miles in the rear—was pounced upon by the Confederates as a hawk would pounce upon its prey, without a minute's warning, but not with the success that usually attends the hawk; for they did not carry us off, though it must be acknowledged that they captured quite a number of our boys, who in return paid them, with interest, by making one of the most vigorous charges that it has ever been my fortune to witness; and, after getting them started, followed them some distance, bringing down a great many horses, and in several instances the poor fellow on the horse. The truth is, it was a matter of life and death, and in war some one has to be killed, as you are aware. The amusing part of the story now begins. We picked up a good many prisoners; in some instances a single soldier bringing in five or six who had lost their arms, had their horses killed, or were without ammunition. Noticing a sergeant about running a sabre through a prisoner who had squatted on the ground, I called him by name, and ordered him to desist. Riding up, I found an old man, with a face and head resembling the patriarchs pictured in your family Bible, wearing an enormous pair of spectacles, which seemed to have been made by the blacksmith of his town, they were so large and clumsy. The sergeant had taken him prisoner, but the moment he attempted to move him to the rear he would drop on the ground, and declare that he would not go. As he expressed it, "He was a Confederate, and wouldn't move or run." Calling another soldier, I ordered them to catch him by the coat-collar, one on each side, and start for the rear at a gallop. Raising the old fellow off the ground, they started at full speed, he shouting at the top of his voice to drop him, kicking in all directions like an army mule, as he swung back and forth between the horses during the gallop. Reaching the regiment, which had again formed in line, he was dropped on the ground like a sack of corn, still crying at the top of his lung-power, which seemed to be enormous, "Let me

alone; I wont be taken prisoner," and keeping it up for several minutes. Such a roar of laughter as went up along the line. I shall never forget it.

The appearance of the old man was ludicrous in the extreme: his hat was gone; his coat had been pulled up over his head by his struggles, and twisted in curious shapes; he was covered with dust and dirt, and his spectacles hung like the broken hinges of a door. They had slipped down over his nose, under his chin, and the heavy bows were still clinging to his great ears. The soldiers named him "Old Spectacles." If he is still living, he must surely laugh at the remembrance of the antics he cut up on that day, whenever he recalls them. None of my old comrades will ever forget it, nor would my little readers, had they been there.

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A FEARLESS HEROINE.

A LOVELY young lady of Gettysburg, Miss Amelia Harmon, a pupil of Miss Shields, lived with her aunt about a mile west of the village, on Oak or Seminary Ridge. During the fighting the first day their house was occupied by the Union sharp-shooters, who fired upon the Confederates from it. Towards evening it came into possession of the Confederates, who ordered the family to leave it, as they were about to burn it in consequence of its having been used as a fort. Miss Harmon and her aunt protested against this, explaining that it was not done with their consent. The young lady added that her mother was a Southern woman, and one of the Confederates approached her, and told her that, if she would hurrah for the Southern Confederacy, he would see what could be done. "Never! Burn the house, if you will! I will never do that while the Union, which has protected me and my friends, exists." The Confederates fired upon the house, and the brave girl and her aunt ran the gauntlet of both armies, and reached the home of friends.

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WHAT is the opposite to "love in a cottage?"—War in a "shantee."

CAPTURING HIS OWN FATHER.

MANY incidents of the late war will be of great interest to the sons and daughters of those who participated, particularly when they realize that, in many instances, father was fighting against son and brother against brother; not because there was any ill-feeling between them, but simply because one had made his home in the North, while the other had gone South, become one of her people and believed in her institutions; and each was willing to fight for what he considered right.

A case of this kind came under the observation of the writer. A well-known Louisiana planter and contractor, whose family originally came from Pennsylvania, had a son in that State being educated in the town where he was born; he having been sent there by his father when a boy, and remained until the war came on. The feeling was intensely strong throughout the North that every young man should serve his country. To him the North was home, and he enlisted in a Pennsylvania regiment, served with it in the Army of the Potomac for about a year, then found his way to New Orleans, where he was commissioned as a first lieutenant in one of the Federal regiments. Often he would laughingly remark: "One of these days I will bring my father in as a prisoner," knowing that his father was serving in a Confederate regiment. The writer was absent one day on a foraging expedition, trying to secure corn for the horses, when a mounted cavalryman approached him at a full run, saying the Confederates were "about to attack the camp; hurry in with the wagons." Immediately the mules were started at full speed. Men were placed in the wagons to throw out the corn, and had nearly emptied them when we came in sight of camp. The enemy struck us as we had about half-loaded the wagons with the property belonging to the several companies, and their drivers started for the rear in as lively a manner as can be imagined. The Confederates came down like an avalanche, making prisoners of two entire regiments of infantry. The cavalry were formed in line of battle, and ordered to charge them, which they did in good style. None was more conspicuous than our young Pennsylvania friend. Brave and daring, he was in the thickest of the fight. Half an hour after the regiment was falling back into their old position bringing a good number of prisoners, he among them hurrying forward a middle-aged Confederate soldier. Bringing him before the writer, he said: "I told you I

told you I would capture my father; here he is." True enough, they had come upon each other. Each had endeavored to shoot his opponent, until the younger killed the elder's horse, and, riding down upon him to shoot again if he would not surrender, his father recognized him, and shouted: "Stop! Stop! I am your father!" To make the story short, he was paroled, and allowed to remain in our camp until exchanged. The son urged him to go North and leave his Confederate comrades. He replied: "No, this is my home; I will do my duty, and you do yours." When the time for leaving his son arrived, he took the young man in his arms, and the scene was very affecting, bringing tears to many eyes. "Good-bye, Tommy," he said, "good-bye; do your duty; each of us thinks he is doing right. I hope to see you when the war is over." The son was wounded the following day, but recovered, and may be alive to-day. This is but one of the many thousand incidents, strange and interesting, that occurred during the terrible war which made all free in our glorious country.

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LITTLE Robin Redbreast sat upon a tree—
Up went the Pussy Cat, and down went he;
Down came Pussy Cat, away Robin ran—
Says little Robin Redbreast—catch me if you can.
Little Robin Redbreast jumped upon a wall,
Pussy Cat jumped after him, and got a little fall.
Little Robin chirped and sung, and what did Pussy say?
Pussy Cat said mew, mew, mew—and Robin flew away.

———:o:———

WHY is your shadow like a false friend?—It follows you only in sunshine.

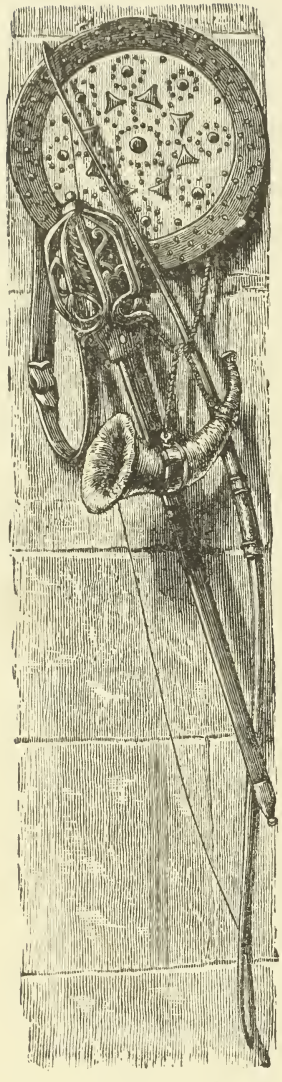
WHY is the map of Europe like a Thanksgiving table?—There is a Turkey on it.

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[To be read rapidly.]

PETER Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper;
A peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked;
If Peter Piper picked a peck of pickled pepper,
Where's the peck of pickled pepper Peter Piper picked?

A NIGHT ON THE PICKET-LINE.



IT was an exceedingly dark, cold and disagreeable night in October, 1863. The rain was pouring in searching torrents, penetrating even our great rubber-coats, finding its way down inside the collars that were turned up to prevent it, and running in uncomfortable little rivulets down our backs, until our feet were soaked and our heavy cavalry-boots were filled to the tops, chilling us through and through. Not a fire was allowed along the entire line, to aid those who were not out on duty in keeping dry and warm. How my bones ache now! and a shiver passes through me as I recall that dismal, dreary night and that line of vedettes (which is, my little friends, the advance, or extreme rear-line of the army, picketed or guarded by cavalrymen) extending ten miles on the open plain, over which, as commander, it was my duty to ride once in the daytime, shortly before midnight, and again just before daybreak, making sixty miles in the three rounds. Taking a squad of men in charge of a sergeant, and starting at a sharp gallop, the ground was soon gone over in the daylight; but on such a night as this, when the hand passed before the eyes could not be seen, yet note the position of every sentry on the line, see that he was attending to his duty, and was alert and watchful, was not an easy or pleasant task, drenched as we were to the skin, and chilled to the very marrow.

You are certainly a great deal more comfortable in your warm beds; and we used often to think of happy childhood's hours, and wish them back again, that we might nestle under warm coverlids and hear the "good-night" of boyhood, as mothers left us. As the enemy's picket-line was but a few hundred yards distant, orders had been given to our men not to challenge (as is usual), but to fire at any one approaching from the outside, thus making the ride in a night so black over that long line extremely dangerous, as the story will show. We had passed the entire length of the line, almost by instinct keeping inside our vedettes, though nothing could possibly be seen of them until we were

close upon them, and had covered about one-half the distance on the return, congratulating ourselves on finding some kind of shelter very soon, however slight it might be, quite happy in the thought that nearly forty miles had been ridden, and but twenty more remained before we should be relieved by another regiment, when we were aroused from this pleasant frame of mind by a sharp "ping," and the sergeant's horse dropped dead, dragging him to the ground as he plunged, staggered, and fell. Halting an instant to assist him, we heard him shout cheerfully through the dense blackness of the night: "All right; only the horse killed," and in another instant he had jumped upon the horse of a comrade. But we had hardly moved a rod when "zip," and another horse, the very one carrying two, has been struck, and is plunging to keep his feet, then drops like a stone. Looking in the direction of the discharge, we find it is not the enemy who is playing such havoc with our horses, but our own vedette. We have galloped outside of the line, and he is obeying orders and firing at everything outside. His ears have directed him; his eyes are utterly useless in such darkness, and they have guided him almost too close in this instance. Galloping hurriedly towards the spot from which the shot came, and calling in a clear, loud voice, "Friends!" a reply came back from the carbine of the vedette in the shape of a ball that cut its way through my already leaking coat. Before he could reload I was beside him explaining the matter, and complimenting him on his alertness and close attention to duty, though it seemed as though I would have preferred him to have been a little less attentive just then. The soldiers whose horses had been killed mounted behind others, and we moved towards head-quarters with greater care and at a much slower pace. Nothing was thought of the close shave we had passed through at the time; simply a report of "two horses killed" at brigade head-quarters the



next day. But the remembrance of that night, that long vedette line, and the "crack," "crack," "crack" of the cavalryman's carbine is very vivid, and will remain so during life.

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THE LITTLE FLEET.



FRANK and Nannie have several little boats which they made themselves out of flat chips whittled round at one end, and pointed at the other. They had sails and masts. When the fleet was out one day a storm came on; the wind blew a gale; the rain fell in torrents, and the waves were very high. Some of their boats were wrecked, which was not strange, considering their frail construction, and the others were somewhat damaged; but this gave them employment in putting them in sailing order again.

Frank and Nannie lived near a seaport town, and one day they made a visit with their mamma, and went on board a yacht. They had never been on board a vessel before, and were delighted when they saw how pretty she was. The name of this yacht was "Sunshine." Everything about it was in the best order. There were little windows and doors in the cabin, which had crimson curtains, and the ceiling was of the same warm color. On both sides were long seats, covered with crimson, too, and under these were books, dishes and all sorts of things; for every place has to be made useful, as there is no room to spare. They went on deck, and saw the sailors running up and down the rope-ladders.

There was a large dog, named Jack, on board the "Sunshine" which belonged to one of the officers. He had once jumped into the water and saved a child which had fallen overboard, and the crew all thought a great deal of him for his bravery, and made a great pet of him.

The children thought they should like to make a trip on board the "Sunshine," and their mother promised them they might make a short one some time.

A THANKSGIVING DINNER IN THE ARMY.

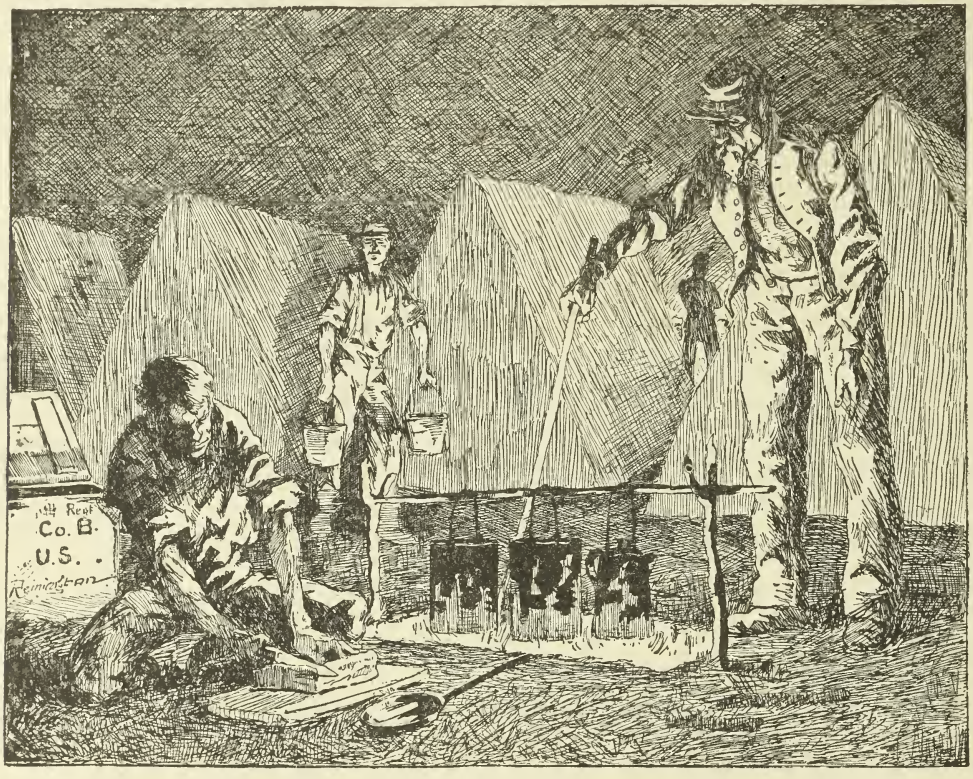


A SOLDIER is entitled to plenty to eat in the army, of plain, substantial food; but he sometimes gets very little, except coffee and "hard-tack," and what he can capture. Perhaps our little friends would like to hear of a fine dinner that a number of friends sat down to on one occasion. A month before Thanksgiving, 1863, I invited about twenty-five brother officers to dine with me on that day, and all promised to do so, if we were alive and together.

The day before Thanksgiving we bivouacked, tired and hungry, where we were to spend a few days. Not a mouthful had passed our lips for nearly three weeks, except what we had been able to capture in our raids, and the outlook for the feast of the next day was very gloomy. Determined not to disappoint my friends, however, a council of cooks and foragers was called, and one, whose ability to capture any and everything in the eating line that he once fixed his eyes upon was unequalled, was sent out, accompanied by two men, with orders not to return without bringing in plenty for to-morrow's dinner. They rode out of camp about three o'clock in the afternoon the picture of happiness, for nothing pleases a good forager more than a chance to show his skill. About nine in the evening there came into our camp three of the strangest-looking objects ever seen among a lot of soldiers. By the moonlight we hardly knew whether they were wild animals or human beings. They proved to be the foragers returning. The cook was at the head with a large bag filled with potatoes, vegetables, corn-meal, flour and wine; about a dozen turkeys tied to his saddle on both sides of the horse, and over his shoulder a young goat. Another of the men was dragging a calf fastened by a rope to his saddle, his horse completely covered with ducks and geese, while a young pig was squealing under his arm. The third was loaded down with eggs, chickens, rabbits, and carried a lamb on the saddle in front of him. Little could be seen of the horses but their heads. Such a squealing, bleating, cackling, crowing and gobbling as we had! There was plenty for to-morrow, that was certain.

All night the cooks were getting dinner ready for the morrow, and when noon arrived twenty-five of us sat down on the ground around rubber blankets piled with everything that could be asked for. Veal in every style; ducks, chickens and geese cooked in a dozen different ways; barbecued rabbit; a

roast pig ornamented the centre of the blankets; mutton in all forms; eggs—boiled, fried, in omelets; corn and wheat bread, such as we had not seen for months; and vegetables in plenty. Where the foragers got them never was known; no questions were asked on that score. We had a glorious feast; recalled many times the happy thanksgivings of our childhood at home;

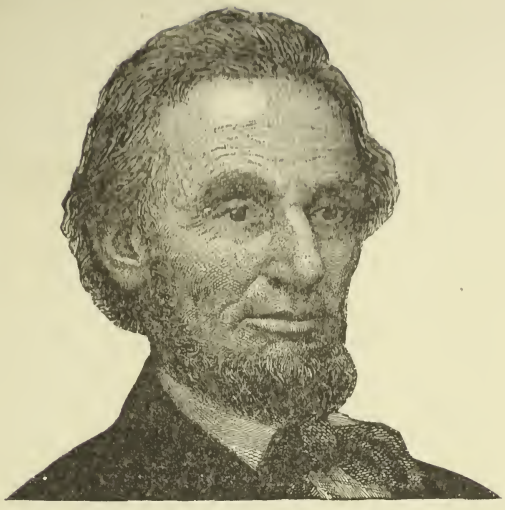


toasted the dear ones left behind in the excellent wine that was furnished; and wound up the day with a jolly gathering in the tent of the writer. Never shall I forget this dinner, though one sad recollection of it is, that it was the last Thanksgiving dinner ever eaten by thirteen of the number, as, before another had come around, they had found their graves on the battle-field.

———:o:———

WHAT is the difference between smoking a broken pipe and making a treaty with the Indians?—In the one case we are smoking a piece of pipe, in the other a pipe of peace.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S early life was like that of nearly all who become great men—one of poverty and privation. His father was said to have been one of the poorest men in Larue county, Kentucky; his home (where Abraham Lincoln was born) a wretched cabin; his food meagre, coarse and mean; and, as to education he had none, he could neither read nor write. His mother was a superior woman—gentle, loving and kind. In after life he used often to say, "All I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." When seven years old he learned to read and write, and occasionally, when the preacher came around, he would give Abraham an idea of public speaking. When eight years of age his parents moved to Indiana, and established a new home; but the trials, privations and hardships of a frontier life were greater than his mother could long endure, and she died when he was ten years of age.

His desire to learn completely absorbed him. Every book that could be found in the settlement was read over and over again. The Bible, "Pilgrim's Progress," and the lives of Washington, Franklin and Clay, with the leading events of their careers, were carefully stored in his memory, and recalled all through his remarkable life whenever appropriate occasions arose. He was remarkably strong and muscular, and when but a lad could do a man's work on the farm; was pleasant and obliging, always willing to sacrifice his own comfort to aid others. Working and studying whenever he could he reached the age of nineteen, when he made his first trip down the Ohio and Mississippi rivers to New Orleans on a flat-boat, carrying his rifle, with which he supplied himself and companions with game. Disposing of his boat and cargo, he retraced his way to Indiana, most of the distance on foot. At twenty-one the family moved to Illinois, Abraham assisting in building another cabin and fencing in land for cultivation; then he decided to go out into the world to seek his fortune, determined, first of all, to educate himself thor-

oughly, and adopting two rules: never to touch intoxicating liquor, and never to swear. For a while he worked as a farm laborer whenever he could get employment; then went to Springfield, Illinois, where he engaged to build a flat boat, loaded it with hogs, and floated them down the river to New Orleans. He was placed in charge of a saw-mill and store on his return, and soon after was nicknamed "Honest Abe," on account of his correct dealings. One day a bully insulted him beyond endurance, when he said: "Well, if you must be whipped, I suppose I may as well do it as any other man;" and, throwing him on the ground as though he was but a child, he gathered a handful of "smart-weed" growing close by, and rubbed it in his face till he bellowed with pain; then he helped him up, got him water to cool his burning face, and they were the best of friends ever after. Every leisure moment was given to study and thought. He was a captain in the war against the Indian chief, Black Hawk, in 1832. The regiment to which his company belonged was commanded by Zachary Taylor. How strange that each should afterwards be President of the United States! Andrew Jackson appointed him Postmaster of New Salem, Indiana, though his only post-office was his hat, where all the mail was received, and from where it was distributed. In 1834 he began studying law, borrowing law books and carrying them on his back, 100 miles, to the State capital (he being then a member of the Legislature), that he might have them always at hand, so as to lose no time from his studies. All at once he burst upon his audience at a public meeting with the most brilliant flashes of oratory ever heard, that made him recognized immediately as one of the most eloquent men in the State. His success as a lawyer was remarkable. Elected to Congress in 1846, he carried with him that high regard for truth, honor and right that made him respected by all. Slavery he detested, and was not afraid to say so, even at the risk of becoming extremely unpopular. His speeches upon this subject exhibit the highest order of eloquence, fairly electrifying his hearers. On one occasion, when making a speech, a voice was heard, saying, "Mr. Lincoln, is it true you entered this State barefoot and driving a yoke of oxen?" He paused a moment, and replied, "I think I can prove it by at least a dozen men in this crowd, any one of whom is more respectable than the questioner." When beaten in his contest for United States Senator, he was asked how he felt after his defeat, and replied, "I felt like the boy who stubbed his toe—too badly hurt to laugh; too big to cry."

Perhaps no man ever lived who impressed his audiences more than he. His clearness, reasoning, illustrations, romance, pathos, fun and logic were so welded and blended together that all who heard him sat entranced, almost

astounded that such a plain, awkward, unassuming man should utter such words of weight and wisdom. Even the most uneducated understood every word he said. When addressing little children, his sweet tones held every child spellbound; his language was beautiful; his address simplicity itself; and his voice musical with intense feeling. Sunshine and shadow chased each other over the little faces as he uttered words of promise, or notes of warning.

His election as President and inauguration, March 4, 1861, brought trials greater than any living man has ever had to bear before or since. War was declared and waged until it was more terrible than the world has any previous record of; yet good old "Honest Abe," the "rail-splitter," guided our country through it all, as perhaps no other was capable of doing. His noble acts and great wisdom during those dark days have placed his name as high as the stars, yet as clear as the sun at noonday. Let us not attempt to picture here any part of the war that made desolate so many homes during his Presidential term, but mention only such acts of his as may give an idea of the rare nobility of character of this great man. His heart seemed breaking almost when the sufferings of our troops were related to him; yet his firmness was remarkable when it was required that he should be firm, never yielding a point unless his conscience assured him it was right to yield. He issued the Emancipation Proclamation, September 22, 1862, and on January 1, 1863, every man in our glorious country became free, thus realizing his hopes and desires of a lifetime. During some of the great battles he hardly slept at all. One who was with him constantly says, "His face was the saddest I ever saw; I could not look into it without crying." He was known to cry aloud during those dark days: "Oh, that I could exchange places with the soldier who sleeps on the ground!" His fund of stories was very great, and in his most serious moments, when life seemed almost a burden, he would relate some of the drollest, most laughable and mirth-provoking anecdotes ever listened to in such a manner as to illustrate a point, and as he alone could relate them. On one occasion he passed through the great hospitals, where over 6,000 wounded and sick soldiers lay, shaking hands with and saying a good word to each of them, Federals and Confederates alike. All loved him tenderly who knew or had ever seen him; yet there was one man who, in a spirit of fanaticism, determined to take his life, and on the 14th of April, 1865, after the war had nearly come to an end, foully assassinated him in his box at the theatre in Washington. J. Wilkes Booth was the assassin. Entering his box, he placed his pistol within a few inches of his head and fired. and at about 7.30 the next morning the spirit of one of the greatest, noblest and most virtuous

men passed away. The whole world was shocked, and our own nation one of grief and woe. The most remote settlements, as well as his immediate friends, joined in lamenting his death. Poor "Old Abe!" His work was done; his trials, struggles, sufferings, sorrows and pains were past; but, before leaving him, let us picture to our young friends his character as described by one who knew him well, that they may fix him in their minds as a guiding star, and try to reach the same sublimity of soul: "His appearance was striking, even when first seen; but to know him fully was indeed a great blessing. His character was purity itself, no wrong thought ever entering his guileless heart; as artless as a babe, yet possessed of such an amount of good sense and sagacity as to enable him to rule the world. His tenderness toward all in distress made him beloved everywhere, and by everybody. In fact, he was the wisest, truest, gentlest, frankest, noblest of God's creatures." Take him as your guide, little friend.

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A NOBLE NURSE.

MISS CARRIE SHIELDS, the principal of Oak Ridge Female Seminary, near Gettysburg, is deserving of notice. The buildings were within a hundred yards of the original battle-field of the first day's fight, and after the death of General Reynolds, the Union troops were driven into the grounds of the seminary, and were finally compelled to surrender. The seminary buildings were crowded with the wounded, mostly Confederates, and were kindly cared for by Miss Shields and her pupils. The buildings were hit many times, and perforated by two shells. The great exertion in the care of so many wounded almost ruined the health of Miss Shields. Two of her brothers were killed in the war, and two others disabled for life.

———:o:———

WHY is a spotted dog the most reliable?—He is always on the spot.

IN what do grave and gay people differ at church?—The one close their eyes, the other eye the clothes.

WHAT is that which takes two to make it, is eagerly sought after, and yet is nothing after all?—A kiss.

WHY do girls blow bubbles better than boys?—They are more airy.

WHAT is the difference between a belle and a burglar?—The belle carries false locks, and the burglar false keys.

WHAT is the difference between a chilly man and a warm dog?—One wears a great coat, and the other pants.

GENERAL GRANT.



AS a boy, U. S. Grant was simply honest, kind-hearted, earnest, modest and determined; and, but for the rebellion, would probably never have been heard of outside of the town in which he was located when war burst upon our country. Born at Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 29, 1822, his parents removed soon after to Georgetown, a frontier hamlet, where he received a common school education. At seventeen he entered West Point Military Academy, where he was regarded as a solid, substantial, sensible young man, of fair ability and sturdy, reliable character. Graduating at twenty-one he was sent as a lieutenant to a remote post in Missouri Territory, where he remained until the Mexican War, which he took part in with his

regiment, distinguishing himself on one occasion by galloping almost through the ranks of the enemy to order ammunition to the front, and escaping death by grasping the mane of his horse and throwing himself upon the side of the animal, where he remained until out of reach of their bullets. He was promoted first-lieutenant, and brevetted captain shortly after. A short time after the close of that war he was sent to Oregon; but becoming tired of a dull frontier life, resigned his commission, returned to Missouri, married, and engaged in farming near St. Louis. Being unable to make a living at that, he entered into the leather business with his younger brother at Galena, Illinois. This was in 1860. When fire was opened on Fort Sumter, he said, "Uncle Sam educated me, and I have never repaid the debt; I will do so now, and see him through the war." He raised a company, led them to Springfield, Illinois, and offered their services to the governor, who asked his assistance in organizing the regiments then formed. On June 15, 1861, he was commissioned colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois; was soon promoted brigadier-general and placed in command at Cairo, where the Ohio and Mississippi rivers meet.

His first engagement proved his ability as a commander, and his coolness under fire was remarkable. When at Belmont an aide rode up excitedly, and exclaimed: "We are surrounded!" General Grant calmly replied: "All right; we must cut our way out, as we cut it in." This he proceeded to do, actually cutting his way through thirteen regiments of infantry, and three squadrons of cavalry.

His capture of Fort Donelson, November 16, 1861, was after desperate fighting, and showed he was qualified fully for a larger command; and President Lincoln commissioned him major-general as soon as his victory became known at Washington. The battle of Shiloh, April 6 and 7, where the Federal army met with disaster on the first day—being driven nearly three miles, and losing thousands in killed and wounded—was won on the second day after one of the most bloody engagements ever fought; 20,000 Confederates and 12,000 Federals were killed, wounded and missing. In his later years General Grant pronounced this his most terrible battle, considering the number engaged. Iuka and Corinth followed, in both of which he added to his military fame. Next followed the seige and capture of Vicksburg, one of the most memorable in the annals of war, including innumerable skirmishes and incessant battles; but, as you already have an account of it in this volume, it is unnecessary to describe it here. General Grant was victorious, as usual. His relief of General Thomas at Chattanooga, where his energy and military

sagacity were again displayed in a wonderful degree, added to his laurels, and the half-starved army which he found when he entered that town were fed, clothed and inspired to deeds that have passed into history as among the greatest military achievments of ancient or modern times. The heart of the Confederacy was pierced, Kentucky and Tennessee restored to the Union arms, and the name of General Grant was upon the tongue of every American, North, South, East and West. Congress passed a vote of thanks to him



GRANT'S BIRTH-PLACE.

and his soldiers; presented him a gold medal; revived the grade of lieutenant-general, and conferred it upon him. On the 9th of February, 1864, in the Executive Chamber at Washington, he accepted it with rare modesty, realizing the responsibilities of his position, which were indeed vast.

His first movements this year will be found recorded in "The Battle of the Wilderness" (also in this volume), which was closely followed by the continuous fighting at Spotsylvania, where an immense number of dead and wounded

proved the severity of the struggle. He had now to contend with General Lee, whose military sagacity was of the highest order, and in whom the Confederates placed great confidence. It was a battle of giants. Both armies were moving rapidly toward Richmond—one with a view of protecting it; the other determined upon its capture—each general commanding an army never excelled in valor, discipline and determination. Cold Harbor witnessed another terrible struggle without any advantage being gained by the national troops, other than to wear out the Confederate army, which could not be reinforced as our own could, nearly every man in the South then capable of bearing arms being already in the ranks. By a flank movement—daring in conception, gigantic in proportions, and brilliant in achievement—General Grant places his immense army in the rear of Lee's and south of Richmond, immediately attacking Petersburg, which was surrounded by earthworks of the most formidable character, manned by as brave men as the sun ever shone upon, who were commanded by officers as able as the world has ever produced. The terrible charges and desperate, sanguinary engagements were such as human desperation only could inspire. Over 10,000 Union soldiers were reported killed, wounded and missing in the three days' battles around those ramparts. It is impossible in this short article to more than refer to the days and weeks of battles before Petersburg. Every day terrific blows were struck by the assailants; every day these blows were returned by the assailed. Mutilation and death were only relieved by the exhibition of wonderful deeds of daring and bravery on the part of the veteran soldiery; every man showed his willingness to die for his country. On April 3, 1865, in the night, General Lee evacuated the works; was pursued, and many prisoners taken. A corps had been placed in a position to cut off his retreat absolutely, and, after a discussion of terms of surrender, the Confederate army in Virginia laid down their arms, April 9, and General Grant was declared the most prominent instrument in the salvation of our country. On May 21st he was unanimously nominated for President, and duly elected. At the expiration of his first term he was re-elected, honoring his country in this position as he had during his services in the field, and retiring perhaps the most widely known man on earth. His tour around the world, reception in this country on his return, terrible sufferings and death, are known to every one. His name will never be forgotten. The entire world recognized in him a civil leader of rare ability and a military chieftain, who, as commander of the largest army ever organized on earth, displayed skill and wisdom rarely if ever equalled.



QUEEN ELIZABETH IN HER YOUTH.

FIRST, William the Norman,
Then William his son;
Henry, Stephen and Henry,
Then Richard and John.
Next Henry the Third,
Edward, one, two, and three;
And again, after Richard,
Three Henrys we see,
Two Edwards, third Richard,
If rightly I guess;
Two Henrys, sixth Edward,
Queen Mary, Queen Bess.

Then Jamie, the Scotchman,
Then Charles, whom they slew,
Yet received, after Cromwell,
Another Charles, too.
Next Jamie the Second
Ascended the throne,
Then William and Mary
Together came on.
Till Annie, four Georges,
And William Fourth past,
Then came Queen Victoria;
And she is the last.



DRUIDS OFFERING A SACRIFICE.

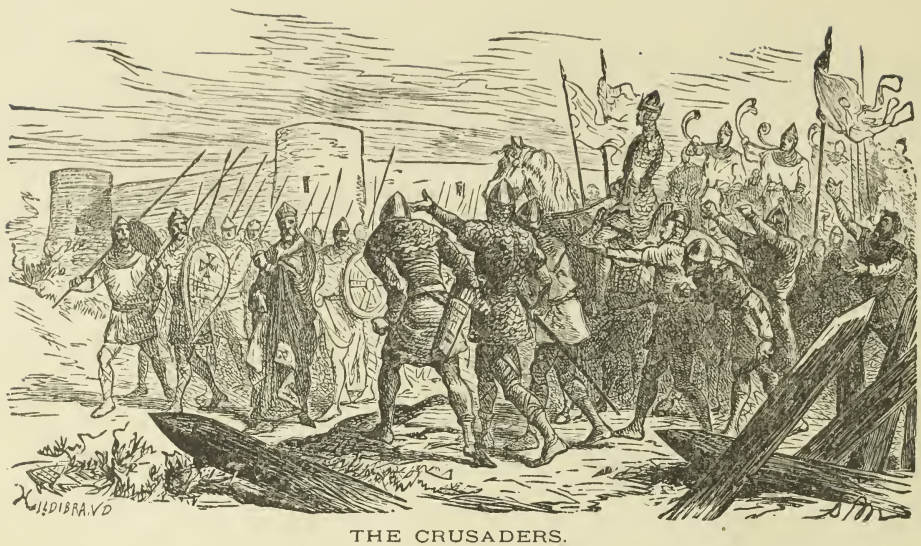
THE DRUIDS.

WHAT does this picture mean? It is intended to show how the people who lived in England before even Christ was born worshipped. You have read stories about the way the Hindoos and Chinese worship idols of wood and stone, and the Bible tells how the Israelites made a golden calf, and worshipped it, and offered sacrifices. It seems to be part of every religion to make some kind of offering.

The Druids were the religious guides of the people, and were exempt from paying taxes or working in the field. Those who refused to obey them were punished most severely; but the thing most dreaded was being expelled. In order to become a Druid it was necessary to go through a course of instruction that lasted sometimes twenty years, and the office was sought by the noblest youths. All instruction was oral; but for certain purposes they had books written in Greek. The head Druid was elected for life. Their belief was that the soul was immortal. Their favorite studies were astrology (telling your fortune by the stars), geography, chemistry, natural philosophy, astronomy and natural theology. They held the mistletoe in the highest regard. Groves of oak were their favorite dwelling-places. Whatever grew on that tree was thought to be a gift from heaven, particularly the mistletoe. Whenever they found this it was cut with a golden knife by a priest clad in a white robe, two white bulls being sacrificed on the spot. They called it "all heal." They had great faith in the virtues of two other herbs—selago and samolus. But their most wonderful charm was a "snake's egg." It was produced, so it was said, from the saliva and frothy sweat of a number of snakes writhing in an entangled mass, and tossed in the air as soon as it forms. The fortunate Druid who managed to catch it as it fell in his cloak rode off at full speed on a horse that had been waiting for him, pursued by the serpents till they were stopped by a running stream. This egg would float in the water against the current, even if it was encased in gold. It was the size of a large apple, had a rind, and was studded all over with little holes.

The Druids are said to have been the first to teach the soul's immortality. Hesus was the name they gave the Supreme Being, and the oak was his symbol on earth. They sacrificed human beings, because they thought the higher the victim the more complete the atonement offered God for the sins of men.

The picture shows one of the Druid priests waiting for the two victims that are about to be killed for the sacrifice.



THE CRUSADERS.

THE crusades were a series of wars carried on by men who wore on their dress the sign of a cross as a pledge, binding themselves to rescue the Holy Sepulchre of Christ from the unbelievers.

In the early centuries after Christ people from all parts of the world, where Christianity had spread, began visiting His tomb and the places that were the scenes of His eventful life. They could follow the Redeemer from the cave where He was born, and where the wise men of the East laid before Him their royal offerings, to the Mount of Calvary, where He was offered as a sacrifice for the sins of the world. The Garden of Gethsemane and His tomb were spots that were particularly sacred, and, when they discovered the cross on which He was crucified, this feeling was greatly increased. At first, it is said, they could not make out which of the three crosses was *the one.* They had the plate Pilate had engraved "King of the Jews," but did not know which cross it had been attached to; so they touched a woman who was dying, successively with two of them without effect, but as soon as her body came in contact with the real cross she became immediately well, and there was no longer any doubt about it.

Constantine the Great and his mother Helena built magnificent churches over the cave at Bethlehem, and the Sepulchre at Jerusalem, which became for the Christians what the sacred stone at Mecca was to the Mohammedans.

From almost every country in Europe wanderers took their way to Pales-



FOUR LEADERS—FIRST CRUSADE.

tine, believing that the shirts which they wore when they entered the holy city would, if laid by and used as their winding sheet, carry them at once to heaven. The pilgrims were uninterrupted in their journeys to and from the sacred tomb till it was captured by the Persians in 611, when 90,000 Christians were put to death and the true cross carried off to Persia.

In 628, the Mohammedans under Omar, who burned the library at Alexandria, beseiged and took Jerusalem, but gave Christians the privilege of visiting and worshipping at the tomb of Christ, and for 400 years pilgrims came and went unmolested. In 1010 the Sultan, then reigning, decided to destroy the Christian sanctuary in Jerusalem; they even tried to destroy the very cave in which Jesus' body was supposed to have been laid. After this a toll was levied on each pilgrim before he was allowed to enter the gates of Jerusalem. About this time it was universally believed that the world was coming to an end, and men of all ranks of life left their homes to offer prayer at the tomb of Christ. Now it was that the Turks of Central Asia began gradually advancing westward in constantly increasing numbers, and it wasn't long before these same Turks were masters of Jerusalem, and the pilgrim's lot was far from a happy one. Insults to the persons of the pilgrims were accompanied by insults, still harder to bear, to the holy places and to those who ministered in them. The number of pilgrims who went to Jerusalem was far greater than of those who returned. These told such a terrible tale of their sufferings, and the indignities they endured, that all Europe was aroused. At this time a certain soldier laid aside his sword, and left his wife and home and became a hermit. His name was Peter. He visited the Holy Sepulchre, and he was so stirred with indignation at what he saw that he returned and roused all with holy ardor to rescue the tomb where the Saviour had laid from the infidels. The heads of the church joined in the movement, and soon armed bodies of men were formed and on their way to Palestine.

Godfrey, of Bouillon, with about 100,000 soldiers, in 1096, laid seige to and took Nice. Then Antioch fell, and finally Jerusalem was captured; and Godfrey was chosen ruler of Palestine. He lived not quite a year, and he was succeeded by other kings till 1187, when the great Saladin recaptured Jerusalem, and it fell again under Mohammedan rule. Meanwhile, another unsuccessful crusade had been made, in 1145, to recapture Antioch, which the Turks had taken before the final overthrow of the holy city mentioned above. The greatest crusade of all was the third, in which the kings of France and Austria, the principal nobles of Europe and King Richard of England, called the lion-hearted (Richard Cœur de Lion), took part. It was made to wrest

the Holy Sepulchre from Saladin and failed, as did all the subsequent attempts. The crusades are remarkable, chiefly because during the first crusade the knights-errant first came into existence, and in the third the troubadours first began singing their tales of love, and telling the deeds of bravery performed by the knights who helped the weak and defenceless. In England they were called minstrels, and you are all familiar with the story of Richard, King of England, being confined as a prisoner in Austria, and how his minstrel found him by wandering from place to place and singing his favorite piece and playing on his harp. The crusades marked an epoch in the history of the world because it gave the nations of Europe a common thing to work for, and brought them closer together, and made possible the advanced civilization of to-day.

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If the descendants of the rooster which crowed at Peter were to make a noise every time a lie is told what would be the result?—There would be such a noise you couldn't hear the hens cackle.

Which has the hardest life of it, coffee or tea?—Tea, for while coffee can *settle down*, tea is compelled to draw.

Why are circus horses such slow goers?—They are taught 'orses (tortoises).

Why are pianos the noblest of manufactured articles?—They are grand, upright, and square.

When is a lover like a tailor?—When he presses his suit.

What boy's game names the moving of a vessel in a storm?—*Pitch* and *toss*.

Why is a flea like a long winter?—It makes a backward spring.

Why do women like husbands named William?—So they can have a Will of their own.

What did the pistol-ball say to the wounded duellist?—I hope I give satisfaction.

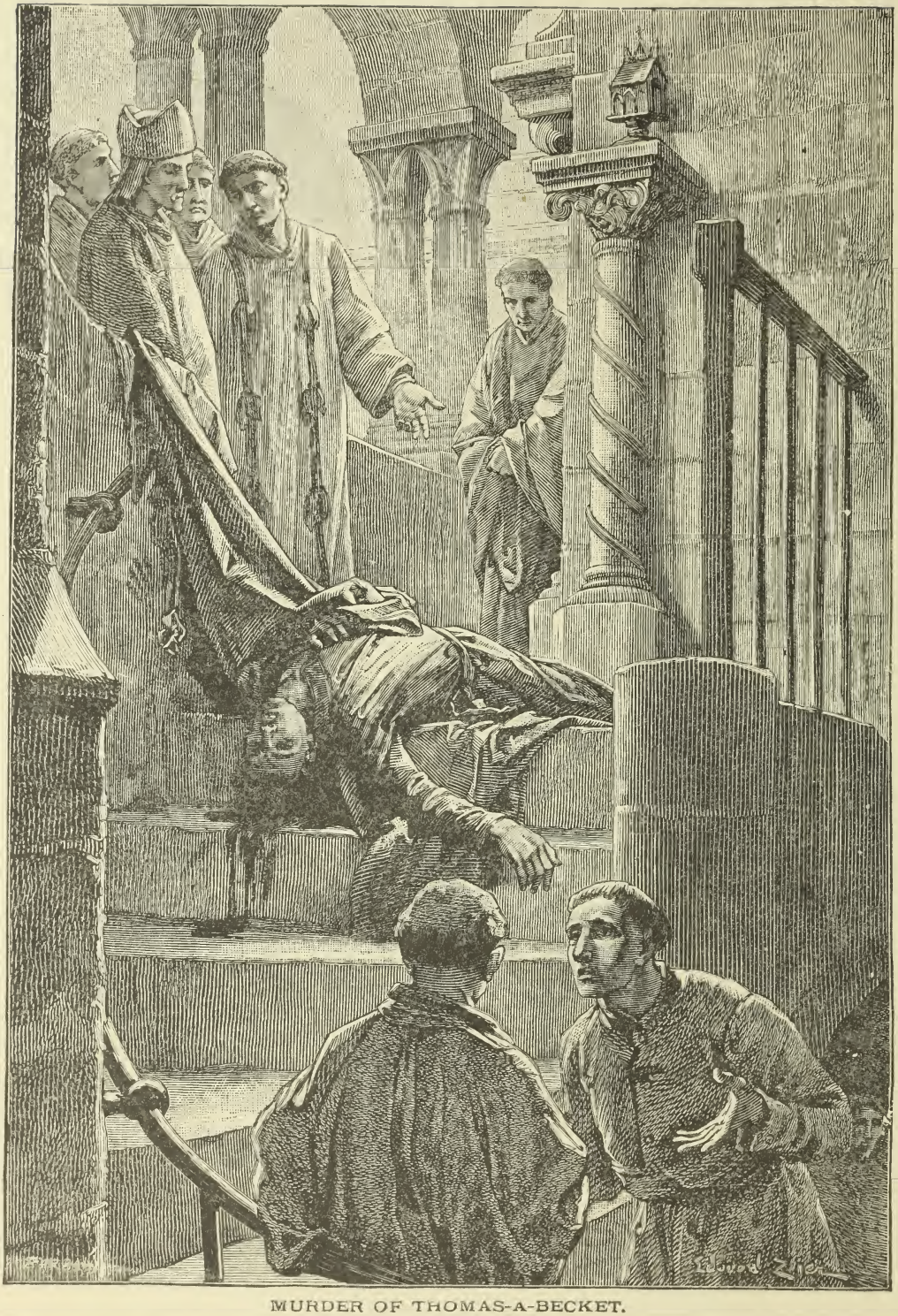
Why should the largest tree in a town be near the church?—There should be no bigger tree (bigotry) there.

Why is a baby like a sheaf of wheat?—First it is cradled, then thrashed, and afterward becomes the flower of the family.

What book might a man wish his wife to resemble?—An almanac, for then he could have a new one every year.

When is silence likely to get wet?—When it reigns.

What is the worst weather for rats and mice?—When it rains cats and dogs.



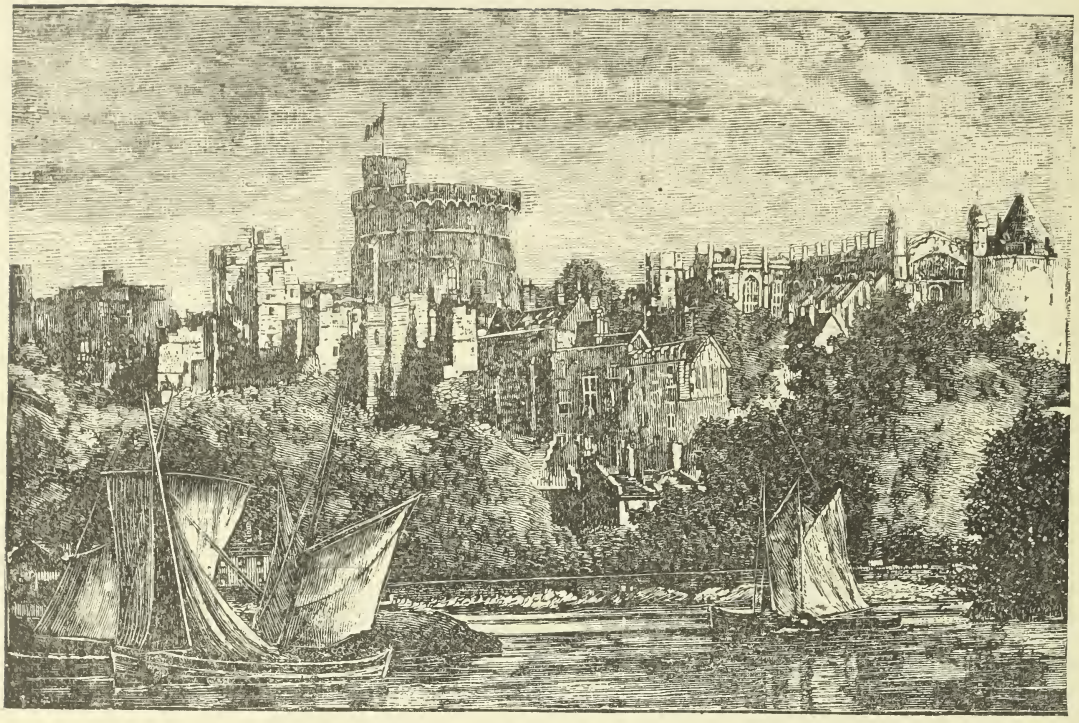
MURDER OF THOMAS-A-BECKET.

MURDER OF THOMAS A'BECKET.

HOW excited these people seem! And they have need to be, because they have just discovered one of God's ministers, who was foully murdered at the altar and dragged where you see him lying. The story is a very sad one indeed. The murdered man was the King of England's most trusted minister; but he would not make his church secondary to the power of the king, but placed his high office, as Archbishop of Canterbury, first. This made the king very angry, and the archbishop was compelled to flee from the country. After two years the two were reconciled; but he again offended his king, because he had one very bad fault—he was very proud, and thought he was as good as the king, and would not submit to the king. His subordinates, whom he had excommunicated, appealed to the king, who was in France. He was so vexed that he gave utterance to his displeasure; and four of his knights thought they would render their master a welcome service, and so they returned to England and ordered the archbishop to reinstate the dismissed bishops who had been excommunicated. He refused and defied them. They retired, armed themselves, and, when the time for the evening service was at hand, went into the church backed by their followers, and murdered him before the altar. After his death he was made a saint, and for centuries after people visited his tomb. This happened 700 years ago. A very interesting story is told of his birth. It appears his father, Gilbert A'Becket, and his servant Richard had been captured and made slaves to a wealthy emir, whose daughter fell in love with Gilbert, and who offered to help him escape if he would make her his wife. Gilbert escaped, but left the girl behind.

During the reign of the grandfather of the king whose soldiers had murdered Thomas, the people of London were astonished one day to see a maiden clothed in the dress of the Eastern nations wandering through the streets, crying, "Gilbert!" Some sailors explained that she had prevailed on them to take her on board at a port in the Holy Land by constantly repeating the word "London."

The rude mob pursued her till she came to the front of a house occupied by Gilbert A'Becket, who, with his servant, had just returned from a pilgrimage to Palestine. Richard went out to the hunted maiden, who fainted on seeing him. She had found the one she loved. Gilbert afterwards married the girl when the story became known of her persistency and determination in finding him, and Thomas A'Becket was their child, who in after years rose to one of the highest positions in the kingdom.



WINDSOR CASTLE, QUEEN VICTORIA'S RESIDENCE.

EARLY LIFE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

ONE May day, sixty-eight years ago, a baby was born in the stately old palace of Kensington, and laid in a soft white cradle by her mother's side. Few people then had any idea of the brilliant destiny which lay before the helpless babe. Her father, the good Duke of Kent, had some thought of it; for he would often say, as he held up his little "Mayflower," as he called her, "Look at her well; she will yet be Queen of England!"

He did not live to see his prophecy fulfilled, but died while the princess was still in her babyhood.

She grew up the sole care of her widowed mother, and was trained to early hours, orderly habits, obedience, punctuality, courteous manners towards all, kindly consideration for the feelings of others, and perseverance in overcoming difficulties.

Much of her time was spent in the open air, riding on a donkey decked with blue ribbons, and she was the centre of interest wherever she went. She was always expected to finish whatever she began. When scarcely

four years old, she one day threw down her toy-rake while playing in the hay-field, but was bidden to complete the little hay-cock she had begun.

She was taught to be exactly truthful. One morning her mother, coming into the schoolroom, asked the governess how the princess had behaved at her lessons. "Once she was rather troublesome," was the reply. But the little girl said: "No, Lebzen, twice; don't you remember?"

She was twelve years old before she was made aware of the great destiny that might be hers.

Just after Princess Victoria passed her eighteenth birthday, the king died. Very early one June morning four grave and wearied gentlemen, one of whom was the Archbishop of Canterbury, craved admission at the old palace gate. The inmates were all sleeping soundly. They knocked and rang once more, and at last an attendant came, from whom they demanded audience of the Princess Victoria. It was only five o'clock, and they did not like to disturb her; but these gentlemen said: "We are come on business of state to the queen, and even her sleep must give place to that."

The young queen did not keep the message-bearers waiting. She came into the room in a few minutes in a loose white night-gown and shawl, her night-cap thrown off, and her hair falling on her shoulders, her feet in slippers, tears in her eyes, but perfectly collected and dignified.

It is said that, after hearing their announcement, she turned to the archbishop, with tears in her eyes, and said: "I ask your prayers." This was the first act of her reign, to seek counsel of the King of kings.

Her girlishness, her youth, her anxious desire to do her duty, her tender consideration for every one, produced a profound impression, and everybody spoke her praises.

The enthusiasm of the nation reached a pitch when, in due course, the crown of England was placed upon her head. When the royal procession left the abbey after the coronation, and returned to Buckingham Palace, a bark of joy was the first sound to greet the young queen; and, regardless of her royal state, and the splendor in which she had played the most conspicuous part, she sprang forward to return, with girlish warmth, the caresses of her favorite little dog, "Dash."

After this the hero came into the story, and we all know how "Albert the Good" wooed and won the little "Mayflower" of England. Of him in his childhood it was said: "Even in his play he was a hero."

There was great rejoicing when the wedding was celebrated, for all people

were pleased by her choice. Their mutual desire was to raise the character of court life, and to set such an example as all might strive to follow.

Sorrow and loss never narrow noble natures; and, even when her woman's heart was wrung to the very core by the death of him who had been her comfort and stay, the queenly heart lived on, and felt more keenly still the sufferings of others. When the great and good President Lincoln died, she wrote to his widow a letter full of heartfelt sympathy. There flashed a message, too, from the queen to Mrs. Garfield, in her hourof bitter be reavement: "Words cannot express the deep sympathy I *feel* with you in this terrible moment. May God support and comfort you, as He alone can."

Many women can be tender to the griefs of their own family circles, yet cold and hard to the great world beyond; but a queen, as I have shown you, must be more than a woman, even in her sympathies, in order to be truly a queen.

———:o:———

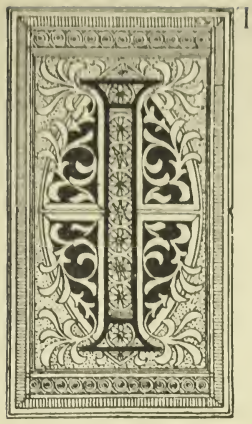
THE MANDARIN.



CHINESE BOY.

A MANDARIN is a man who holds an office in China. There are nine different grades or ranks of Mandarins, each being distinguished by a different colored ball or button on the top of his hat. The Chinese are a strange people and have strange customs concerning their Mandarins as well as everything else. No officer is allowed to hold office in his native province, nor is he allowed to marry where he holds office, nor to have a relative in office under him. He must report truthfully, every little while, how those under him are behaving themselves and doing their work, and then they are promoted or put down a step, like boys in a class. No one is allowed to remain in office in the same place longer than three years. In this respect, as in a great many others, they are different from ourselves. You will see from the picture the way the son of a Mandarin dresses.

THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.



T is terrible to witness the burning of a great city at any time; but when it is set on fire and destroyed by its own people, to prevent its falling into the hands of its enemies, there is something more terrible than when it is destroyed by accident. Such was the fate of Moscow. The story may interest our little friends. Napoleon Bonaparte, who ruled France, and we may say nearly all of Europe except England, from 1804 to 1815, was perhaps the greatest soldier that modern times has produced. When twenty-six years of age he defeated the most experienced generals then living, conquering Italy, and later, Austria, Prussia and all of the smaller kingdoms, making the French army a terror, and Napoleon's name equal to an army. There was one nation that was unwilling to be dictated to by him—Russia. In 1812 he declared war against that power; organized the largest army that had ever been placed in the field in modern times—about half a million of men—composed of French, Italians, Austrians, Prussians and Poles; and crossed the Russian frontier, driving the Russian army before him. His object was to reach Moscow, capture that old city—the ancient capital of Russia, the home of her religion—containing about 300 churches, 1,500 palaces and the Kremlin, one of the largest buildings on earth at that time, which for centuries had been used by the Czars as their palace. Far and near Moscow was known as the "holy city," and worshipped by the Russian people. Napoleon thought, that once he got possession of it, the Czar would sue for peace and accede to his demands. He was greatly mistaken, as the result will show. After fighting scores of battles, in which the Russians were defeated and the French victorious, the immense army reached Moscow. To all appearance the war was ended, and the French entered the city with shouts of joy, Napoleon taking up his head-quarters in the home of the Czars—the Kremlin. All at once flames were seen to spring up in various parts of the city. Immediate steps were taken to learn the cause of them, and it was discovered that the people had, by order of the governor, set fire to this magnificent city, hoping to destroy the army with the city. For a time it was partially subdued by the troops; but again burst forth with redoubled fury, and spread with wonderful rapidity, until the Kremlin, was on fire, and Napoleon and his marshals barely escaped with their lives, finding their way out of the city over burning piles of timber and through streets ankle deep

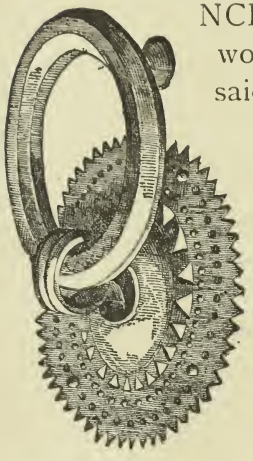


THE BURNING OF MOSCOW.

with cinders, and live coals in many places. The Czar would not listen to any proposals of peace, and Napoleon was compelled to retreat, beginning his movement in October, just as the winter was coming on. Never had such a winter been experienced in that country. It seemed that the Russians were to be assisted by nature in their destruction of the French, and out of that splendid army of half a million not over one-fifth ever reached France alive. History records nothing more terrible than that long retreat. France was humbled, and Russian armies dictated terms to Napoleon a few years later within the walls of Paris.

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THE FOX AND THE HORSE.

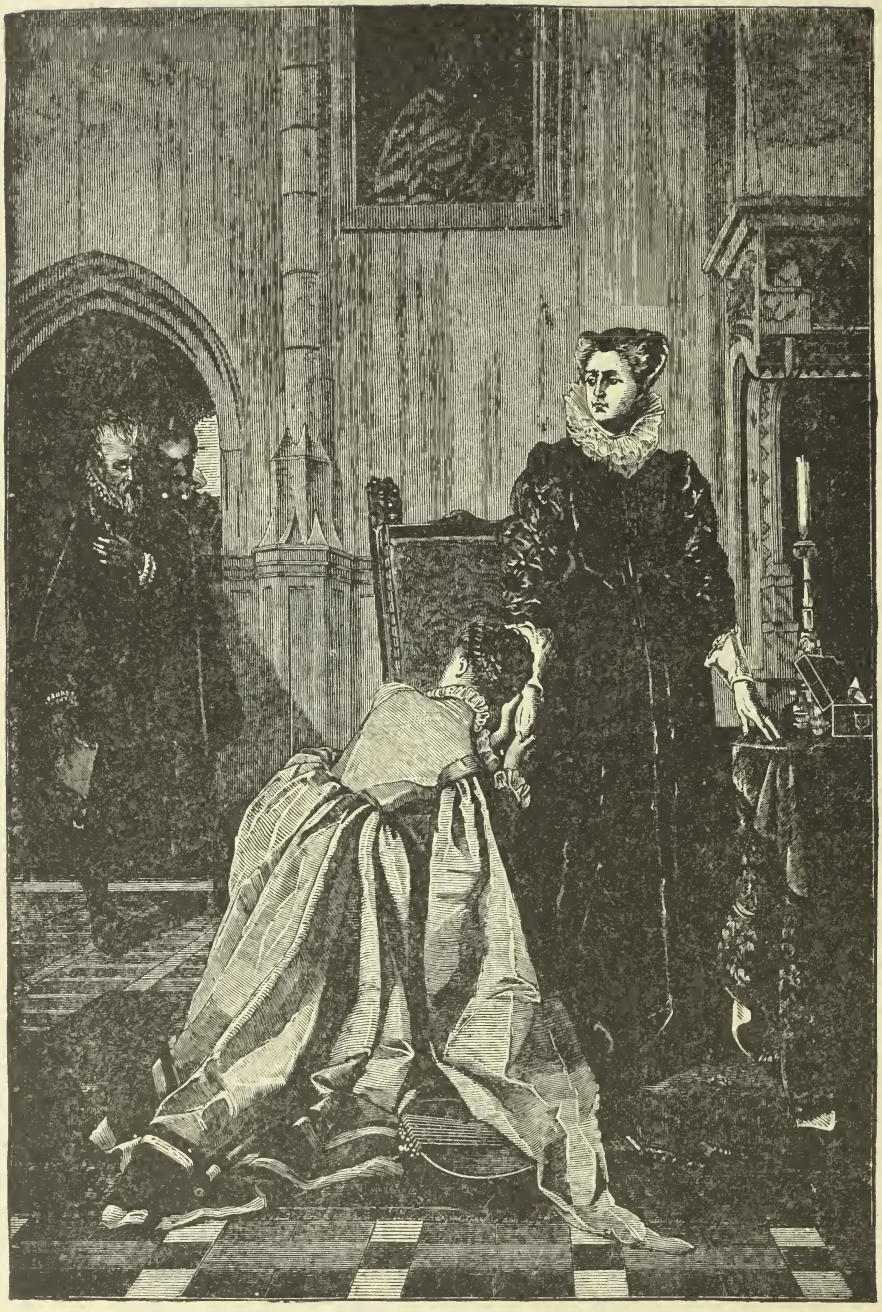


ONCE upon a time a farmer had a horse which was too old to work, and his master would not give him anything to eat, but said to him: "You are of no use to me; but if you will bring home a lion, I will reward you." So he went into a forest, where he met a fox, who asked why he looked so careworn. The horse replied that his master had forgotten how hard he had worked for so many years; and because he was unable now to work, had driven him out of the stable, but had told him that, if he would bring back a lion, he would reward him. The fox told him to lie down and look as if he was dead. The horse did as he was bid, and the fox went to a lion, whose den was near, and said to him: "Here lies a dead horse. Come with me; he will make a capital meal." The lion went with him; and when they came to the horse the fox said: "You can have this at your convenience. I will bind it to you by the tail, and you can eat it at your leisure." This pleased the lion, and he stood with his back toward it. The fox tied the lion's legs together with the hairs of the horse's tail, and cried, "Drag, my friend, drag!" So the horse jumped up, and drew the lion to his master's door. The master saw this proof of his fidelity, and said, "You shall stay with me now, and live at your ease." So the horse had a good home the rest of his life.

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WHICH is the leading city in America?—Boss-town (Boston).

FROM what cape does one always take ship for sea?—Land's End.

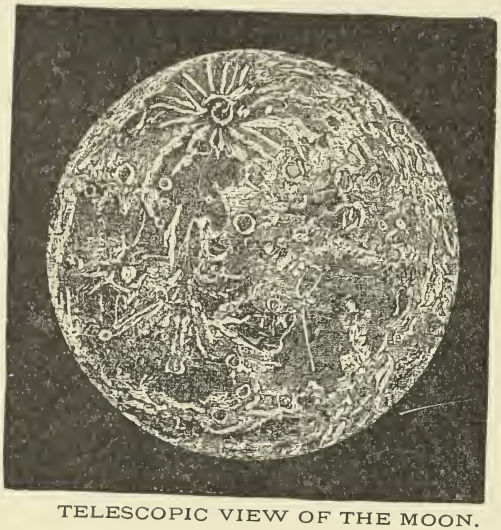


MARY STUART RECEIVING HER DEATH-SENTENCE.

MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

YOU have all heard of Mary, Queen of Scots. She was very beautiful, and her disposition was as lovely as her person. She was so gentle and kind that every one who came into her presence was not only charmed by her beauty and grace, but was ever after her devoted follower. She was born in December, 1542, and when she was six years old was sent by her father (King of Scotland) to France to be educated, where she was taught everything that could be learned in those days. When about sixteen she was married to the Dauphin of France, and her mother-in-law, Catherine de Medicis, the queen, set up a claim to the throne of England (which Elizabeth had just ascended) as well as of Scotland; but the Dauphin died when Mary was but eighteen, and much against her will she was persuaded to return to Scotland and take possession of her kingdom. Owing to her youth and inexperience, she was but a tool in the hands of the politicians of that period. She was married to her cousin, Lord Darnley; but he was no sort of a man at all, what would be called a "dude" nowadays, and her court was the scene of intrigue and scandal. One night while she was at church, at some distance from the castle where she lived, Lord Bothwell, a wild, powerful, piratical nobleman who was in love with Mary, murdered her husband on his way back to Edinburgh, at least it is so believed now by every historian; but at the time, while Bothwell was accused of it, he was so powerful nothing could be proven against him; while Mary, having married him, was charged with being his accomplice, and compelled to sign her abdication. She was made a prisoner, and confined in Lochleven Castle, belonging to the Douglasses, and her brother, the Earl of Morton, was made regent till her young son, by Darnley, was old enough to take the reins of government in his own hands. While at the castle, where only her jailors were allowed to see her, one of the sons of Lord Douglass became fascinated by the beautiful queen, and aided her friends in effecting her escape, when she was joined by a powerful army; but was defeated at the battle of Langside, May 13, 1568, when she escaped into England and took refuge at Carlisle. She begged her cousin Elizabeth's protection; but "Queen Bess," as she is familiarly called, could not forgive her old enemy, and Mary was conveyed to Bolton Castle, in Yorkshire, and kept prisoner for nineteen years. Finally she was tried for conspiracy to dethrone Elizabeth; conducted her own defence, which is said to have been perfect and masterly; but all to no effect, as she was sentenced to death and beheaded in Fotheringay Castle, February 8, 1587.

HOW HARRY AND I STUDIED ASTRONOMY.



TELESCOPIC VIEW OF THE MOON.

NOW I'm going to tell you a story of what my brother and I did when we were little, and you'll see what naughty children we were, and how we were punished in the end.

We had a dear, kind governess called Miss Jarman, and one day this good little woman took us into town to spend the day with her sister, Mrs. Bronson, who was very fond of children, and made great pets of us. We got there early, and Mrs. Bronson took us a drive, and showed us the toy-stores, and bought us some candy, and then went with us to the circus in the afternoon. About six o'clock it was all over, and we got back to a fine tea, and had nearly an hour to play before Miss Jarman wanted to go home. That was a happy day. Oh, I couldn't tell you how we enjoyed it! And if it had not led to our disobeying, another day, I think we might safely have reckoned it as one of the great days of our little lives. Miss Jarman and Mrs. Bronson wanted to talk alone, so they went into the house and left us to play in the garden, telling us to stay near the summer-house, where we had taken tea. Now we were so delighted that we forgot this order altogether, and, almost before Miss Jarman had left us, we were skipping about and running all over. Very soon a kind old gentleman, who lived next door, popped his head over the wall, and began to talk to us. He was so nice, *such* a dear old man; and when he asked us if we would like to see the pretty



THE GREAT BEAR.

things in his house, of course we both said "Yes." Harry got a chair and jumped over the wall, but I was frightened, and would not go. It seemed such a long time before he came back, too; indeed, Miss Jarman appeared before he did.

Now she was a very proper person, and, apart from our having done what she had forbidden, she was doubly shocked at Harry going into a "strange house." However, the old gentleman came out again, and said, "Harry was so pleased, perhaps the little girl and the ladies would come in too!" Poor Miss Jarman seemed to forget we had disobeyed, and so in we all went. I couldn't tell all the lovely things we saw, they were too many to mention; but one thing I shall never forget: he showed us a telescope, and told us when we grew big we should study astronomy, and it was trying to do this that got us into all our trouble. We had lots of lessons then, so we put it off till the holidays, by which time, I must tell you, Miss Jarman had actually married the kind old gentleman, and gone to live beside her sister. Of course we had another governess; a disagreeable, bad-tempered woman, whose very look frightened us. One day she overheard us say we were going to watch the stars that evening, and she instantly forbid us to do so. Bed-time came, and we had not had a chance to do it, much as we wanted to. When Nurse put us to bed, she told us to go to sleep quickly like good children, and not to move at all. This we promised, but the minute she was gone, up we got and off we crept, only partly dressed, to the school-room window. This we opened to have a good look, and Harry was telling me about the Great Bear, when, to our horror, our governess appeared and seized us, one by each arm. First she slapped us, and then in her rage she pushed us both out of the window on a rickety balcony, which we had been ordered "not to touch." Oh, how afraid we were! We dared not move for fear the whole thing would fall, so we held on tight to the window and screamed. To drown our voices that awful woman began to play the piano and sing. I think soon we should have let go and fallen to the ground, or perhaps died of fright, if Nurse had not come rushing to our help. She put us to bed, and gave us hot milk, for we were chattering with the cold, for you see we had been an hour outside without our clothes. All next day we were in bed, and for many days afterwards.



ORION.

HISTORY OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

STEAM was experimented with some two hundred years ago by a gentleman who was a prisoner in the Tower of London. He was sitting before the fire one cold night watching the steam as it lifted the lid of the tea-kettle which was on the fire. He saw how much power there was in it, and wondered what the effect would be if he should stop up the spout, but concluded that the kettle would burst.

About a hundred years after steam was conquered, and this was accomplished by James Watt.

James Watt was born in Greenock, in Scotland, in 1736, and was the son of a builder and shipwright. As he was very delicate, and could not go to school, he was taught by his mother at home. He was fond of study, and his father thought he had great prospects for the future, but the rest of the family did not agree with him. He was scolded roundly by his aunt for sittting a whole hour holding a spoon and then a saucer over the steam from the tea-kettle, and watching the drops gathering on them. When he was older he learned how to make mathematical instruments, and when he was of age he went into business for himself in Glasgow, where he was considered a young man of superior ability, and the professors and students of the university used to come into his shop and talk of the new discoveries. One of the professors, named Anderson, brought a little model of a steam-engine from the museum to be repaired, and in doing this he made his discoveries which made him so famous.

He worked on this little engine for months before he succeeded, but was always thinking how it could be done. He was out walking one Sunday afternoon, when it all flashed on his mind. From this others conceived the idea of a locomotive that could go from one place to another; and this, too, was accomplished. The first trial was made in Wales, but was hardly a success, until George Stephenson, a young engineer in the mines at Newburn, England, saw how locomotives could be improved, and he made models in clay. His first locomotive was built in 1815. He continued improving until he was considered one of the leading inventors of the day.

After this machinery was used in the movement of boats by two Americans, John Fitch and James Rumsey, but was hardly successful. Then another American, Robert Fulton, after trying several plans, returned to New York



JAMES WATT DISCOVERING THE POWER OF STEAM.

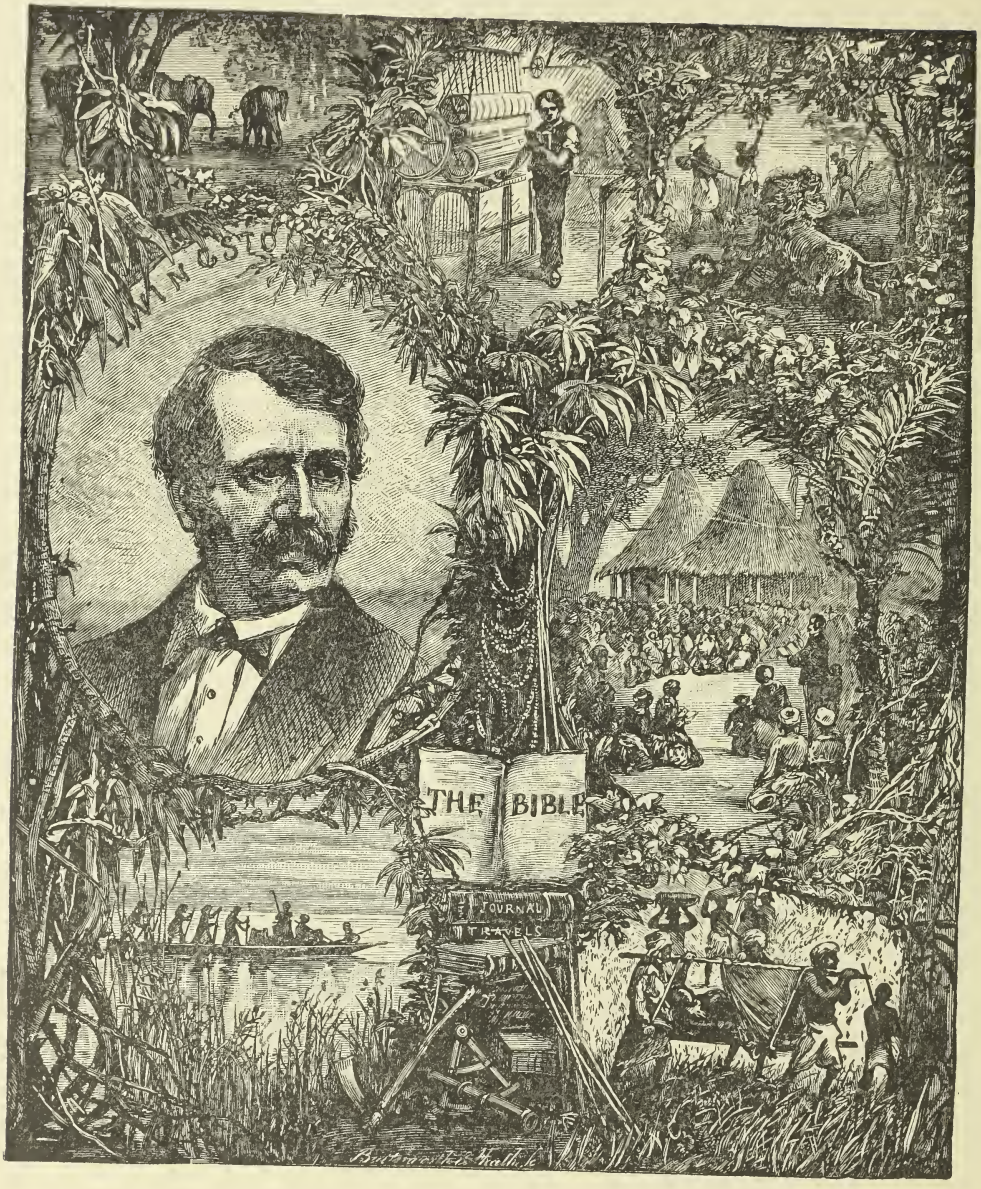
and built the first American side-wheel steamboat, and made a successful trip up the Hudson. In our own day, steamboats brought to the greatest perfection, are numbered by thousands.

———:o:———

WHAT wind would a hungry sailor prefer?—One that blows foul (fowl) and chops about.

WHY are the heroes and heroines in novels like the letter O?—They are always in love.

DAVID LIVINGSTONE.



THIS picture shows scenes in the life of the great missionary and explorer, David Livingstone. He was born in Scotland in 1813, and in 1840 he went as a missionary in South Africa. His parents were poor. At the age of ten he left school to work in a cotton-mill; but, by studying hard, he was

able at twenty-three to attend college. He attended two sessions of the Greek and medical classes, and also a theological class. In 1838 he went to London, and was accepted as a missionary; but spent the next two years in studying medicine, science and theology, and learning how to preach. He obtained his degree as Doctor of Medicine in 1840, in Glasgow. Shortly after he reached Africa, and began his work. He was attacked by a lion, which crushed his left arm and nearly killed him. He saved his life and his arm, too, but he never had perfect use of it. He says that, while the lion was crunching his arm and standing over him, he was perfectly conscious, but felt neither pain nor fear. He was married, in 1844, to Mary Moffat. In May, 1852, he sent his family to England. Before this he had explored hundreds of miles of territory, and gave accurate descriptions of the people and country. On December 12, 1854, he returned to England, and was made a regular hero. In 1858 he returned to Africa, and began further explorations and established a mission. Everywhere he went he was liked. In spite of his ill-health and sufferings, his discoveries were exhaustive and valuable. No single explorer has ever done so much as he during his thirty years' work. He explored fully one-third of the African continent, extending from the Cape to the Equator, and from the Atlantic to the Indian ocean. He did his work well. He journeyed leisurely. It will be a long while before his name or fame will be forgotten by the wild tribes among whom he went fearlessly. His motto was: "Fear God, and work hard." When he died his loving servants carried his body across Africa, and he was buried with every honor in Westminster Abbey. Not having sought fame he achieved it, having only his duty before him. He is honored by the world as one of the greatest explorers.

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In what forest do palms most abound?—In the forest of the hands.

Why is a Saratoga belle like an elephant?—She cannot get along without a trunk.

To what port was Henry VIII. determined to go when he married Anne Boleyn?—He was bound to Havana (have Anna).

At what place in India does it rain horses?—At Nag-pore.

What proof is there that Egypt is not a part of a continent?—It is a *Nile land*.

What is the difference between a duck with one wing and a duck with two?—Only a difference of opinion (a pinion).

JOAN OF ARC.

JOAN D' ARC, commonly called the Maid of Orleans, was the daughter of a poor peasant of Domrung, a town in the northeast of France. Her parents were very poor, and were unable to give her even the rudiments of education. The ruling passion of her life was religion, and upon that topic all her thoughts and conversation were turned.

Although surrounded by poverty, as she approached womanhood her rare charms won her the admiration of all. She left her father's house and engaged as a seamstress in a neighboring town, where her beauty attracted universal attention, and many proposals of marriage were made to her, which she refused. Her affections were set on religion, and she declared she held audible conversation with the angels.

When she was sixteen another passion claimed a share in her affections: this was patriotism, pure love of country, and a desire for its welfare. At this time Charles VII., the lawful emperor of France, was a refugee in one of the frontier towns. English troops were garrisoned in all the cities and towns, and fields and vineyards were destroyed by the invading foe.

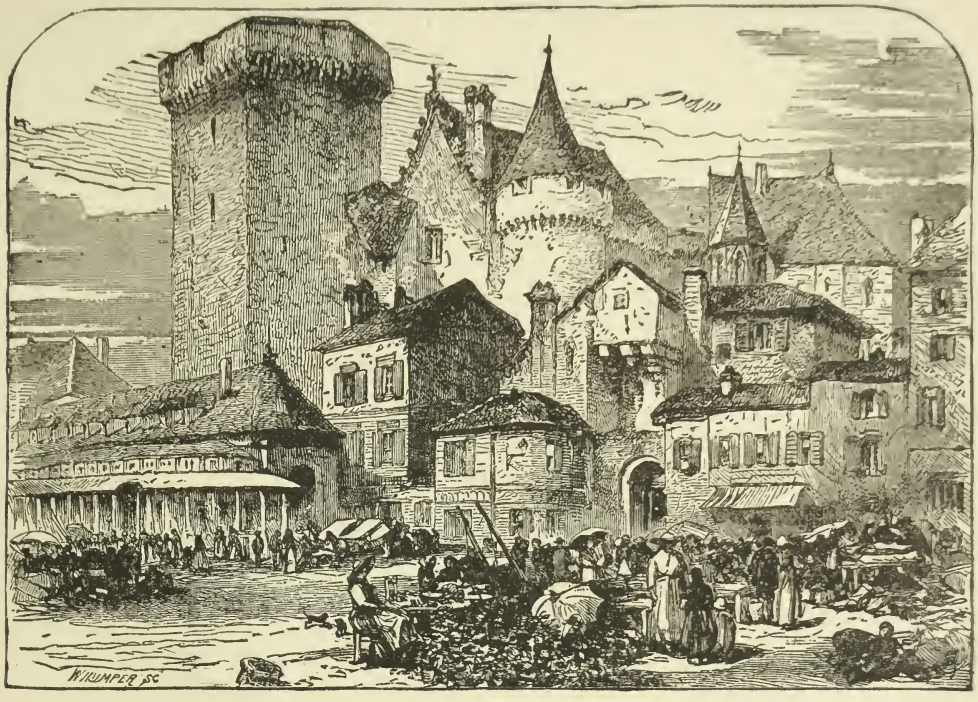
Joan conceived the idea that she was commissioned by Heaven to effect the deliverance of her country, and she engaged in every manly exercise. She soon became an unrivalled horsewoman, and managed her horse with the skill of the bravest knight.

On the 24th of February, 1429, Joan entered the royal presence and offered her services in restoring to the emperor his crown, and to her country its liberty. She uncovered her head, and the excitement gave increased animation to her countenance.

Charles hesitated not a moment in granting what she asked, and she was soon clad in armor and mounted on a white steed, and, with a banner of the same hue, dashed forward at the head of brave troops for Orleans. She charged with terrible force, and succeeded in entering the city, and the English retired in confusion. This was but a beginning, and town after town opened its gates to the French troops led on by Joan d' Arc.

Having executed her mission Joan again assumed the costume of her sex, and petitioned the emperor for leave to retire to her native village. But the monarch commanded her to remain in public life, and she again took command of his troops, and for more than a year met with the most brilliant success. The tempest at length subsided, and French generals felt themselves disgraced in being led by a woman.

On the 24th of May, 1430, while defending Compiegne, the treacherous governor shut her out from the very city she was defending, and she was overpowered by superior numbers, and compelled to surrender to the enemy. She was taken to Rouen, and charged with being a sorceress. From the



ROUEN.

time of her capture till this moment the monarch, to whom she had given a crown and a kingdom, made not an effort for her deliverance. For nearly four months she was daily brought out of prison, where she was kept on bread and water, and was severely questioned. During all her examination she betrayed no weakness, and, when at length she was excommunicated and sentenced to be burned at the stake, her strength did not fail her.

On the 10th of May, 1431, she was taken from the prison under an escort of one hundred and twenty armed men, and ascended the scaffold bathed in tears. She asked for a crucifix, kissed it, and pressed it to her bosom. The fagots were lighted, and in a few moments she was surrounded by flames.

No voice was heard but that of the dying martyr, whose lips, until seared by the flames, uttered the name of Jesus mingled with groans. Her ashes were collected and thrown into the river.

PETER THE GREAT.



WHEN Peter the Great ascended the throne of Russia the nation had a new birth, and became a leading member of the European family of states. Peter wished to extend his empire, and commenced by making war on the Turks, which, being imprudently conducted, was unsuccessful.

The emperors of Russia are called Czars. When Czar Peter was twenty-five years old he left his throne, and travelled over Europe in search of knowledge. He did not go to any of the universities, as he did not want that sort of knowledge; but the first thing he did, was to go to Holland and apprentice himself to a ship-carpenter. He went afterwards to England, and followed the same trade. Besides this, he took lessons in other branches of mechanics, and also surgery. He neglected nothing he thought would be useful to himself or his subjects. In a little more than a year he heard that his sister was trying to make herself Empress of Russia, and he was compelled to break off his studies and go back to Moscow. When he reached there he had some of the conspirators put to death, and his sister confined in prison. He was afterwards so much engaged in war that he had no time to finish his education; but the effect of his knowledge was seen in the improvement of the condition of Russia.

Peter used to rise at five in the morning, and busy himself all day with the affairs of the empire; but, when his work was over in the evening, he would seat himself with a big round bottle of brandy, and drink till his reason was gone. This habit, with the natural violence of his temper, made him dangerous to his friends as well as his enemies. He used to beat those who offended him with his cane, and the greatest noblemen were often subjected to this

punishment. Among his cruel deeds he ordered the Russians to cut off their beards, and, as these were a great protection from the cold, the people would not submit, and a violent insurrection took place. To punish them he ordered eight thousand to be beheaded, and, taking the hatchet himself, commenced the inhuman work.

His son Alexis he never loved. He was much like his father in his disposition. He fled from Russia, but was promised pardon, and returned; yet he was afterwards tried and put to death by command of his father.



THE KREMLIN, AT MOSCOW.

Peter fell in love with a servant of one of his generals, named Catharine, and married her. She was ambitious, and was, after his death, proclaimed sovereign of Russia.

Peter travelled abroad, and caused ingenious men to visit Russia and instruct his people. He hired men from England and Holland to build ships, and raised a fleet for his kingdom. Peter died very suddenly, not without suspicion that his death was hastened by Catharine.

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WHY is a greenback more desirable than gold?—When you put it in your pocket you double it, and when you take it out you find it in creases.

WHAT is the difference between a blacksmith and a "pound apple?"—One pounds away, and the other weighs a pound.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE.

NAPOLEON BONAPARTE'S career is one that peculiarly fascinates both old and young. We first learn of a poor boy coming from the Island of Corsica to receive his education in the military schools of Brienne and Paris; next we see him plodding his way through his studies, graduating with honor, and receiving his appointment as lieutenant in the army; shortly after in disgrace on account of his political opinions, and so poor that he can hardly find food to eat. A change in the government of France replaces him as an army officer; promotes him to major of artillery, in which his ability is first displayed so decidedly that he is, when but twenty-six years of age, given command of the French army in Italy; there vanquishes the most experienced soldiers of Europe, until he has conquered Italy from the Austrians, performing deeds of valor never before or since equalled; in one short year raising the name of Napoleon from an insignificant one to that of "Europe's greatest captain." Next we find him on his way with a large fleet and army to the land of the Pyramids, and Egypt becomes a French colony. Returning to France, October, 1799, he finds that she has lost all that he gained for her in Italy, and all Europe seems ready to descend upon and erase her name from the map. He is appointed First Consul, takes the helm, and, in 1800, with a large army enters Italy by passing over the Alps, and pounces upon the Austrians, defeating them in every engagement, closing up a series of wonderful victories at Marengo. The entire world was dazzled, bewildered, astonished. Again the oldest and bravest veterans had been beaten by a man thirty years of age, who they claimed knew nothing of the art of war.

Returning to France a hundred times more powerful than ever, his strong arm and gigantic intellect rescued her from dangers of a civil character. Plots were hatched against his life, but were stamped out. Though in one instance he only escaped by a miracle, yet he pardoned several of the conspirators after they had confessed their guilt. He established a code of laws, called the "Code Napoleon," that is to-day the framework of law in nearly all Europe. For nearly three years France is at peace with all of Europe, save



NAPOLEON AND QUEEN LOUISE.

England. In the meantime Italy has become a kingdom, and Napoleon crowned her king, entrusting the government to his adopted son, Eugene Beauharnais, under the title of viceroy. In 1804 he was elected Emperor of France, and in 1805 Austria, Russia and England again declared war upon him. Moving his army with a rapidity never equalled (save by the Confederate general, Stonewall Jackson, in our late war), he commenced a series of the most brilliant and masterly movements which only ended when the enemy had been routed on every battle-field, closing at Austerlitz in one of the greatest battles of any age, nearly destroying his opponents. Here the brilliant military genius of Napoleon was more apparent than ever before. Once more he returns to Paris and peace. France was now more powerful than ever. But he was not to be permitted to remain in peace long, as, October 1, 1806, Prussia declared war against France. Like a lion let loose, Napoleon springs upon her, even before she was prepared to give him battle, striking her army at Jena on the 14th. The Prussians fought gallantly, headed by their king, but all to no purpose; the rout of their army was complete; the military power of Prussia was destroyed, and the French in possession of her territory and all her forts. On February 7, 1807, he fought the Russians at Eylau, one of the hardest battles of his life, in which only his unparalleled firmness, coolness and brilliant genius saved him from defeat. At Friedland, June 14, 1807, the Russian army was practically destroyed, and the Czar came to terms at the famous interview on the raft at Tilsit, June 25, and general peace was declared July 7. Napoleon had now reached his zenith, and, though many of his movements after this, civil and military, were brilliant in the extreme, they were not so invariably successful, his mind not showing the balance always preserved heretofore. His attempt to govern Spain, in 1808, was a failure, as it should have been, he having no cause for aggression from that country. Had Spain accepted him as a ruler, no doubt it would have been to their advantage, as he would have raised her from the lowest depths of superstition and ignorance to a place in line with the advanced European powers. In 1809 Austria again declared war; but once more, with his wonderful activity, Napoleon engaged them, and in a week had beaten them and was on his way to Vienna. Occupying that city, he turned his attention to the Austrian army, which had consolidated and held a strong position below Vienna, and, after fighting of the most desperate character, and when ordinary men would have despaired of success, he won the battle of Wagram, and peace was again declared. His divorce from his wife (Josephine), who had risen with him from obscurity, and marriage to the Austrian archduchess (with

whom we see him in the picture), Maria Louise, were among the greatest mistakes of his life, and contributed to his downfall. It is impossible to approve them.

The war with Russia, burning of Moscow, and destruction of Napoleon's army have already been described in this book; so we will not detail it here, but simply say that the most bloody battle ever fought up to the present day was at Borodino, more men being killed and wounded in proportion to the number engaged than in any other battle in the world's history, our battle of Gettysburg coming second. In 1813 Napoleon raises another large army of



ST. HELENA.

270,000 men, to combat all Europe now engaged against him. Battle after battle was fought, resulting in his being overpowered by vast numbers. France was overrun by foreign soldiers; and, though his resistance was brilliant, resolute and daring, he was finally crushed, compelled to abdicate and sent to the Island of Elba, from where he returned in 1815, fought and lost Waterloo, was then banished to St. Helena, and there died in 1821. The world will ever look with astonishment at the wonderful accomplishments of this most remarkable man, of whose life this is the merest sketch.

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In what two places should a boy keep his treasures?—He should keep his dollars in his pockets, and his sense in his head.



BLÜCHER'S MARCH TO WATERLOO.

THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

THE battle of Waterloo, which was fought, June 18, 1815, between the allied armies of England and Germany on the one side, and the French army on the other, was undoubtedly the most decisive battle of modern times, as it placed in retirement for life the master-mind of all Europe (Napoleon), and proved to the world that no one man, however able and powerful, could rule all the nations of Europe. The picture shows the march of Blucher, commander of the Prussian forces, with his army on the way to the battle-field. A short sketch of this great battle may prove of interest to our little readers and hearers:

Napoleon, who had been banished to the Island of Elba the previous year by the combined armies of Europe, had escaped from there, and taken the government of France in his hands again with the hearty approval of the French people, who received him with great joy, even carrying him into the palace in Paris on their shoulders. All of the other European powers immediately declared war, taking the most solemn oaths never to sheathe the sword till Napoleon ceased to live or reign, thus forcing him to resort to arms however much he might desire peace. Determined to attack them before they could enter and devastate France, an army of 120,000 men crossed the border into Belgium, and, June 14, we find him facing an army of 223,000 men—English, Belgians and Prussians principally—commanded by Wellington and Blucher, two of the most renowned soldiers of Europe. After three days' manœuvring he succeeded in dividing their armies, that he might attack them separately; and the morning of the 18th finds him in a position nearly between the divided armies and facing that of Wellington, which he hoped to destroy before they could unite again. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon the battle began by a terrific assault of the French, which was met with the firmness that is characteristic of the English soldier. Again and again this was repeated; advantages being gained, then lost, by both armies; each suffering terribly from the repeated infantry assaults, impetuous charges of cavalry, and heavy artillery fire, losing some of their best and most gallant officers.

But the squares of the English and Dutch infantry could not be broken. Though the French cavalry rushed down and down upon them like a series of avalanches, they stood as solid as a rock defying their assailants. Thus the day was spent, blood flowing like water over that vast plain, until it was evident the English could not resist the French a great while longer, no matter how brave they might be, as their ranks were being fearfully reduced. At

7.30 in the evening Napoleon determined to make one more general assault, when he discovered the enemy were being reinforced by the Prussians, who were pouring in like a torrent upon his right. Yet he did not despair, though the combined armies now outnumbered him at least 50,000, and ordered a charge of the "Guard," the flower of his army. Alas! they were driven back with shattered columns, their gallant charges accomplishing nothing. At this moment Wellington sees his opportunity, advances his whole line, and crushes everything before him. The French army is in full retreat. Napoleon remained with the Old Guard, until it was evident that he would be captured if he stayed longer, when he was persuaded to leave the field. The rout was complete; 30,000 men and nearly all of the artillery were lost, and Napoleon returned to Paris, from where he was again banished for life to St. Helena. Such was the battle of Waterloo.

A few facts regarding the two commanders who won the battle of Waterloo may be of interest: The Duke of Wellington, or, as he was generally called, "The Iron Duke," was born in Ireland in 1769, the same year that Napoleon was born. His first army service was in Holland. From there he was sent to India, where he distinguished himself greatly. In 1809 he was given command of the English and Portuguese armies in Spain and Portugal; won many battles from the French; and was made Field-Marshal of England and Duke of Wellington. His fighting abilities have been described in the above account of the battle of Waterloo. When Napoleon was sent to St. Helena he was placed in command of the troops guarding Paris, remaining there for three years; then returned to England, where he died in 1852. The British nation honored him with many titles, and millions of dollars. Honorable, upright, firm and sagacious, his devotion to duty made him a great man.

Field-Marshal Blucher was a German; twenty-seven years older than Wellington or Napoleon; serving early in life in the army of "Frederick the Great," where his obstinacy and quarrelsome disposition kept him constantly in trouble. He resigned his commission, and became, like General Grant, a farmer; but in 1793 he returned to a soldier's life, and fought the French as colonel of hussars. In 1806 he was made lieutenant-general, and was captured by Napoleon, exchanged shortly after, and became the leader of the Prussian and Russian armies. He never admitted himself whipped, and, though his army in several engagements was almost destroyed, the next day saw him again in the field ready for fighting. He saved Wellington from defeat at Waterloo. Rough and uneducated, he was the only German commander who never feared Napoleon.

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